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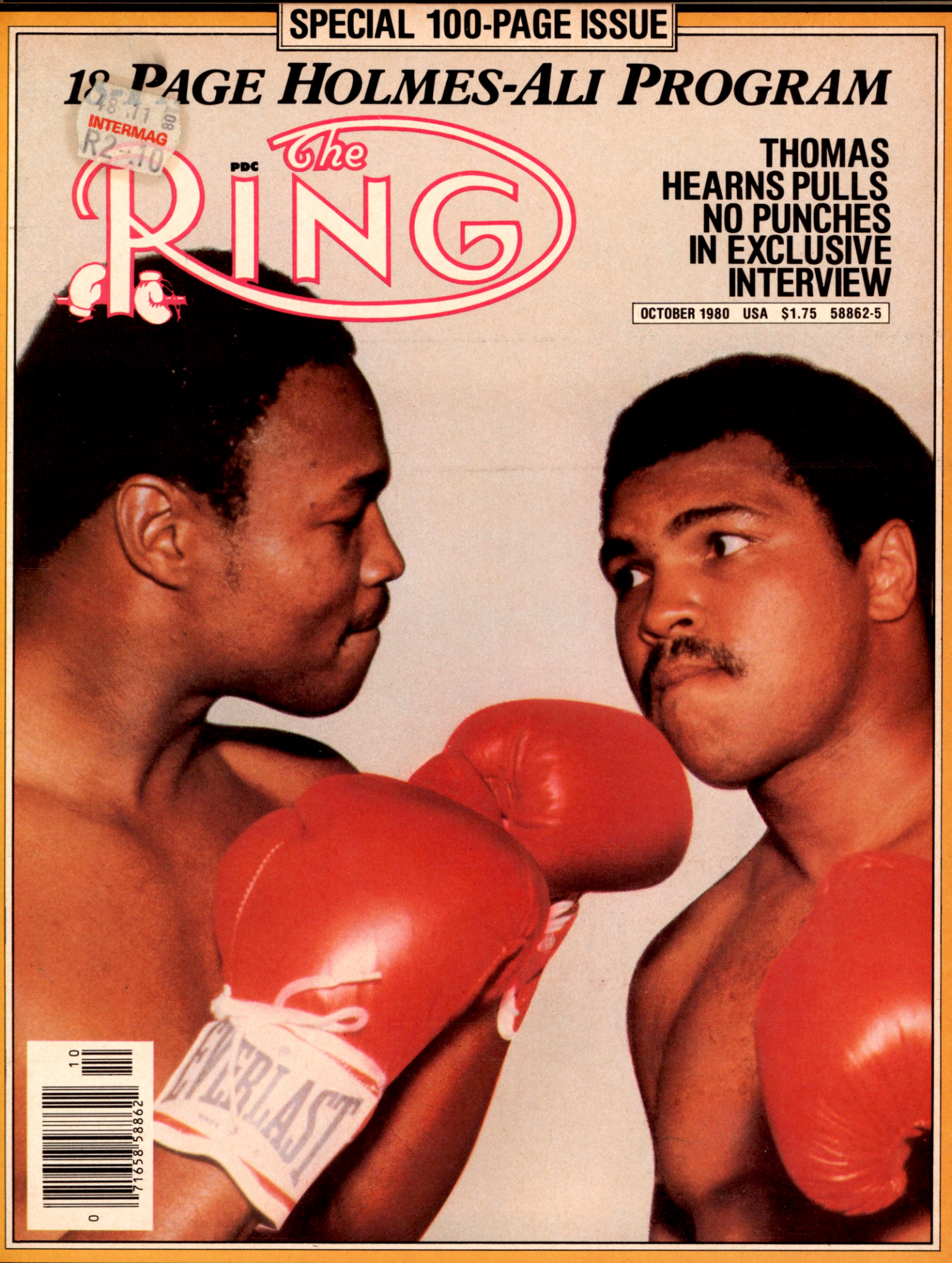

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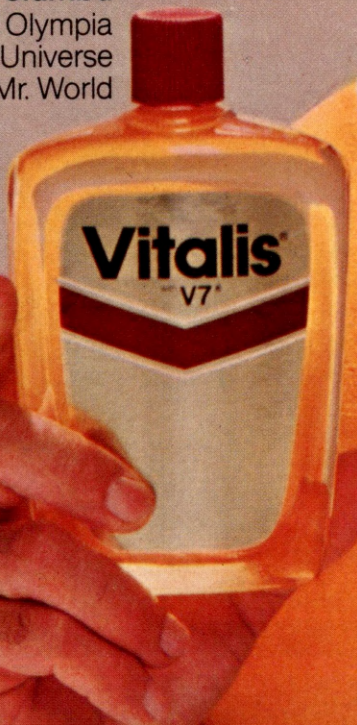

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The RING

"THE BIBLE OF BOXING"

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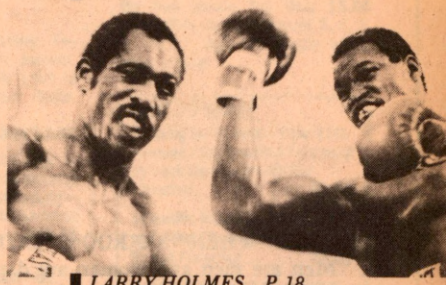

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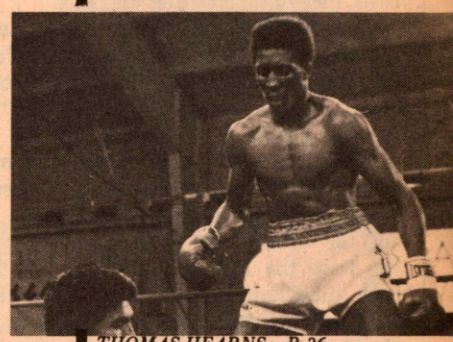

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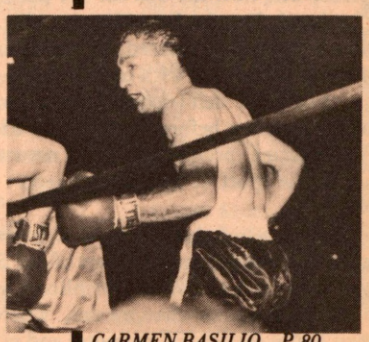

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RINGSIDE

TIME WAS WHEN BARROOM SAYINGS like "Men are men and women are damned glad ot it" were the rule rather than the exception. Chauvinistic, but characteristic. Then along came the ERA and feminism. Words like those above, plus chair*man* and other such idiomatic expressions of maledom fell into disfavor and disuse. In their stead came contrived words like chairperson, mailperson and even personhole covers. There is even a bill now pending to rename San Francisco's famous Fisherman's Wharf "Fisherperson's Wharf."

The times they are a-changing. Even in sports. First you had female jockeys — somewhat chauvinistically called "jockettes." Then you had women entering into the realm of professional sports, first on an individual basis, then on an entire league basis.

The Kentucky Colonels of the old American Basketball League signed jockey Penny Ann Early to a player's contract so they could claim the distinction of having the first woman player in basketball history. Ms. (another word that has entered the mainstream of American colloquialism, courtesy of Gloria Steinem) Early in-bounded one pass and the Colonels called time out to remove her from the line-up forever. A few years back, the Orlando Panthers of the Continental Football League had a female player, Pat Paulikis, who held the ball for her placekicking husband. She also lasted but one play.

Now women have entered the boxing arena. But not to do combat with men so much as to form their own demi-sport, female boxing. And the question before the house is: Should *Ring* Magazine recognize this as a natural adjunct to the sport of boxing and report it as such?

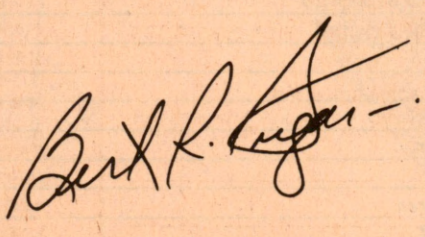
It is our belief that there is a place for women in boxing. From the days of Ma Stribling — who served as Young Stribling's manager — right up to the present, where an Aileen Eaton serves as a promoter and several women ably serve their state boxing commissions, there has always been a place for women in boxing.

However, we believe that women's boxing is more a curiosity than a legitimate sport, much in the same way Eddie Gaedel, the three-foot-eight-inch midget, was sent up to pinch-hit one summer day in 1951 by Bill Veeck. Sure he played baseball: major league baseball. But he was a curiosity, a gimmick, nevertheless. And that sums up our feelings about women's boxing. Without being chauvinistic!

Back in one of our very first editorials we promised you that you would find "stories and features which heretofore might not have found their way into *Ring*; stories which we feel are worthy of your attention and discussion."

This month we continue with out short but proud tradition, bringing you the unusual story of "El Kadir and Mr. Gray." This is the story of two men who shaped boxing, Billy Edwards and Frankie Carbo, not necessarily in their own images, but shaped it nevertheless.

In bringing you this story — a combination of soft nostalgia and hard-hitting commentary on the times and tribulations of boxing — we are risking offending a few of our old rules and old readers. First of all, the name "Frankie Carbo" was never mentioned in polite society, only in whispers. For years he was an invisible man, operating behind the scenes, but never seen in print. We believe he was enough a part of boxing's fabric — albeit its underside — to write about. Secondly, we know that this piece, expertly authored by Jim Boggio, the sports director for the ABC affiliate in Albuquerque, New Mexico, contains some language that is harsh in its realism. However, you cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs. And we could not give you the story we wanted without breaking a few rules. Besides, nobody ever thought Frankie Carbo's language was fit for a debutante ball anyway.



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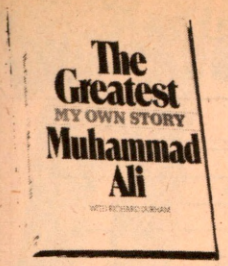

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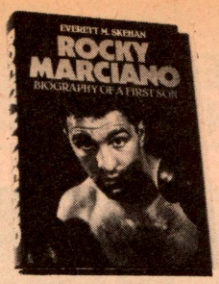

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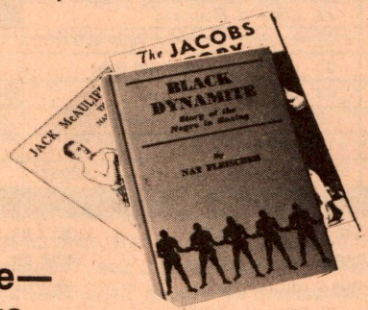

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BOXING AUTOGRAPH INFLATION — A SIGN OF THE TIMES

WITH THE UPSWING IN RECENT years in the popularity of boxing, there has been a resultant interest in boxing memorabilia among collectors, and, therefore, an increase in prices. This was reflected dramatically at a recent auction held by the noted autograph dealer Charles Hamilton at New York's posh Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Three autographs that were purchased ten years ago for a total of $20 — those of heavyweight champions Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey, and Tommy Burns — sold at the Hamilton Auction for $200, an appreciation rate over the decade of 1000%!

By comparison, at the same auction, autographed letters of authors Edgar Rice Burroughs and Zane Grey sold for a total of $120, two Thomas Edison letters went for $190, a document signed by Ulysses S. Grant sold for $75, and a document signed by Abraham Lincoln was auctioned for $500. Hamilton was so pleased with the price the three boxing autographs brought that he will offer 42 individually framed boxing champions' autographs at his September 18 auction.

BOX 'N ROLL

ROB STONER IS NOT A BOXER. NOR is he a cornerman, trainer, manager or promoter — or anything else even remotely connected with boxing. His calling is that of a musician, and although he hardly fits into the right crowd, the lyrics to his recently recorded single "What Round is This?" do.

Stoner, who was the bass player and arranger for the 1975 Bob Dylan song "Hurricane" — which dealt with the Hurricane Carter case — and also served as musical director of the Madison Square Garden benefit for Carter's legal defense fund and all other Dylan concerts that year, recently released the album "Patriotic Duty", containing the

pseudo-phite song. The lyrics go something like this:

Take me to a neutral corner baby
Don't count me out
I might be dizzy
But I know just what I'm talking about

Moving to the champ's tax bracket
Wasn't my main concern
All I ever wanted from you, baby
Was a chance to take my turn

And the refrain:

Somebody tell me what round this is
Will it ever be over with?
You can knock me out
'Cause you know what love's about

Now, if we could only have John Garfield accompany these deathless lyrics with a violin background, then we would really have a song with "Body and *Soul*".

NOT LOOKING TOO "SHARP"

ONCE THE FRIDAY NIGHT FIGHTS were sponsored by Gillette as an integral portion of its Cavalcade of Sports. The Friday Night Fights, which ran from 1941 through 1964, featured knowns and unknowns — hell, we were served Ralph "Tiger" Jones on Fridays more than fish — who quickly slid down the razor blade of life, plus a little bird named Sharpie, an animated parrot who sounded like Donald Duck with a herniated vocal chord. Accompanied by the familiar three-chime slogan — "Look Sharp, Feel Sharp, Be Sharp," in F#, A#, and C# — Sharpie announced proudly to the millions of faithful who tuned in that "The Gillette Cavalcade of Sports (Was) On the Air."

This past summer we were once again treated to a rerun of the Friday Night Fights by NBC, which had once thrown Sharpie and the fighters off their network because of low ratings. Only this time around they had no Sharpie to introduce them, nor a Don Dunphy to announce them or a Jimmy Powers to do the laid-back commentary on the fight. This time around they had Tom Jones, the singer, to introduce them, Dr. Ferdie Pachecho, Dick Enberg, and Sugay Ray Leonard to fight for the mike and Gillette — without nary a "Look Sharp" — to share the sponsorship with Esso and Budweiser.

Oh, for the good ol' days!

IS THERE A NEUROSURGEON IN THE HOUSE?

THE SHOW IN SAN ANTONIO ON June 17, 1980, featuring Sammy Ayala's return to the ring and the pro debut of Tony Ayala Jr., saw Susan Scott appear as the first female "attending physician" in Texas. Dr. Scott, a San Antonio neurosurgeon, had attended several shows as a "standby", and acquitted herself well on the 17th. She added greatly to the commission physician's roster, as doctors in her field of specialization are too rarely used.

THE SON ALSO RISES

ACCORDING TO A STORY WHICH appeared in *Sports Illustrated*, Roberto Duran's father left his mother before Roberto was born. But Margarito Duran, now a chef in Flagstaff, Arizona, denies this. According to Margarito, Roberto was three years old when his parents parted. Margarito, who was shipped by the army to Arkansas, lost contact with Roberto until he discovered a picture of Roberto in a boxing magazine 10 years ago. Father and son have since met and spoken on several occasions.

Margarito watched the recent Duran-Leonard title fight on closed circuit television, not being able to afford the trip to Mon-

treal. "I live a poor but decent life," explained Margarito. "My son has offered me money, but I don't want it. I am strong enough."

COMPETITION IS GOOD FOR THE SOUL

RING HAS TRADITIONALLY BEEN called "The Bible of Boxing." Now it has a competitor for the title.

But before its lawyers dust off their unfair trade competition casebooks, it must be pointed out that the *other* "Bible of Boxing" is not a publication, but a fighter—Wilfred Benitez, who signs his autographs "The Bible of Boxing" and who has worn the title on the back of his robe, off and on, since defending his Junior Welterweight title against Tony Petronelli in 1976.

When asked why he calls himself "The Bible of Boxing," Wilfred answered, in his characteristically unhumble manner, "Because I am the best."

RING'S FOUL OF THE MONTH AWARD

LOOKS LIKE THE WBC HAD trouble making up their collective minds in their June ratings as to who is the better light heavyweight — Michael Spinks or Michael Spinks. For, in that set of ratings, Spinks shows up as *both* numbers nine and number 11. Maybe the stuttering and sputtering WBC should have listed his hometown as Walla-Walla.

THE TALE OF THE TAPE

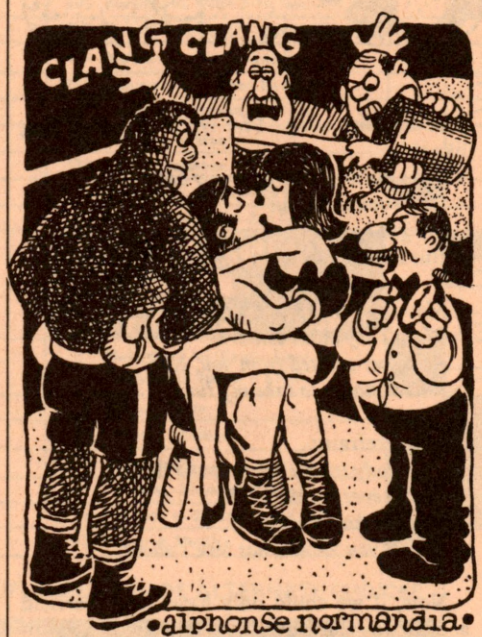
ACCORDING TO ABC-TV, THE TAPE of the Leonard-Duran WBC welterweight title fight, shown July 19 on "ABC's Wide World of Sports", had the largest audience for a July or August telecast in the show's 19-year history. The 90-minute show received a rating of 13.5 — which means that 39 percent of all viewers were watching the videotaped bout, even if they were not listening to Howard Cosell.

BOXING'S ROOTS

THE LATE PETER SELLERS — WHO was the star of such memorable movies as "The Pink Panther" series and the recent award-winning "Being There" — had "roots" that go all the way back to such ancestors as the Victorian Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli and Daniel Mendoza, the Portugese-Jewish boxer who was England's bareknuckle champion from 1794 to 1795.

ROUND AND ROUND THEY GO . . . AND WHERE THEY'LL STOP NOBODY KNOWS

IF YOU THOUGHT THE PRACTICE OF having girls parade around with signs designating the upcoming round was getting a little bit out of hand in the United States, look at what recently happened in South Africa. There the so-called "Round Girls" are, according to one observer, "undressed to the point of embarrassment,"



And, in once recent incident one of the "Round Girls" actually kissed a boxer in his corner between rounds at a Wembly Pavillion show in Johannesburg. No small — no, make that *big* — wonder the *Sunday Express* calls it "The Boobs and Bums Show"!

BARTENDER'S TRIVIA CORNER

WHAT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION fought the most consecutive successful title defenses outside the United States?

Last month's trivia question: Who were the only undisputed heavyweight champions never to lose a decision or box a draw in their professional careers?

Answer: John L. Sullivan never lost a decision but boxed three draws. Bob Fitzsimmons also never lost a decision but had one draw and five no decision bouts. Jim Jeffries had two draws. Joe Louis, Sonny Liston, Joe Frazier and George Foreman also lost only one decision. Rocky Marciano won all 49 of his bouts and was the only undefeated heavyweight champion, but Ingemar Johansson also never lost a decision or had a draw in his brief career. He had only 28 professional bouts and won all but the two in which he was knocked out by Floyd Patterson.

DOWN FOR THE COUNT

LEN WICKWAR, 59, WHO BOXED from 1926 through 1947. The English boxer had amassed a total of 467 contests throughout his fistic career.

GEORGE "TISHY" MARSDEN, 68, of Nottingham, England. Tishy boxed from 1927 until 1946 with well over 300 contests.

AL BRYANT, 73, former boxer, trainer and manager. Bryant fought in the lightweight and featherweight divisions from 1928 until 1932. He later trained and managed such boxers as Tippy Larkin, Allie Stolz, Hurley Sanderson and Bill Gilliam.

PIERRE FOURIE, South African light heavyweight, was killed in an auto accident. Fourie had challenged for the world title four times, never being successful.

PUNCHLINES

JAMES SCOTT, AFTER HEARING THAT Eddie Mustafa Muhammad (Eddie Gregory) and Matthew Saad Muhammad (Matthew Franklin) would have to discuss with the Muslamic council the possibility of their meeting to unify the light heavyweight title: "Let 'em keep their names and I'll fight 'em. Let 'em change their names back and I'll fight 'em. Hell, they can become Mau-Mau's and I'll fight 'em!"

28-year-old junior middleweight Elisha Obed, on why he married: "I got married so I could concentrate on boxing."

Former welterweight champion Curtis Cokes on Duane Bobick's 58 second KO at the hands of Ken Norton: "It's a shame that he trained for six months and didn't even get a chance to use his stool."

E.J. GARY

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	List	KO Price
___ 4011 - Top Pro Headguard with cheek protector	$80.00	$60.00
___ 4025 - Top grainleather military headguard	52.00	39.00
___ 4030 - Budget Everhide headguard (adjustable size)	28.00	21.00
___ 4050 - Official Competitive Headguard	54.00	40.50
___ 4015 Fit-Rite Professional Headguard	94.00	70.50
___ Size: Small, Medium or Large		

MOUTHPIECES:

	List	KO Price
___ 4401 - Single white para rubber mouthpiece	$1.50	$1.13
___ 4404 - "Everguard" Double white para rubber mouthpiece	3.60	2.70

SWIVEL:

	List	KO Price
___ 4444 - Top Professional Ball Bearing Swivel	$20.00	$15.00
___ 4440 - Professional Detachable Swivel	12.00	9.00

HANDWRAPS:

	List	KO Price
___ 4450 - Herringbone Tape Handwrapping	$4.50/pr.	$3.38
___ 4451 - Woven 2" soft Elastic Handwrapping	7.00/pr.	5.25

FIGHT GLOVES:

	List	KO Price
___ 2106 - Top Pro Safety Guard 6oz. Fighting Gloves	$124.00/set (4 gloves)	$93.00
___ 2108 - Top Pro Safety Guard 8 8oz. Fighting Gloves	128.00/set (4 gloves)	96.00
___ 21086 - Extra Large Pro Safety Guard 8oz. Fighting Gloves	132.00/set (4 gloves)	99.00
___ 2110 - Pro Safety Guard 10oz. Fighting Gloves	134.00/set (4 gloves)	100.50
___ 21106 - Extra Large Pro Safety Guard 10oz. Fighting Gloves	138.00/set (4 gloves)	103.50

ROBES:

	List	KO Price
___ 4385 - Top Quality (¾ Length) Satin Robe	$50.00	$37.50
___ 4387 - Top Quality (Full Length) Satin Robe	66.00	49.50
___ Full length satin robes are in stock in Black & White and White & Black		
___ Special Order: Specify solid or color combination		
___ 4380 - Custom Tailored (¾ Length) Velvet Robe	160.00	120.00
___ 4382 - Custom Tailored (Full Length) Velvet Robe	190.00	142.50
___ Special Order: Specify solid color or two color combination		
___ Size: 36, 38, 40, 42 or 44.		

TRUNKS:

	List	KO Price
___ 4411 - Top Quality Satin Trunks	$13.00	$9.50
___ 44116 - Extra Large (38-40) Top Quality Satin Trunks	15.00	11.25
___ Color Selection - in stock colors - Black & White, White & Black, Blue & Gold, Red & White, Blue & White and Green & White		
___ Sizes: S (26-28), M (30-32), L (34-36) and XL (38-40)		
___ 4415 - Luxury Velvet Trunks	46.00	34.50
___ 44156 - Luxury Velvet Trunks over size 32	52.00	39.00
___ Special Order: Specify solid or color combination	4.00	
___ Size: 26, 28, 30, 32 or 34.		

T-SHIRT:

	List	KO Price
___ 4344 - Everlast T-shirt	$6.00	$4.50
___ Size: XS, S, M, L, XL		

PRO CUP:

	List	KO Price
___ 4461 - Top Pro-Foul Proof Protection Cup	$90.00	$67.50
___ 4460 - Pro Foul-Proof Protective Cup	80.00	60.00
___ 4462 - Foul-Proof Protective Cup	54.00	40.50
___ Size - Small, Medium, Large		

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	List	KO Price
___ 6625 - Complete 18' X 18' Ring Elevated Platform 16' X 16' Rope Size	$6,600.00	$4,950.00
___ 6626 - Complete 20' X 20' Ring Elevated Platform 18' X 18' Rope Size	6,900.00	5,175.00
___ 6627 - Complete 22' X 22' Ring Elevated Platform 20' X 20' Rope Size	7,200.00	5,400.00
___ 6628 - Complete 24' X 24' Ring Elevated Platform 20' X 20' Rope Size	7,500.00	5,625.00
___ 6612 - Floor level Ring (All Rings FOB Missouri)	900.00	675.00

SHOES:

	List	KO Price
___ 4433 - 10" White leather boxing shoe	$52.00	$39.00
___ 4435 - 10" Man-Made leather boxing shoe - RED, WHITE & BLUE	32.00	24.00
EXTRA CHARGE for sizes over 12	4.00	
___ Size_____, in stock - 6-14 in half sizes		

PLATFORM:

	List	KO Price
___ 4266 - Professional/gym 30" platform	$350.00	$262.50
___ 4262 - Champion home 30" platform	80.00	60.00
___ 4249 - Budget Platform Kit	58.00	43.50
		(plus freight)

STRIKING BAG:

	List	KO Price
___ 4200 - Top professional leather speed bag	$50.00	$37.50
___ 4201 - Professional leather speed bag	52.00	39.00
___ 4202 - Super leather speed bag	54.00	40.50
___ 4207 - Horsehide heavy duty striking bag	54.00	40.50
___ 4212 - Capeskin heavy duty striking bag	44.00	33.00
___ 4210 - Capeskin speed bag	38.00	28.50
___ 4220 - Double-End Cowhide Bag	60.00	45.00

STRIKING BAG GLOVES:

	List	KO Price
___ 4305 - Top professional bag gloves	$44.00/pr.	$33.00
___ 43056 - Extra large size	48.00/pr.	36.00
___ 4307 - Horsehide bag gloves	28.00/pr.	21.00
___ 43076 - Extra large size	30.00/pr.	22.50
___ 4308 - Gymnasium bag gloves	20.00/pr.	15.00
___ 43086 - Extra large size	22.00/pr.	16.50
___ 4315 - Punch Mitts	48.00/pr.	36.00

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	List	KO Price
___ 4520 - Top grade leather - 80lb. training bag	$340.00	$255.00
___ 4541 - Champion leather - 50lb. training bag	200.00	150.00
___ 4543 - Champion canvas - 70lb. training bag	100.00	75.00
___ 4544 - Champion canvas - 40lb. training bag	76.00	57.00
___ 4545 - Karate Training Bag - 40 lbs.	76.00	57.00
___ 4548 - Karate Training Bag - 80 lbs.	106.00	79.50
___ 4552 - Karate Kick Board - 2' X 2'	38.00	28.50
___ 4554 - Karate Kick Board - 2' X 4'	60.00	45.00
		(plus freight)

TRAINING GLOVES:

	List	KO Price
___ 2512 - Top pro 12oz. training glove	$152.00/set (4 gloves)	$114.00
___ 2514 - Top pro 14oz. training glove	158.00/set (4 gloves)	118.50
___ 2516 - Top pro 16oz. training glove	164.00/set (4 gloves)	123.00
___ 2412 - Professional 12oz. training glove	102.00/pr	76.50
___ 2414 - Professional 14oz. training glove	106.00/pr	79.50
___ 2416 - Professional 16oz. training glove	110.00/pr	82.50

SKIP ROPES:

	List	KO Price
___ 4496 - Ball bearing leather skip rope 8ft. (for boxers up to 5' 10")	$11.00	$8.25
___ 4497 - Ball bearing leather skip rope 9½ft. (for boxers over 5' 10")	12.00	9.00

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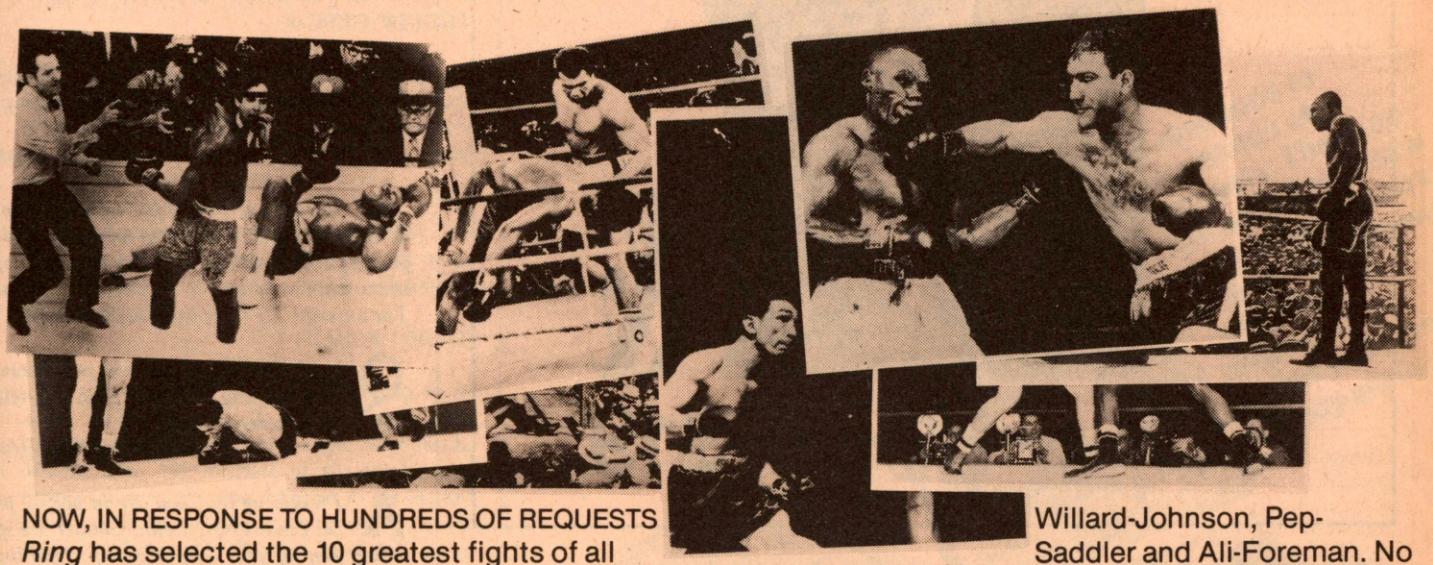

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- ☐ Frazier, Joe
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- ☐ Louis, Joe
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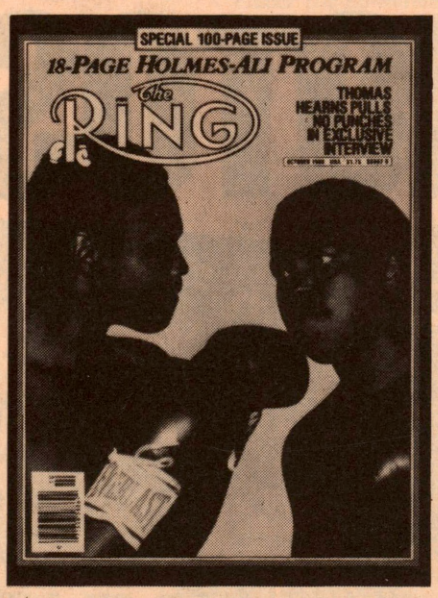

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QUESTIONS &

Q What's the story behind Roberto Duran, world welterweight champion, and his being called "Hands of Stone"?

—JOE ALBANA

A *Duran has over fifty knockouts to his credit and is one of the hardest pound-for-pound punchers of all-time. Ask any of his opponents what it is like to be punched by Duran. The answer? "It's like being hit with a rock."*

Q I am 19 years of age and am interested in becoming a fighter. Can you tell me how to get started in boxing?

—RICK RODRIGUEZ

A *Presuming that you are in perfect physical condition, I would contact the sports department of your local newspaper and inquire as to what amateur boxing programs are available in your vacinity. Ask about the YMCA, PAL or Golden Gloves programs . . . or any gym catering to beginners. Also, the AAU may have some leads on how to break into the amateurs in your area.*

Q Ex-bantamweight champion Mario D'Agata was deaf. How in the devil did he know when a round was over?

—ROBERT A. MILLARD

A *The third man in the ring, refereeing D'Agata fights, knowing the problem, would visually signify the termination of a round to D'Agata and if Mario didn't catch the signal the referee would jump in between the contestants to halt the round. It's a good way for a referee to end up with proof that he was in the middle of a fight.*

Q I state that Jack Dempsey never fought in any bare knuckle fights (in the ring). Am I correct?

—RICHARD WELTER

A *You are correct. There were still some bare knuckle fights going on at the time when Dempsey first started, but he never engaged in these endeavors in the ring.*

Q When was the first electric gong used in boxing?

DAVE SODON

NSWERS

A *The first electrified bell (gong) was used at the California Athletic Club during the fight between George Dixon and Abe Willis, July 28, 1891, for the world featherweight championship, with Dixon knocking out Willis in five to retain his title.*

Q In the days of the skin tight gloves, did the gloves have seams in them?

—ROBERT WRIGHT

A *No, they did not. The skin tight gloves were made of one piece that fitted tightly around the hand and had no fingers; they were cut off at the mid-knuckle leaving the lower parts of the fingers exposed.*

Q I have a wager that "Boxing Day" in Great Britain has nothing to do with fights. My friend claims otherwise. Who is correct?

—JACOB TORBIT

A *"Boxing Day" in GB has nothing to do with the ring. It falls the day after Christmas and has ancient lineage. Back in the Middle Ages, the mistress of the local castle traveled around the area adjacent to the manor giving out boxes of gifts to the tenantry on the day after Xmas. If "Boxing Day" falls on a Sunday it is celebrated on Monday.*

Q How many titles has the Englishman, Henry Cooper, held at one time or another?

—KEN FUNKELMAN

A *Henry Copper held the following titles: The British heavyweight title, The Empire heavyweight title and the European heavyweight championship.*

Q We are interested in starting a fan club for lightweight "Pee Wee" Suarez. How do we go about it?

—THOMAS CLARKE

A *Since you state "we," you have the nucleus of a fan club — more than one person. The "we's" should have a meeting to decide the purpose of your club. Do you wish to open membership to fans in other localities? How much will it cost to run your club? How much will the dues for membership be? Will you give each member an ID card? Perhaps a picture of your honary will be given to each member? Will you put out a small newsletter every month or two that will keep your fans in touch with each other and with what is going on in your club and with your honorary? Decide the above and you are on your way. Elect officers; a president, treasurer and secretary. Let us know and we will try to give you a plug to get you a larger membership.*

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INSIDE BOXING

GIANT JACK O'HALLORAN, WHO DID A lot of glove tossing around Boston and New England in the late sixties, is making quite a name for himself as a movie star. Jack, who towers 6'6" and tipped the scales at 240 in ring togs, deserted the game in the mid-seventies and went into TV spots as an actor. He appeared in several Broadway shows and movies and now will appear in a major role in the movie Superman II. O'Halloran tangled with the likes of Ron Lyle, George Foreman, Joe Bugner and Al Jones, to name just a few. At one time Giant Jack had a tryout with the Philadelphia Eagles of the N.F.L. . . .

Former world middleweight champ Jake LaMotta was recently told to leave the set of the filming of "Raging Bull" — the story of his life. He was barred from the set because he was interfering with the production, according to co-producer Peter Savage. Robert DeNiro plays the role of LaMotta in the film, scheduled to be released later this year . . .

Billy Peterson, former Missoula, Montana welterweight who boxed a host of "names" during the '40s is still alive and well and living in Spokane, Washington. Peterson, who made quite a name for himself in the insurance business since his retirement from the fight beat, turned 60 years young on August 9th. During his post-fight career in the insurance business, Billy won a company national contest and was promoted to state manager of Wyoming. His mother, who is 89 years old, still lives on the ranch that Billy's father built in Coal Strip, Montana. Bill plans to join her there permanently this fall . . .

When J. Russel Peltz "threw in the towel:" in Philadelphia, he literally killed the ring game there. Peltz said that the "pressure" from Atlantic City had hurt his gates significantly and that he could no longer continue. Philly has always been a great fight town, though, and perhaps it is time for someone else to take over there . . .

Didjaknow that for the Roberto Duran-Sugar Ray Leonard title fight, 24,000 fans were on hand at Shea Stadium in New York, another 25,000 at the Aqueduct Race Track, and a total of 23,000 at Madison Square Garden's main arena and their adjacent Felt Forum? And, in Los Angeles, the TV pay-cable system reported that 130,000 households — or half its subscribers paid $10 to see the fight in their homes . . . This fight was probably the biggest since the return match of Billy Conn-Joe Louis in 1946 . . .

It was Al Bachman, New York City fight mentor and cornerman, who worked with Fernand Marcotte in his draw with Eddie (at least it says so on his trunks, even if the program spelled it "Eddy") Melo that same night in Montreal. Charley Goldman, the late trainer, gave Bachman a salve for eye cuts, and once again it was this salve that saved the day for Marcotte. Fernand suffered a gash just above the eyelid on his right eye, but Al applied this "cut salve" and it did not bleed during the rest of the bout. Bachman has told me many times: "I would never give out the formula for this one" . . .

Apparently the heavy-handed Mike Weaver finished off John Tate's career. Trevor Berbick, the Canuck king, was not such a hot opponent — and never has been — but he caught Tate at the right time. Tate is finished and would do well to take a long rest, think things over and then possibly retire. Another ex-champ who should give a lot of thought to retirement is Danny "Little Red" Lopez. Danny, who paid his dues in the business for years, has now reached the end of the line. He insisted on the rematch with Salvador Sanchez, but that bout proved that he is finished. However, he deserves every bit of recognition he gets — Danny has been a great champ . . .

The present crop of heavyweight "pretenders" is the worst ever; the sorriest state the division has ever been in. Where were the real heavyweight contenders when Joe Louis reigned as the champion? Fellows like Lou Nova, Red Burman, Bob Pastor, Nathan Mann, Tony Galento, Al McCoy, Tommy Farr, Max Baer, Abe Simon, and Tony Musto, to name a few who were ranked at that time. The above named could handle the present crew without blinking an eye. In 1938, when the list was tops, we had just suffered a depression, times were difficult and money was "short." This is the primary reason for the difference in the type of fighter then and today. Maybe this is what this country needs — hard times and "short money." Then the *real* contenders will commence popping out of the woodwork!

Speaking of the old timers, my old buddy Lou Nova, who boxed Joe Louis for the title in September of 1941 at the old Polo Grounds in N.Y.C. — now a housing project — was offered a part in the upcoming Broadway play "Einstein." Nova told me he preferred to do something in a lighter vein, however. A TV show will be held at the Lambs Club in N.Y.C. and Nova will appear in it. Nova and the late James J. Corbett are the only two boxers who ever belonged to the Lambs . . .

Babe Griffin, the west coast's top promoter who did $32,000 with Sal Lopez and Jommy Heair, is now trying to close Lopez, a big local favorite in the Bay Area, with Pete Ranzany. Griffin has been around the fight game for 55 years, and one of the last of the real old-timers who knows the business inside and out . . .

Congratulations are in order to Beano Lopez, wife of light heavyweight Indian Yaqui Lopez on the birth of Alvaro, 11 pounds and 1 ounce. This makes a family of four, as they have a son, Yaqui, age 2 . . . Rudy Ortega, who refereed the Ledoux-Holmes fight at Bloomington, Minnesota, is a film bit player and union official when not in demand refereeing important bouts . . . Three-time Golden Gloves heavyweight champion Mike Gans got $800 for his professional debut at Circle Star Theater in California recently. A far cry from the "purses" Sugar Ray Leonard received when he entered the "punch for pay ranks." But remember, Leonard had that very important television exposure through the Olympics in Montreal in 1976 . . .

Where did the time fly? Former world featherweight champ Sandy Saddler passed his 54th milestone on June 25th . . . Steve Moyer, Portland, Oregon middleweight is training under Sid Flaherty and Danny Rodriquez, both of whom handled Steve's father, Phil, and uncle, Denny Moyer. Quite a fighting family.

Didjaknow that Tony Danza still figures he could have been a ring champ if he had not deserted the fight game for an acting career? As a pro, he had a 10-win, 3-loss record. A boxing film that did not materialize led to the role of cabbie-fighter Tony Danza in the hit TV show, "Taxi," which led to further roles in Hollywood films. The kid has made out alright!

Hiawatha Knight, the gal who "chairs" the Michigan State Athletic Commission, is still getting flack over her ruling in the controversial Mustafa Hamsho-Wilford Scypion middleweight tussle. Hamsho was declared the winner when Scypion refused to return to the ring and box the final minute or so, after being out of the ring for a full 25 seconds, under a table. Where is the very competent former welterweight contender, Chuck Davey, who was chairman of the Michigan Commission for so many years? Why is that "local governments" refuse to appoint competent boxing people as commissioners, but instead put their friends and political hacks in these very responsible positions?

See you next month — keep punching!

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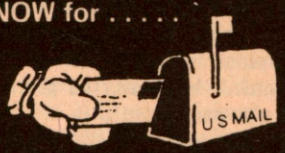

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T. TIMMON, ROCHESTER N.Y.

IS BOXING DISCRIMINATORY?

WHY DO BOXING FANS WONDER why the sport is dominated by black athletes? The answer appears to be simple: White youngsters don't have as great a chance to get into gyms at an early age.

In nearly 15 months of searching I have found not one boxing gym in Detroit's northern suburbs. Yet there are 11 PAL, and numerous others, located in the inner city.

White youngsters who hope to become active in boxing are, in a way, prejudiced against by the above, and just because they are Caucasian, they are often labeled "tomato cans" (i.e. to wear "Hunt's labels," as stated in Marley's Triple U Pugilistic Dictionary in the July issue of *Ring*). If given a chance, there might not be such a thing as a "White Hope," but only boxers, no matter the race.

Boxing, like everything else today, must be racially balanced, but this is not possible with all the gyms in the inner cities and none in the suburbs.

KEVIN WRIGHT,
MADISON HEIGHTS MICHIGAN

DURAN-LEONARD REDONE— AND OVERDONE

I WATCHED THE DURAN-LEONARD fight on television July 19 and am now more convinced than ever that Cosell is blind. To me, Leonard was holding on to Duran so he wouldn't get killed, and that Duran's "bulling" was to keep Leonard off balance so Leonard couldn't suddenly let go of Duran's hands and punch Duran silly. Cosell, to put it bluntly, could call the Christians versus the lions and announce that the Christians were winning because they weren't being eaten that fast. *J. SIMPSON OXFORD, OHIO.*

I WOULD LIKE TO VOICE MY *OUTRAGE* at the display of bad taste and poor sportsmanship shown by ABC during the Leonard-Duran rerun and postfight interviews.

To use the power of the media to cast doubt on the Duran decision in favor of "their boy Sugar" is just a travesty. At ringside Howard Cosell, opinionated as ever, began a systematic attack on the referee's tactics once it became clear that Leonard might lose his title. And in the postfight interviews all the puppets played their parts, except Roberto Duran. Lacky Cosell badgered Ref Padilla, the fall guy who feebly defended himself. Poor sport Leonard claimed victory. Only Duran — looking sullen and smoldering with obvious disgust — maintained his integrity in this charade.

MIKE STEWART PASADENA, CA 91181

WHEN IS NO CONTEST REALLY "NO CONTEST"?

THERE ARE PROBABLY MILLIONS OF arm chair critics who have expressed their views after watching the Larry Holmes-Scott LeDoux fight, but if *I* had been the referee I would have stopped the fight sooner. But I would not have raised Holmes hand as the winner. Instead I would have called it no contest, because LeDoux did not have the ability and Holmes did not use his ability. And if they had not had another so-called championship fight on the card I would have demanded the money be given back to the ones who paid to see it.

JERRY B. HONEYCUTT, CHARLOTTE, N.C.

DURAN'S GREATEST VICTORY SHOULD NOT BE MINIMIZED

WHY IS EVERYBODY SCREAMING about referee Carlos Padilla's officiating during the Duran-Leonard fight— Duran's so-called wrestling and Padilla's allowance of it? First of all, why is everyone overlooking the fact that Leonard did a great deal of the holding himself, frequently locking his right arm around Duran's left. In round two, it was Leonard's clinching and wrestling which saved him from an early knockout after being tagged by a tremendous Duran left. Also, Duran's best fighting is obviously done inside. Only when he came inside, did Leonard choose to grab frequently, wisely not going toe-to-toe with Duran every time he bulled his way inside, which gave the appearance of Duran wrestling. I assure you, Mr. Duran would rather have punched more and wrestled less. However, the matter was not totally in his hands. So let's stop this bull and not take away from Roberto Duran's greatest victory. *JOHN CORTEO*

WHEN THE GOING GOT TOUGH, LEONARD GOT GOING

I WAS UNABLE TO VIEW THE ROBERTO Duran-Sugar Ray Leonard bout last June 20th. But when I did get to see it on The Wide World of Sports, I couldn't believe the decision was given to Duran. First of all, when the fight was over — and before the decision was announced — Duran's entourage had him raised up as if they had known all the time that the fight was Duran's. Secondly, how is it possible for a champion to lose his title on as close a decision as the fight between Duran and Leonard? According to the rules in boxing, an aggressive boxer must be effective before he is given the decision and score points. Duran was the more aggressive, but he continued to hold and not land the clean punches Leonard did.

I will always believe that Leonard won that bout clearly, and that the bout was rigged because of the millions that could be made on Super fights II and III. Is money all that important that a man has to lose his pride as Leonard did?

JOHNNY GREEN, STORMVILLE, N.Y.

VITO STILL A CHAMPION

I AM TWENTY YEARS OLD AND I HAVE Rheumatoid Arthritis. I became interested in Vito Antuofermo so one day in April I sent him a letter, asking if I could possibly buy a pair of his old training gloves. But I wasn't sure if I would hear from him because so many celebrities won't take the time to write to their fans.

Later that month a small package arrived in the mail. It was from Vito and it contained a T-shirt, an autographed photo and a hand written letter telling me that he would send the gloves, free of charge as soon as he bought some new ones. And finally, two months later, I did receive the gloves, along with a handwritten note from Vito's wife.

What Vito has done is one of the most important things a person can do — champion or not — and that is to make someone else happy. So if any of you champions out there receive letters from a handicapped person, take that little time to write them a handwritten letter. Handicapped people envy athletes more than anyone else, so try to share a little something with them. Even just a short note means a lot.

For all you young aspiring fighters out there, if you have the heart that Vito Antuofermo has, you'll go a long way. Not only in the ring, but as a human being Vito is a champion in the biggest game of all.

MEL MUSICK, ATHENS, TEXAS

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VETERAN BOXERS' BEAT

NOBLE "KID" CHISSELL, VICE-PRESIdent of the Cauliflower Alley Club and also an officer of the Golden State Ex-Boxers Association, does a great job keeping the ex-boxers informed of activities through his columns in the Hollywood *Independent*, The Wilshire *Press*, The Westlake *Post*, The *City News* and *City Press* in California. The lightweight champion of the U.S., Merchant Marine in 1926 through 1927 and also U.S. Navy middleweight champion in 1932 before turning the pro route, Chissell traded leather in 160 bouts. He also holds the world's record as a Marathon Dancer, and the World Marathon Endurance Championships 1928, '34 and '35 and became a well-known actor in films and on television. Contact: 820 No. Columbus Ave., Glendale, Calif. 91203 . . .

Remember former Olympic heavyweight boxing champion Pete Rademacher? Pete first became known when he won the all-Army Olympic boxing trials. He then went on to defeat the Russian champion for the heavyweight Gold medal in the 1956 Games. The following year, without a single fight as a professional, he was matched with Floyd Patterson for the heavyweight title. Rademacher lost, but went on to win 15 out of 22 pro matches before quitting the ring. Pete is now the president of the Kiefer McNeil, a division of McNeil Corporation and moved up the ladder of success in this manufacturing conglomerate. Pete Rademacher can be contacted through his company at 999 Sweitzer Avenue, Akron, OH 44311 . . .

Billy Graham, former welterweight contender, is still in fine shape and doing a great job as a goodwill ambassador for Seagram Distillers. Contact: 72-40-60th Lane, Glendale, New York 11227 . . .

Maxie Shapiro, who hailed from the Delancey Street area of the Lower East Side of Manhattan, was first a Golden Glover. As a featherweight and lightweight, he reached the finals in 1938. He became a pro in 1939. A winner of 120 of his 140 pro bouts, he fought just about anyone who was a champion or contender as both a featherweight and a lightweight, meeting and holding his own with such greats as Jackie Kallura, Sal Bartola, and Phil Terranova. He recalls once fighting Bob Montgomery in a non-title bout in Philadelphia, where his idol, Benny Leonard, was the referee! Since his retirement from the ring, he has been on television often and taken part in many movies. Contact: 3058 West 24th St., Coney Island, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11224 . . .

Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler, was invited to be among 125 sports heroes being honored at Jimmy Weston's restaurant in New York City. The former heavyweight king arrived at the restaurant with his wife Dianna and was surprised with a huge birthday cake, made in the shape of a set of boxing gloves. Amid shouts of "Happy Birthday Champ", everyone stood to toast the man who had once ruled the world of boxing. On this, his 85th birthday, the champ could barely hold back the tears. The former champion does not wish to reveal his address, so any mail for the champion can be sent c/o The Ring. It will be forwarded . . .

Jim Pettengell, former boxer and now a leading trainer, has been suffering with an arthritic hip and recently underwent surgery. We hope the operation has been successful. Pettengell, a staunch member of the London Ex-Boxers Association, assisted in the preparation of many champions, including the likes of Don Cockell, Danny, Dickie and Mickey O'Sullivan, Tommy McGovern, Billy Thompson, Albert Finch, Mark Hart, Claud Dennington, Charlie Tucker and Vic Manini . . .

Jimmy White is a celebrity to the folks who reside in Westport, Connecticut. He writes for "The Hour", a local paper published in Norwalk, Connecticut. As a youngster, Jimmy became attracted to boxing and as an amateur racked up an impressive record. He started as a lightweight and when he turned pro, he signed with manager Jack Curly. In 1934, Jimmy moved to New York City, where he trained diligently at Lou Stillman's Gym. Jimmy fought in all the arenas and gradually advanced through the four-round, six-round and eight-round route. He fought as a welterweight and then as a middleweight. Jimmy never did become a champion, but perhaps he might have had more of an opportunity to fight for a title had he not been drafted into the service during WW II. He took part in the invasions of Sicily, North Africa, Italy and Normandy, receiving several combat decorations, including three Purple Heart medals. The war left him with impaired vision, yet he still wanted to be connected with boxing, and so he became an instructor and coach at the Westport Y.M.C.A. for 23 years. Jimmy has been honored with several awards for service with the youth in Westport and is now writing a book about the burning of the City of Norwalk by the British 200 years ago. Jimmy is a member of the World Boxing Historians Association and also of the VBA of New York, Ring 8. Contact: 62 Riverside Ave., Westport, Conn. 06880 . . .

The Wirral Ex-Boxers Association, 201 Storeton Road, Preston, Birkenhead, England, has notified this column of the death of their chairman, Wally Thom, a former British champion. Gordon McAteer has now taken over the reins of chairman and his vice-chairman is Donny Rice . . .

HARRY WARREN

VETERAN BOXERS ASSOCIATIONS and RINGS

VBA RING 11 OF HARTFORD. (USA)
President: Billy Kowalczyk
Address: 176 Weatherfield Avenue Hartford, Connecticut. 06100.

VBA, RING 10 OF ERIE COUNTY. (USA)
President: Bernie Hawkins
Address: 2639 Schley Street Erie, Pennsylvania. 16508.

VBA, RING 103. (USA)
President: Andy Daddio
Address: 41 Rubin Street South River, New Jersey. 08822

Westminster Boxing Club
President: Carlos Palomino
Vice-Pres: Alan Gordon.
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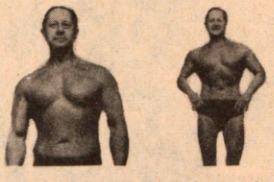

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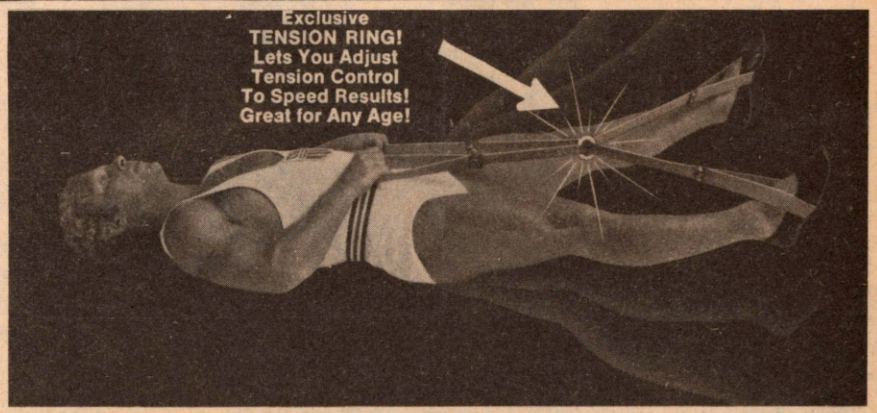

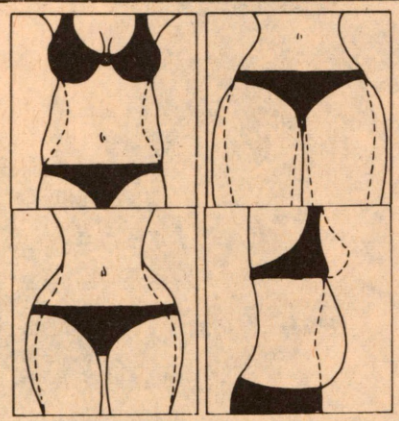

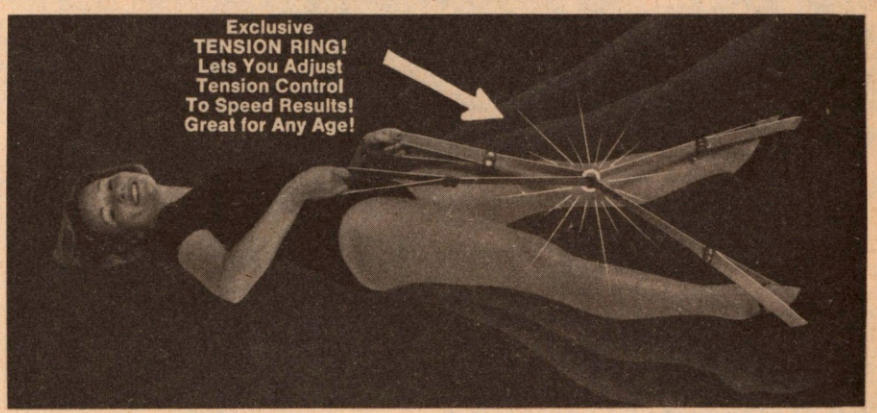

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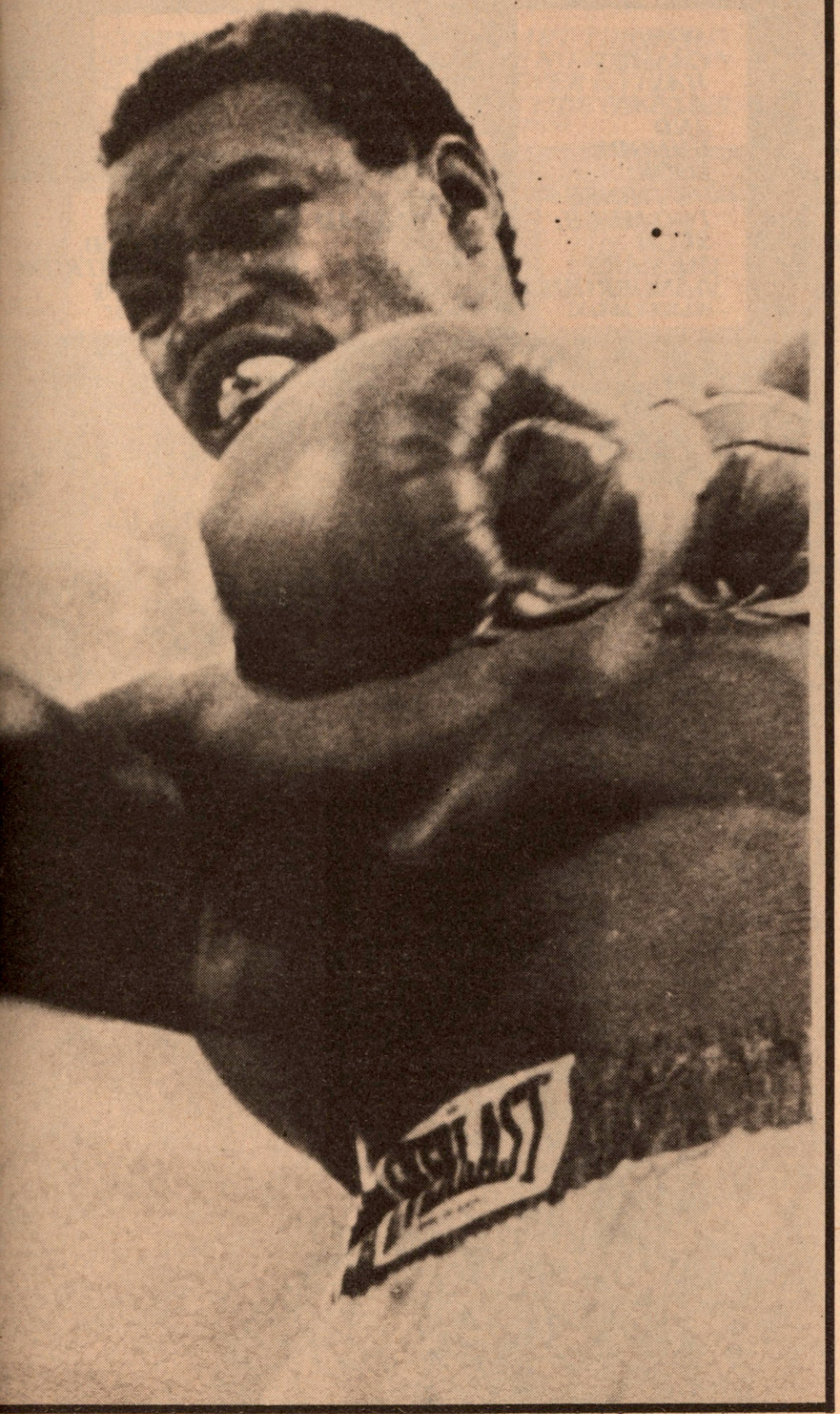
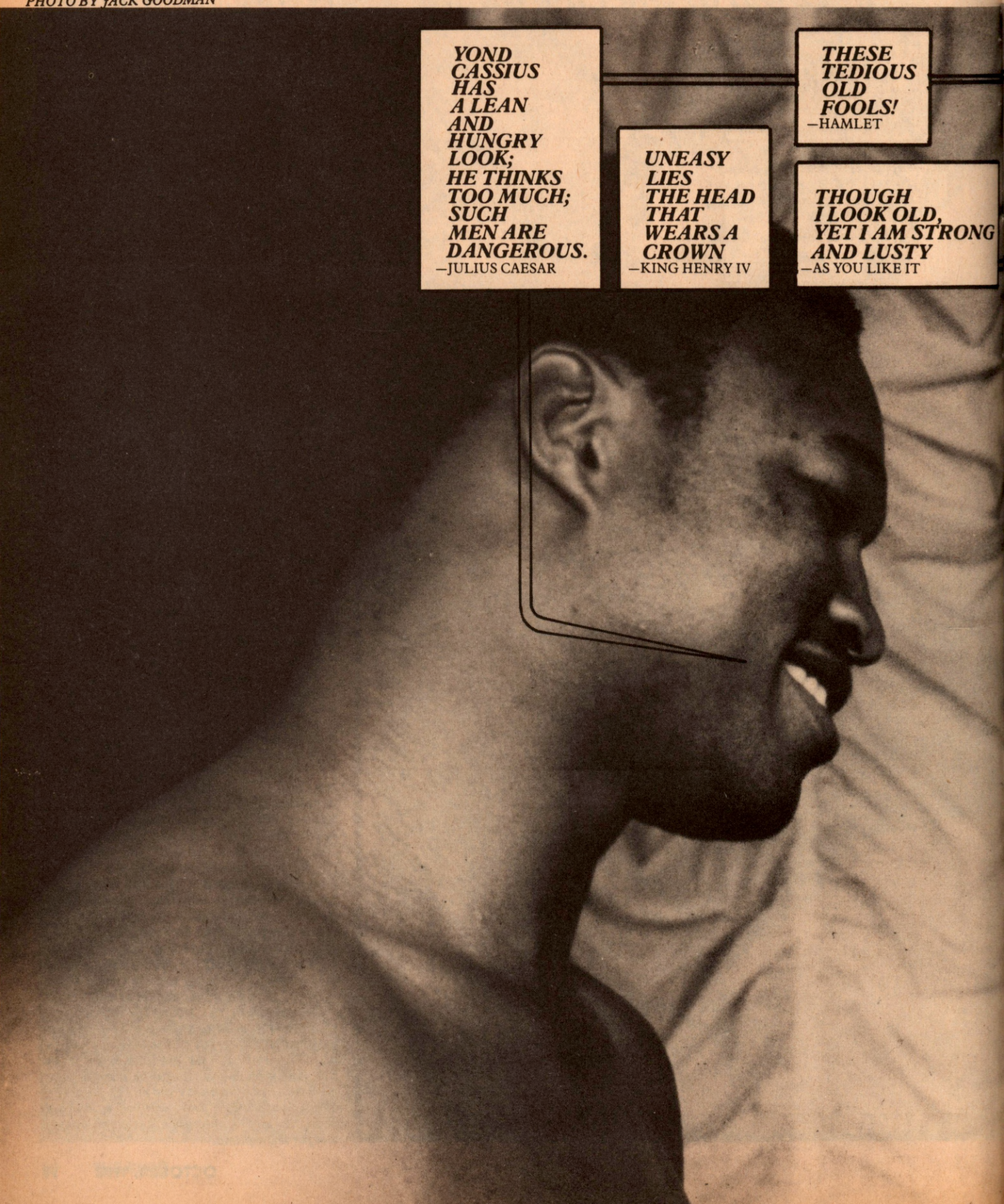
LARRY HOLMES
A short bio of the champion



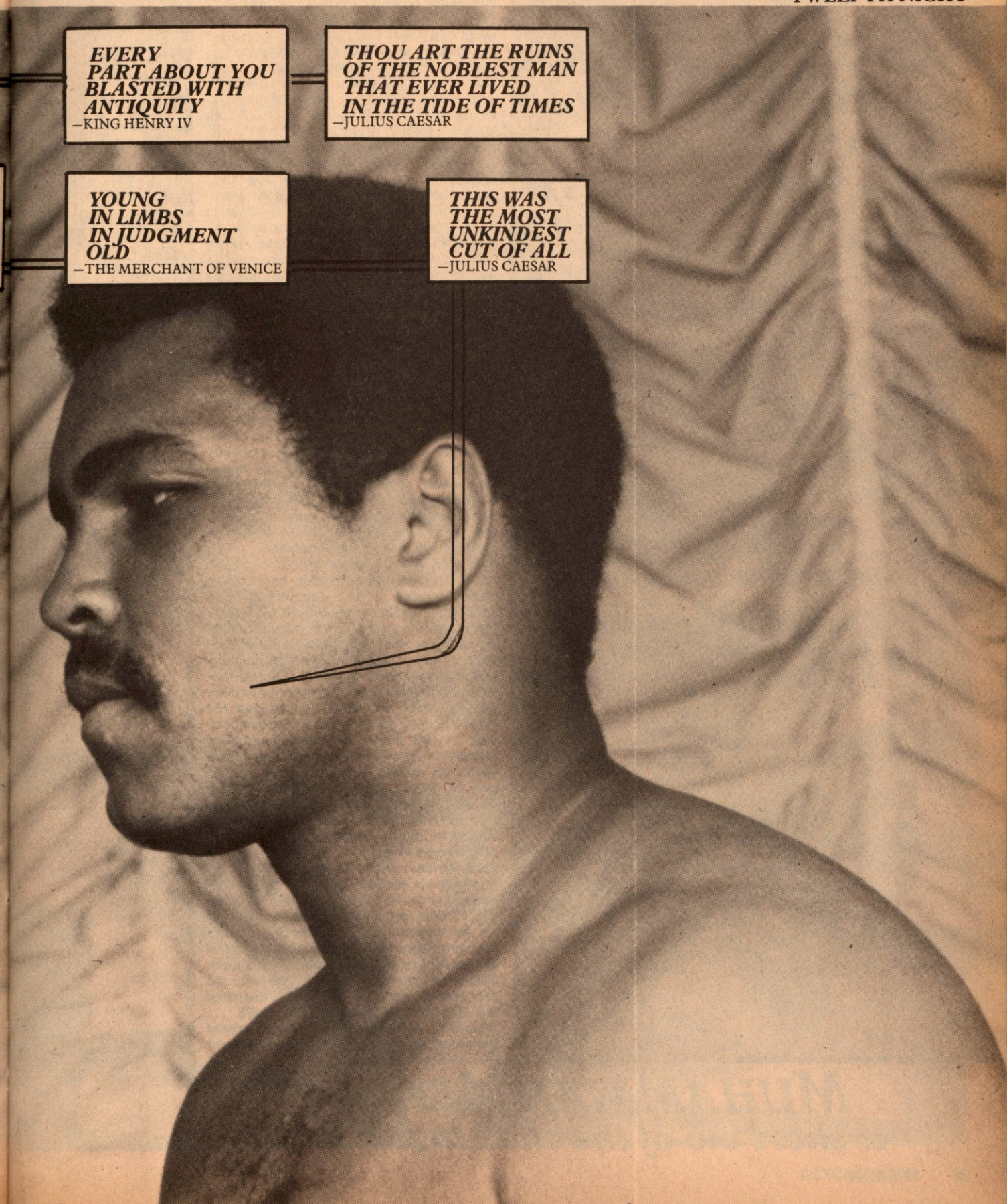
Born on November 3, 1949, in Cuthbert, Georgia . . . Larry was the middle of 11 children born to John and Flossie Holmes . . . Has seven brothers and one sister . . . When he was five years old, his family moved to Easton, Pa. . . . Quit school after the seventh grade to help support his family . . . Began boxing as a youngster so he could defend himself better when a street-fight situation arose in Easton — which was often . . . As an amateur boxer, compiled a record of 19-3 . . . Two of the losses were to hard- hitting southpaw Nick Wells, the other to Duane Bobick in the 1972 Olympic Trials . . . Turned professional in March 1973 with a four-round decision against Rodell Dupree . . . Added six more victories to his record before the year was out . . . Stopped all three of the men he faced in 1974, and eight of the nine he fought in 1975 . . . A third- round knockout of Billy Joiner in December 1975 left Holmes with a 19-0 record, including 14 knockouts . . . However, heavyweight champion Muhammad Ali was content to give everybody but Holmes, his former sparring partner, a shot at the title . . . As 1976 began, 26-year-old Larry Holmes planned on having a big year, forcing Ali to give him a shot . . . Holmes' first fight of 1976 came on January 29, with him winning an eight-round decision against Joe Gholston . . . He followed on April 5 with a second-round knockout of Fred Askew . . . Twenty-five days later, Holmes went to 22-0, winning a 10-round decision against veteran Roy Williams . . . At that time, Holmes looked to be on his way to the title . . . However, in the fight against Williams, Holmes broke his right hand . . . He did not fight for the remainder of the year . . . He returned to action in January 1977, beating Tom Prater on an eight-round decision . . . Three impressive knockout victories (against Horace Robinson, Young Sanford and Ibar Arrington) followed . . . He was 26-0 with 18 knockouts . . . It was time to fight a highly-rated contender . . . That time came on March 25, 1978, when Holmes was matched over 12 rounds against hard-hitting Earnie Shavers in Las Vegas . . . Six months earlier, Shavers had nearly beaten Muhammad Ali in a close, 15-round battle . . . Against Holmes, Shavers was never in the fight . . . Larry won an easy, 12-round unanimous decision . . . The victory earned Holmes the right to challenge Ken Norton for the WBC title, which the WBC had taken from Leon Spinks and bestowed on Norton . . . On June 9, 1978, in Las Vegas, Holmes and Norton created a 15-round classic before a worldwide television audience . . . Holmes won the decision — and the title . . . Since that time, "The Easton Assassin" has been a champion in every sense of the word . . . He has successfully defended his crown seven times, knocking out all seven opponents . . . The divisional record is eight, held by Tommy Burns . . . Holmes knockout percentage is .743, among the highest in heavyweight history . . . His fights last an average of 6.11 rounds . . . He predicts it will take him just a bit longer to knock out Muhammad Ali . . . Has already proven to be a fine champion . . . Only time will tell where his place is among history's greatest heavyweight champions.

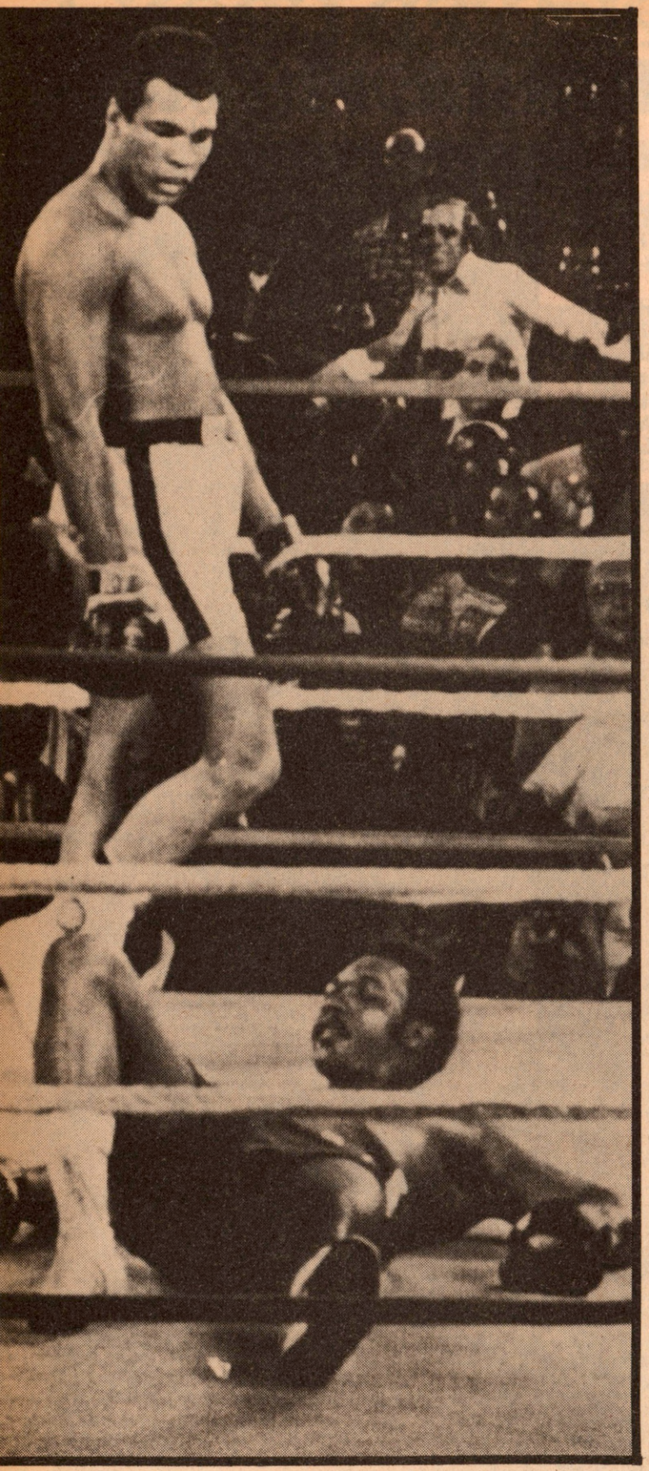
SHAKESPEARE ON THE HOLMES-ALI FIGHT:
STAGE NOW, I COULD CONDEMN

PHOTO BY JACK GOODMAN



IF THIS WERE PLAYED UPON A
NIT AS AN IMPROBABLE FICTION
—TWELFTH NIGHT

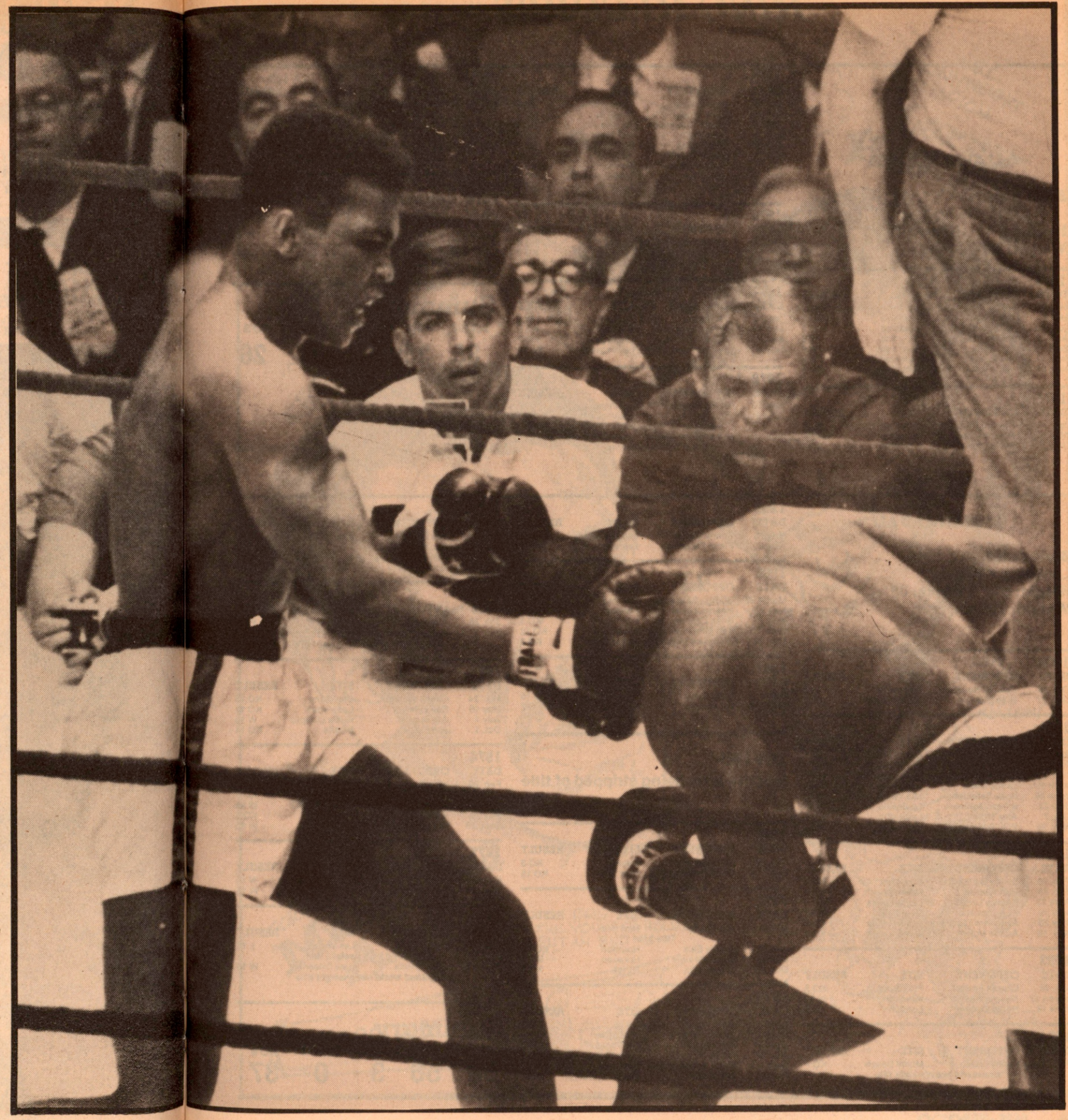




The legend of Cassius Marcellus Clay, Jr. began in Louisville, Ky., on January 12, 1942 . . . In the summer of 1954, Clay's bicycle was stolen. Heartbroken, 12-year-old Clay walked into a local gym, where he was spotted by police officer Joe Martin, to whom Clay told his story. "If I catch the boy who stole my bike I'm gonna' whup him good!" said Clay. Martin told the youngster that he had better learn to fight before trying to fight someone else . . . Six years later, Clay was in Rome, winning a gold medal as the light heavyweight representative on the U.S. boxing team . . . Began his pro career in October, 1960 with a six-round decision over Tunney Hunsaker . . . Fascinated with wrestler "Gorgeous George," Clay adopted his flamboyant manner . . . Won the world heavyweight championship in his 20th fight, forcing Charles "Sonny" Liston to remain on his stool at the end of the seventh round on February 25, 1964 . . . After the fight, Clay announced he was a Black Muslim, and would be known by the Muslim name, "Muhammad Ali Haj" . . . After defending the title successfully nine times, Ali was stripped of the crown in 1967 for failing to report for military induction . . . The 25-year-old champion's record was 29-0, including 23 stoppages . . . In September, 1970, Ali's boxing license was returned after the Supreme Court found the original ruling that had striped Ali of the title to be unconstitutional . . . Ali returned to the ring on October 26, 1970 . . . His opponent was Jerry Quarry, whom Ali stopped on cuts in the third round . . . Ali was back in action again six weeks later, becoming the first man to stop Oscar Bonavena . . . The fight ended in the 15th round after Bonavena had been dropped three times in that stanza . . . Ali's next fight was on March 8, 1971 in Superfight I against Joe Frazier in Madison Square Garden . . . In a sensational bout, capped by a 15th round knockdown of Ali, Frazier was awarded a unanimous decision, and with it, the undisputed heavyweight championship . . . Ali reeled off 10 consecutive victories before suffering a broken jaw and losing a 12-round decision to Ken Norton on March 31, 1973 . . . Avenged the defeat six months later with a 12-round decision . . . One month later decisioned Rudi Lubbers in 12 . . . The bout served as a tune-up for his rematch against Frazier on January 28, 1974 . . . Ali captured a 12-round decision against Smokin' Joe . . . Nine months later, became the second heavyweight in history to regain the title, stopping George Foreman in the eighth round in Zaire, Africa . . . Made 10 successful title defenses in his second reign . . . Included was one of the most savage fights of all time, "The Thrilla in Manila" on October 1, 1975 vs. Joe Frazier . . . Ali stopped Frazier, who was not allowed out for round 15 . . . Out of shape, Ali lost a 15-round decision to Leon Spinks on February 15, 1978 . . . Became the first man to regain the title twice, decisioning Spinks on September 15, 1978 . . . Should he defeat Holmes, Ali will become the oldest man ever to win the heavyweight — or any other title.

MUHAMMAD ALI

A short bio of the challenger



RING RECORDS

LARRY HOLMES

Born: November 3, 1949, Cuthbert, Georgia
Height: 6′4″ **Reach:** 79″
Weight: 215 pounds

1973

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Mar. 21	Rodell Dupree	Scranton	W 4
May 2	Art Savage	Scranton	KO 3
June 20	Curtis Whitner	Scranton	KO 1
Aug. 22	Don Branch	Scranton	W 6
Sept. 10	Bob Bozic	New York	W 6
Nov. 14	Jerry Judge	Scranton	W 6
Nov. 28	Kevin Isaac	Cleveland	KO 3

1974

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Apr. 24	Howard Darlington	Scranton	KO 4
May 29	Bob Mashburn	Scranton	KO 7
Dec. 11	Joe Hathaway	Scranton	KO 1

1975

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Mar. 24	Charley Green	Cleveland	KO 2
Apr. 10	Oliver Wright	Honolulu	KO 3
Apr. 26	Robert Yarborough	Toronto	KO 3
May 16	Ernie Smith	Las Vegas	KO 3
Aug. 16	Obie English	Scranton	KO 7
Aug. 26	Charlie James	Honolulu	W 10
Oct. 1	Rodney Bobick	Manila	KO 6
Dec. 9	Leon Shaw	Washington, D.C.	KO 1
Dec. 20	Billy Joiner	San Juan	KO 3

1976

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 29	Joe Gholston	Easton	KO 8
Apr. 5	Fred Askew	Landover	KO 2
Apr. 30	Roy Williams	Landover	W 10

1977

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 16	Tom Prater	Pensacola	W 8
Mar. 17	Horace Robinson	San Juan	KO 5
Sept. 14	Young Sanford	Las Vegas	KO 7
Nov. 5	Ibar Arrington	Las Vegas	KO 10

1978

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Mar. 25	Earnie Shavers	Las Vegas	W 12
June 9	Ken Norton (Won WBC Heavyweight Title)	Las Vegas	W 15
Nov. 10	Alfredo Evangelista (Retained WBC Heavyweight Title)	Las Vegas	KO 7

1979

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Mar. 23	Osvaldo Ocasio (Retained WBC Heavyweight Title)	Las Vegas	KO 7
June 22	Mike Weaver (Retained WBC Heavyweight Title)	New York	KO 12
Sept. 28	Earnie Shavers (Retained WBC Heavyweight Title)	Las Vegas	KO 11

1980

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 3	Lorenzo Zanon (Retained WBC Heavyweight Title)	Las Vegas	KO 6
Mar. 31	LeRoy Jones (Retained World Heavyweight Title)	Las Vegas	KO 8
July 7	Scott LeDoux (Retained World Heavyweight Title)	Bloomington	KO 7

Summary

BOUTS	WINS	LOSSES	DRAWS	KO'S
35	35	0	0	26

from *The Ring Record Book*

MUHAMMAD ALI

Born: January 17, 1942, Louisville, Kentucky
Height: 6′3″ **Reach:** 82″
Weight: 225 pounds

1960

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Oct. 29	Tunney Hunsaker	Louisville	W 6
Dec. 27	Herb Siler	Miami Beach	KO 4

1961

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 17	Tony Esperti	Miami Beach	KO 3
Feb. 7	Jim Robinson	Miami Beach	KO 1
Feb. 21	Donnie Fleeman	Miami Beach	KO 7
April 19	Lamar Clark	Louisville	KO 2
June 26	Duke Sabedong	Las Vegas	W 10
July 22	Alonzo Johnson	Louisville	W 10
Oct. 7	Alex Miteff	Louisville	KO 6
Nov. 29	Willi Besmanoff	Louisville	KO 7

1962

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 10	Sonny Banks	New York	KO 4
Feb. 28	Don Warner	Miami Beach	KO 4
April 23	George Logan	Los Angeles	KO 4
May 19	Billy Daniels	New York	KO 7
July 20	Alejandro Lavorante	Los Angeles	KO 5
Nov. 15	Archie Moore	Los Angeles	KO 4

1963

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 24	Charlie Powell	Pittsburgh	KO 3
March 13	Doug Jones	New York	W 10
June 18	Henry Cooper	London	KO 5

1964

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 25	Sonny Liston Won world heavyweight title	Miami Beach	KO 7

1965

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
May 25	Sonny Liston	Lewiston, Me.	KO 1
Nov. 22	Floyd Patterson	Las Vegas	KO 12

1966

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
March 29	George Chuvalo	Toronto	W 15
May 21	Henry Cooper	London	KO 6
Aug. 6	Brian London	London	KO 3
Sept. 10	Karl Mildenberger	Frankfurt	KO 12
Nov. 14	Cleveland Williams	Houston	KO 3

1967

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 6	Ernie Terrell	Houston	W 15
March 22	Zora Folley	New York	KO 7

1968-1969
Inactive after being stripped of title

1970

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Oct. 26	Jerry Quarry	Atlanta	KO 3
Dec. 7	Oscar Bonavena	New York	KO 15

1971

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
March 8	Joe Frazier Title bout	New York	L 15
July 26	Jimmy Ellis	Houston	KO 12
Nov. 17	Buster Mathis	Houston	W 12
Dec. 26	Jurgen Blin	Zurich	KO 7

1972

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
April 1	Mac Foster	Tokyo	W 15
May 1	George Chuvalo	Vancouver	W 12
June 27	Jerry Quarry	Las Vegas	KO 7
July 19	Al Lewis	Dublin	KO 11
Sept. 20	Floyd Patterson	New York	KO 7
Nov. 21	Bob Foster	Stateline, Nev.	KO 8

1973

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 14	Joe Bugner	Las Vegas	W 12
March 31	Ken Norton	San Diego	L 12
Sept. 10	Ken Norton	Los Angeles	W 12
Oct. 20	Rudi Lubbers	Jakarta	W 12

1974

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 28	Joe Frazier	New York	W 12
Oct. 30	George Foreman Regained world heavyweight title	Kinshasa, Zaire	KO 8

1975

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Mar. 24	Chuck Wepner	Cleveland	KO 15
May 16	Ron Lyle	Las Vegas	KO 11
July 1	Joe Bugner	Kuala Lumpur	W 15
Oct. 1	Joe Frazier	Manila	KO 14

1976

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 20	Jean Pierre Coopman	San Juan	KO 5
April 30	Jimmy Young	Landover, MD.	W 15
May 24	Richard Dunn	Munich	KO 5
Sept. 28	Ken Norton	New York	W 15

1977

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
May 16	Alfredo Evangelista	Landover, MD.	W 15
Sept. 29	Earnie Shavers	New York	W 15

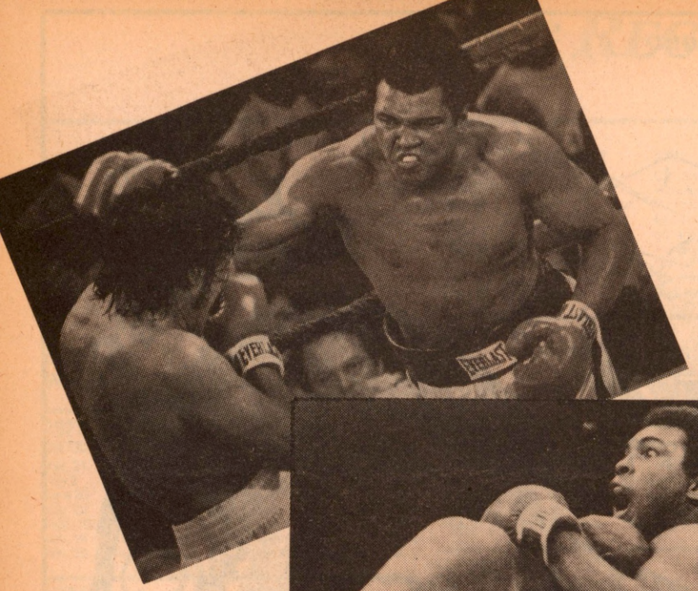
1978

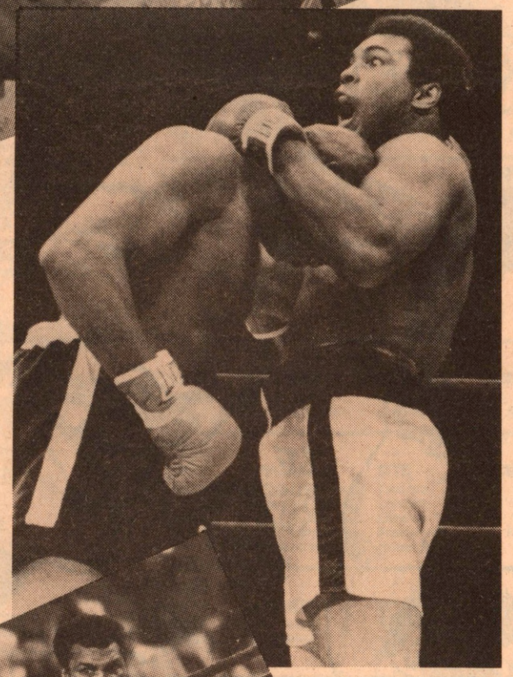
DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 15	Leon Spinks Lost world heavyweight title	Las Vegas	L 15
Sept. 15	Leon Spinks Regained world heavyweight title	New Orleans	W 15

Summary

BOUTS	WINS	LOSSES	DRAWS	KO'S
59	56	3	0	37

WIN, LOSE AND DRAW By CHARLIE McGILL





COMMON OPPONENTS

ALFREDO EVANGELISTA

MUHAMMAD ALI —
The date was May 16, 1977. Ali brought his road show to the Capital Centre in Landover, Maryland. There he clowned, play-acted and rope-a-doped his way through 15 rounds, retaining his title on a unanimous decision. Ali never had Evangelista in serious trouble. Nor seemed to care to.

LARRY HOLMES —
In his first title defense, Holmes toyed with his opponent for six rounds. Then, in the seventh round, Holmes made a move to his right, stopped and slammed a right through Evangelista's guard. Although the punch was partially blocked, it landed with enough authority to drop a battered Evangelista on his face, where he was counted out.

EARNIE SHAVERS

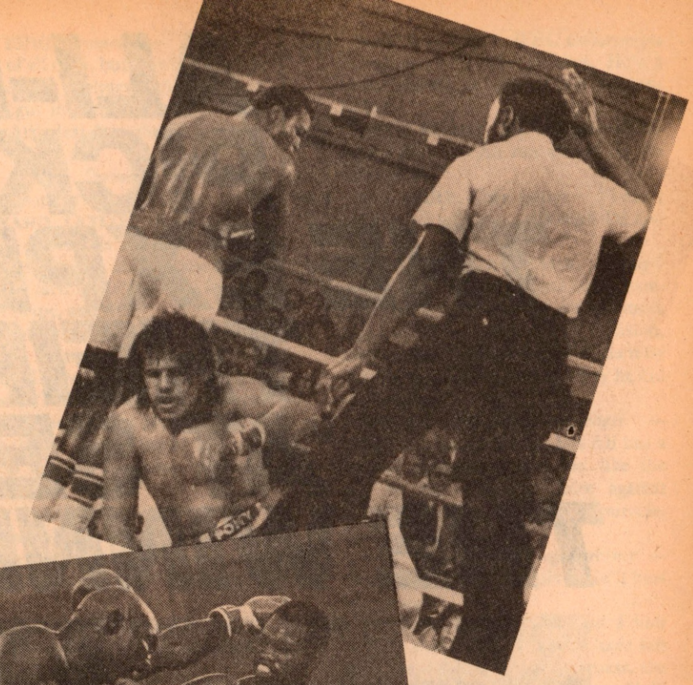
MUHAMMAD ALI —
This was the greatest night of Shavers' career. Showing the stamina the experts said he didn't have, Shavers took Ali 15 rounds in Madison Square Garden. The decision to Ali was close — but unanimous.

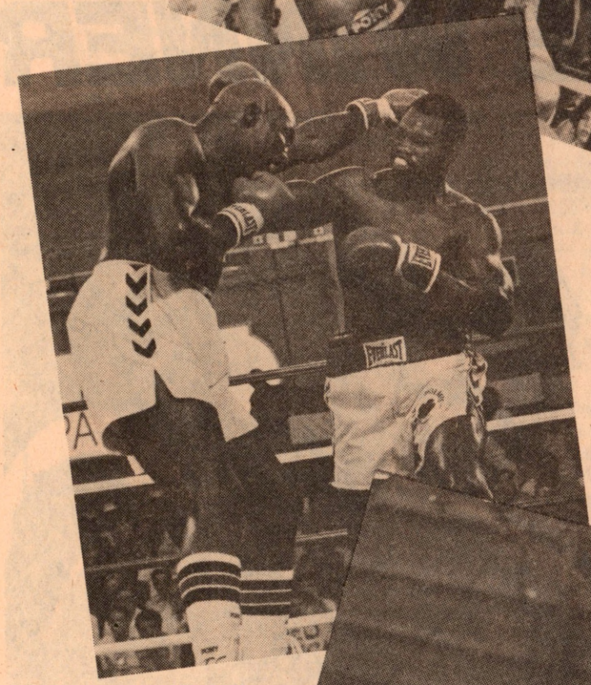
LARRY HOLMES —
The two fought twice. The first time, in March of 1978, Holmes shut out Shavers over 12 rounds. In September, 1979, Shavers challenged for Holmes' title. In round seven, Holmes walked into a powerful right which dropped him. He arose, shook off the effects of the blow, and went on to batter and stop Shavers in round 11.

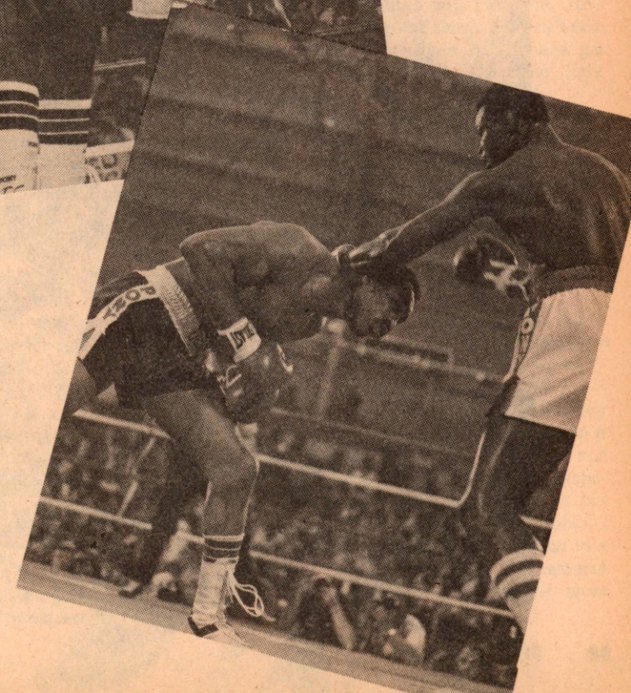
KENNY NORTON

MUHAMMAD ALI —
There are three reasons Ali should remember Ken Norton. The first reason is March 31, 1973. On that date, Norton broke Ali's jaw and won a 12-round split-decision. The second is September 10, 1973. Whipping his body into shape, Ali evened the score against Norton, winning a disputed 12-round decision. The third reason is September 28, 1976. The scene was Yankee Stadium. After 15 rounds, many fans and experts believed Norton had won Ali's title. However, yet another controversial decision went Ali's way and he retained his title.

LARRY HOLMES —
For 14 classic, sometimes brutal rounds, Norton gave everything he had to retain his newly-bestowed WBC belt. Holmes gave everything he had to win it. The 15 round was among the most savage in heavyweight history, as the two men repeatedly staggered each other. When it was over, Holmes was awarded the decision — and the title.







ALI-HOLMES PICK'EM: THE EXPERTS TRY THEIR HAND AT SELECTING THE WINNER.

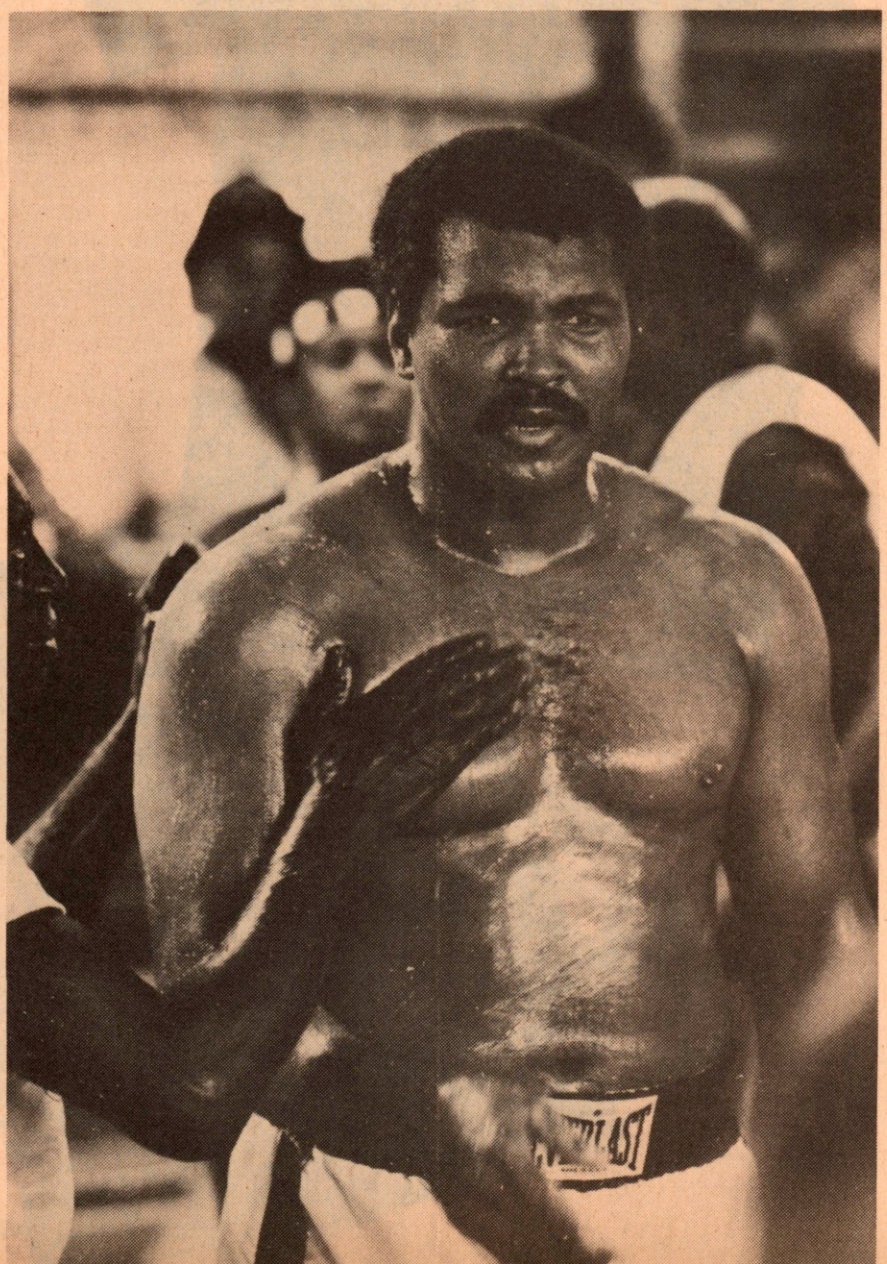


PHOTO BY JACK GOODMAN

1 **LARRY HOLMES,** *Heavyweight Champion* — "Holmes wins in nine. Ali's ass is grass and I'm the lawnmower!"

2 **MUHAMMAD ALI,** *Former three-time heavyweight king* — "I will play with Holmes just like I did when he was my sparring partner. I'm not doing this for the money. I'm doing it for the glory...the glory of becoming heavyweight champion of the world four times. FOUR TIMES!"

3 **KEN NORTON,** *Ex-WBC Heavyweight Champion* — "I like Ali personally. He's ringwise; he always does the unusual. This time he'll have to do something very unusual because Holmes has youth on his side and is at his peak. Holmes *should* win. But with Ali, who knows?"

4 **MIKE WEAVER,** *WBA Heavyweight Champion* — "I would like Ali to win. He's always been my idol."

5 **EARNIE SHAVERS,** *Former top heavyweight contender* — "Although Holmes is younger and been more active, you can never count Ali out. He always seems to come through when the chips are down."

6 **GERRY COONEY,** *Heavyweight contender* — "Holmes should win, normally. But who knows what Ali will do? I'd like to see Ali win the title back again...bring some life back to the heavyweight division. Holmes is not too colorful."

7 **PIPINO CUEVAS,** *EX-WBA Welterweight champion* — "Holmes has everything going for him. Ali once was great. Not any more. Holmes will win."

8 **MARV ALBERT,** *Sportscaster, NBC-TV* — "I think Ali will get hurt. Holmes has been active and he's stayed sharp. He's long been an underrated champion, but after this fight, he'll finally be recognized as a fine champion."

9 **BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR,** *Editor and Publisher* — "I might be wrong — and have been often enough to challenge Joe DiMaggio's consecutive streak — but I have a feeling Ali will give Holmes one helluva fight; tougher than anyone can foresee. It will go to a decision."

10 **EDDIE MUSTAFA HUHAMMAD,** *WBA heavyweight champion* — "Ali will knock out big-mouth Holmes, no question in my mind."

11 **DICK STOCKTON,** *Sportscaster, CBS-TV* — "There are many who say this fight shouldn't happen. But they forget they are talking about Ali, a man who always showed an incredible ability to rise to the occasion. Who can legitimately knock Ali? Those who have watched him and know him certainly know better."

12 **GIL CLANCY,** *Matchmaker, Madison Square Garden and CBS-TV Commentator* — "Holmes will win but it will be a terrible fight. Ali will kill the clock. He'll hold and wrestle throughout the fight."

13 **RANDY GORDON,** *Associate Editor* — "No great athlete deserves to go out this way. Ali will never be in the fight. It will be almost too sad to watch. Holmes will win it easy. My only question is whether Ali will be stopped while on his feet or flat on his back. Shades of Joe Louis vs. Rocky Marciano!"

14 **TEDDY BRENNER,** *Matchmaker, Top Rank, Inc.* — "I thought Ali should've hung up the gloves after his fight against Earnie Shavers. I still do."

15 **ROCKY LOCKRIDGE,** *Featherweight contender* — "Even though he's over the hill, if Ali says he'll do it, he'll do it."

16 **DON KING,** *Promoter* — "Ali is the greatest of all time, but he will meet his Waterloo in Holmes, the baddest heavyweight in the world today. This will be Ali's last hurrah. Holmes by Kayo."

17 **BOB ARUM,** *Promoter* — "I hope Ali wins, but I'm not expecting him to."

18 **BERNARD TAYLOR,** *Former amateur star* — "This is a match between two boxers. Ali is a master boxer. Age will be no factor. He'll be up for the fight, in shape, and win."

19 **NAT LOUBET,** *Associate Publisher* — " 'In this corner, the winner by a knockout, Larry Holmes!' As Ali has often said: 'I float like a butterfly and sting like a bee!' At age 38, Ali will fly through the air and fall flat in the ring! Don't do it, Ali. You have lost your sting!"

20 **BILLY JOEL,** *Music world superstar* — "Ali should hang 'em up already. He was too great to be pulling this kind of stuff. Holmes will win the fight easy."

21 **DENNIS RAPPAPORT,** *Manager* — "My heart says Ali. My mind says no way!"

22 **MIKE JONES,** *Manager* — "I think history will show Muhammad Ali to be one of the greatest champions ever. I'd like to see him win, but, let's face it — he's over-the-hill. I have to go with Holmes."

23 **EDWARD KOCH,** *Mayor, New York City* — "Two dollars on Ali."

24 **TOM KENVILLE,** *Publicist, Madison Square Garden Boxing* — "Muhammad Ali will find a way to win, just as he found a way against the seemingly impregnable George Foreman."

25 **JAK BRAMI,** *Assistant Matchmaker, Madison Square Garden* — "Ali by decision. If it was anybody else I would have said he's crazy to come back. He knows too much for Holmes. All Holmes has is a left, and Ali knows how to neutralize a left. If Ali gets in 90 per cent shape he'll win. I just don't think that much of Holmes."

26 **BENNY GEORGINO,** *Manager* — "Holmes will beat Ali. Holmes has been too active. Ali should give it up."

27 **HERBERT G. GOLDMAN,** *Managing Editor* — "Enough is enough! Ali should have quit after the 'Thrilla in Manila.' Two years ago, he called up everything inside him to outpoint nothing-much Leon Spinks. Now this same Ali — 38½ and coming off a two year layoff, is going to fight Holmes? Forget it! Larry will win by a knockout in seven. It will be the final end for Ali, and a sad one."

28 **ALEX RAMOS,** *Former amateur star, now professional* — "I've never gone against Ali and just can't pick against him now. I'm hoping he wins, but feel Holmes might pull it out."

29 **SAOUL MAMBY,** *WBC welterweight champion* — "I take Holmes. He's a better fighter, at least at this moment he is."

30 **DAVE BRADY,** *Sportswriter, Washington Post* — "Ali can always do the impossible."

31 **E. J. GARY,** *Copy Editor* — "I can't believe Ali will win...although I'd like to."

32 **WILSON LARROSEAUX,** *Manager* — "Ali will become a four time champion. He'll overcome age for one more night of glory. He'll win by decision, maybe even by knockout. He'll do it by frustrating Holmes, just the way he did to Foreman."

33 **SHELLY FINKEL,** *Manager* — "Holmes shouldn't lose, but Ali has a way of performing miracles, like the one he performed in Zaire agaisnt George Foreman. Barring a miracle, Holmes will win."

34 **ACE MILLER,** *Manager-trainer* — "Holmes will eat him alive. He'll beat him to death."

35 **JACK GOODMAN,** *Assistant Editor* — "No matter how I feel or have felt about Muhammad Ali's greatness, the fact is, his skills are long gone. He'll make a good fight of it early, but Holmes will be too much for him and stop him in nine."

36 **JOHN F.X. CONDON,** *Vice-President, Madison Square Garden Boxing* — "Ali will win the fight on a late round knockout. He'll be behind in the early rounds, then come on to win."

37 **BARNEY NAGLER,** *Sportswriter, Daily Racing Form* — "Holmes will win...if it's on the level!"

38 **LOUIS MESORANA,** *Statistical Editor* — "Holmes will beat him. He's young, strong and sharp. He won't take any of Ali's nonsense. Ali is gonna' get hurt. Somehow, I hope the fight doesn't come off."

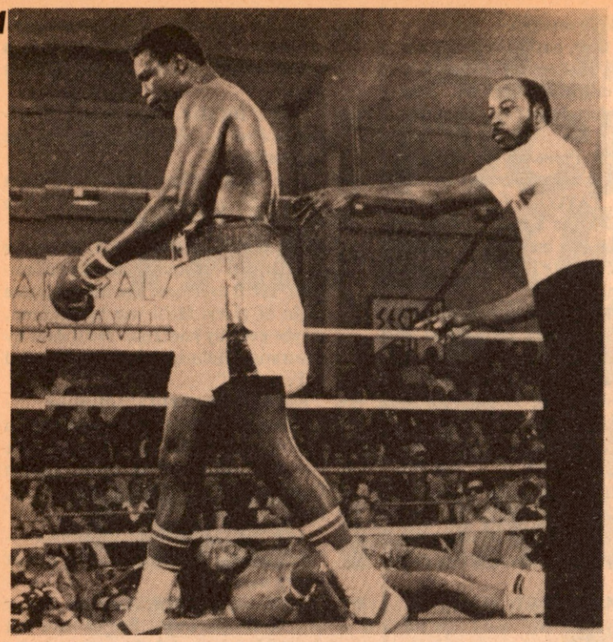
39 **BOB GOODMAN,** *Matchmaker, Don King Productions* — "Muhammad Ali, a great champion, does not have Father Time on his side. Larry Holmes, who has proven himself to be a great fighter, will win a 15-round decision."

40 **JOHNNY BOS,** *Matchmaker* — "Holmes wins in seven or eight. The magic is gone."

41 **SYLVESTER STALLONE,** *Actor,* "My friendship with both fighters makes it difficult for me to make a pick."

42 **TIM RYAN,** *Sportscaster, CBS-TV* — "I think it's possible for Ali to win any fight, including this one. He can do it with his extraordinary willpower and his ability to dominate a man psychologically. But it's hard for me to imagine Ali doing a job versus Holmes. I think Holmes will win a decision in a dull fight. I don't think Muhammad can climb that mountain one more time."

1



DEFENSE #1—Holmes walks away from a horizontal Alfredo Evangelista after knocking him out in the seventh round with a hard right to the face that was partially picked off. The fight took place in Caesars Palace, Las Vegas, on November 11, 1978.

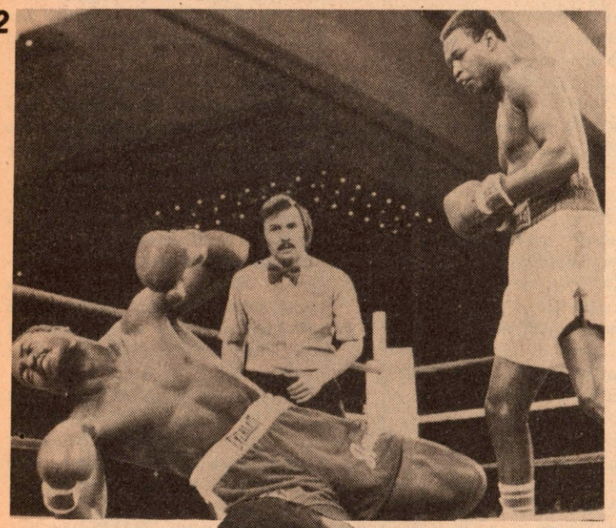
DEFENSE #2—Puerto Rico's Ossie Ocasio heads for the floor in dramatic style after taking a Holmes right. The previously unbeaten Ocasio was stopped in the seventh round on March 23, 1979, in Las Vegas.

DEFENSE #3 — Holmes watches as Mike Weaver sinks to the canvas after absorbing a terrific right uppercut in the 11th round at Madison Square Garden on June 22, 1979. An ill-prepared Holmes looked close to losing the title until catching Weaver with the uppercut. The fight was stopped the following round.

DEFENSE #4 — The heavyweight titleholder rips a right uppercut through the guard of challenger Earnie Shavers on September 28, 1979. Holmes climbed off the canvas in round seven to batter Shavers into a technical knockout in round 11.

DEFENSE #5 — Joe Louis was proud of Holmes' choice for "Bum of the Month." It was none other than light-hitting, soft-chinned Italian Lorenzo Zanon, who did a series of difficult acrobatic maneuvers before saying goodnight to an American television audience in round six. Caesars Palace was the site of this execution last February 3.

2



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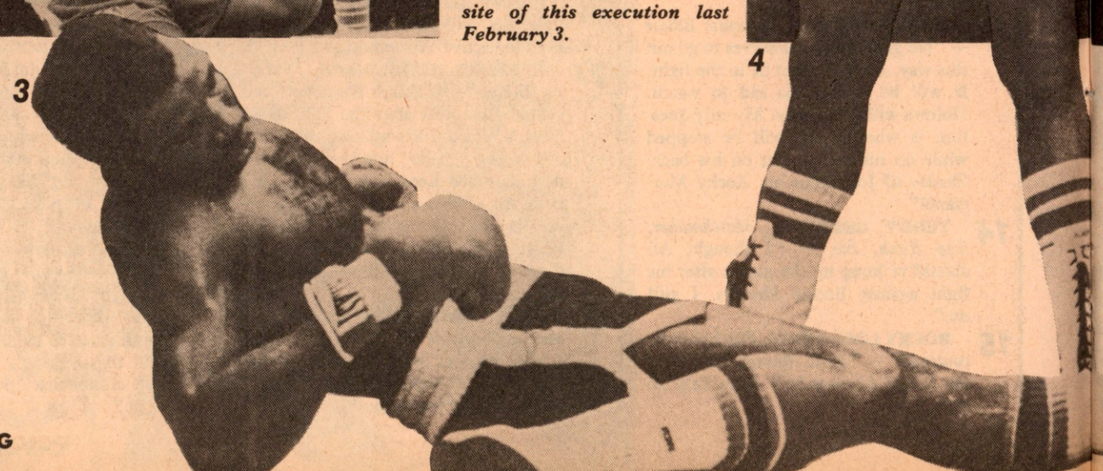

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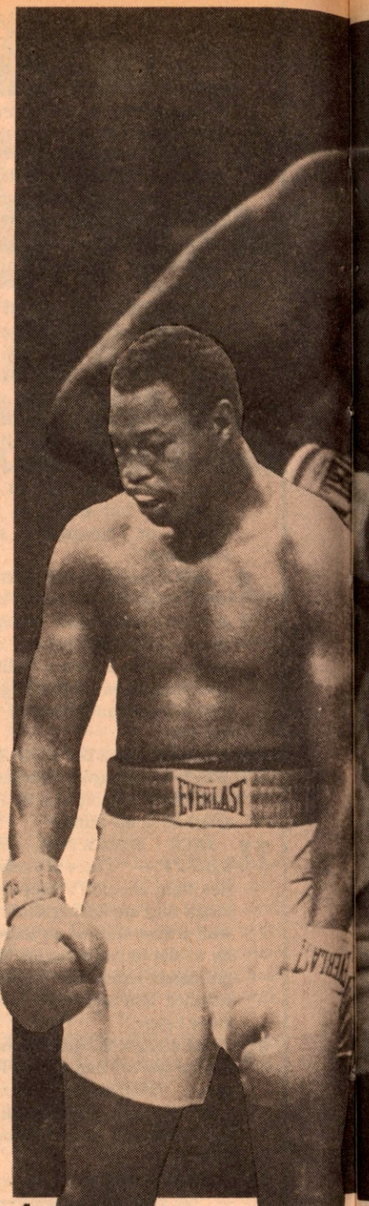
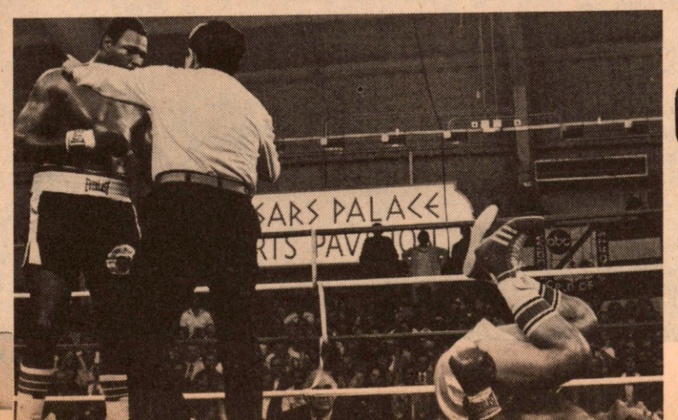
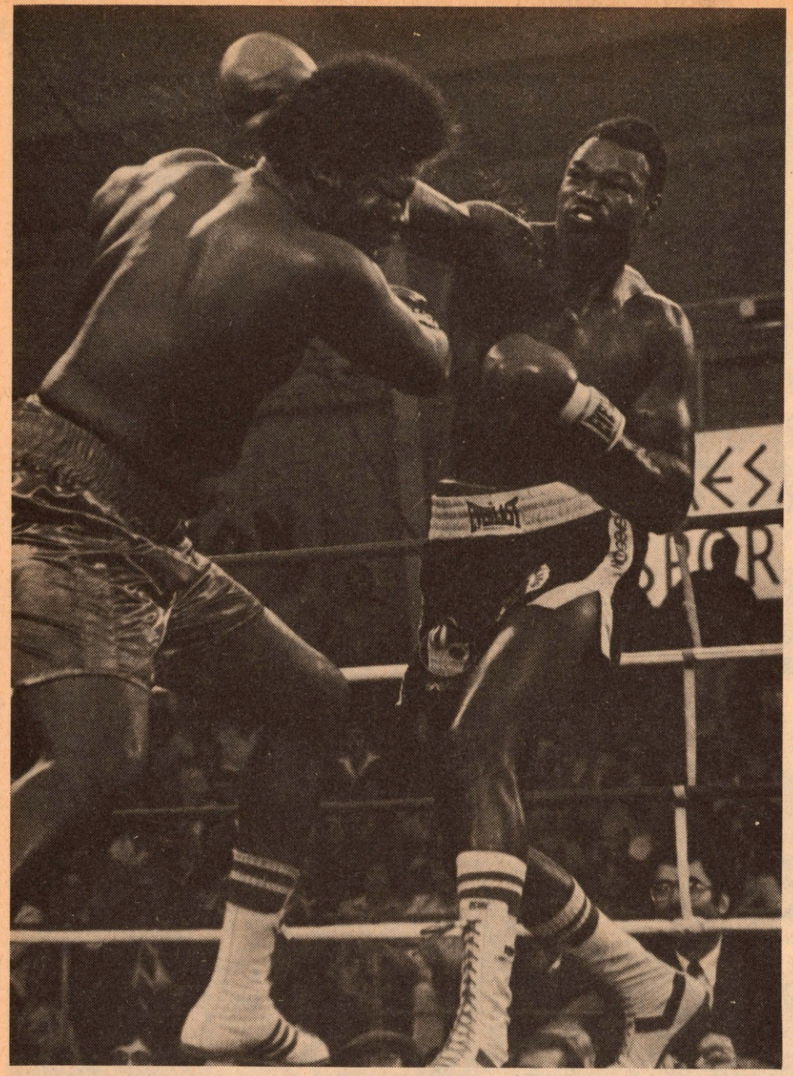




HOLMES GOES FOR RECORD EIGHT STRAIGHT KO'S



DEFENSE #6 — Holmes jars undefeated challenger Leroy Jones with a hard right only moments before their March 31 fight was stopped in the eighth round. The site: Caesars Palace.

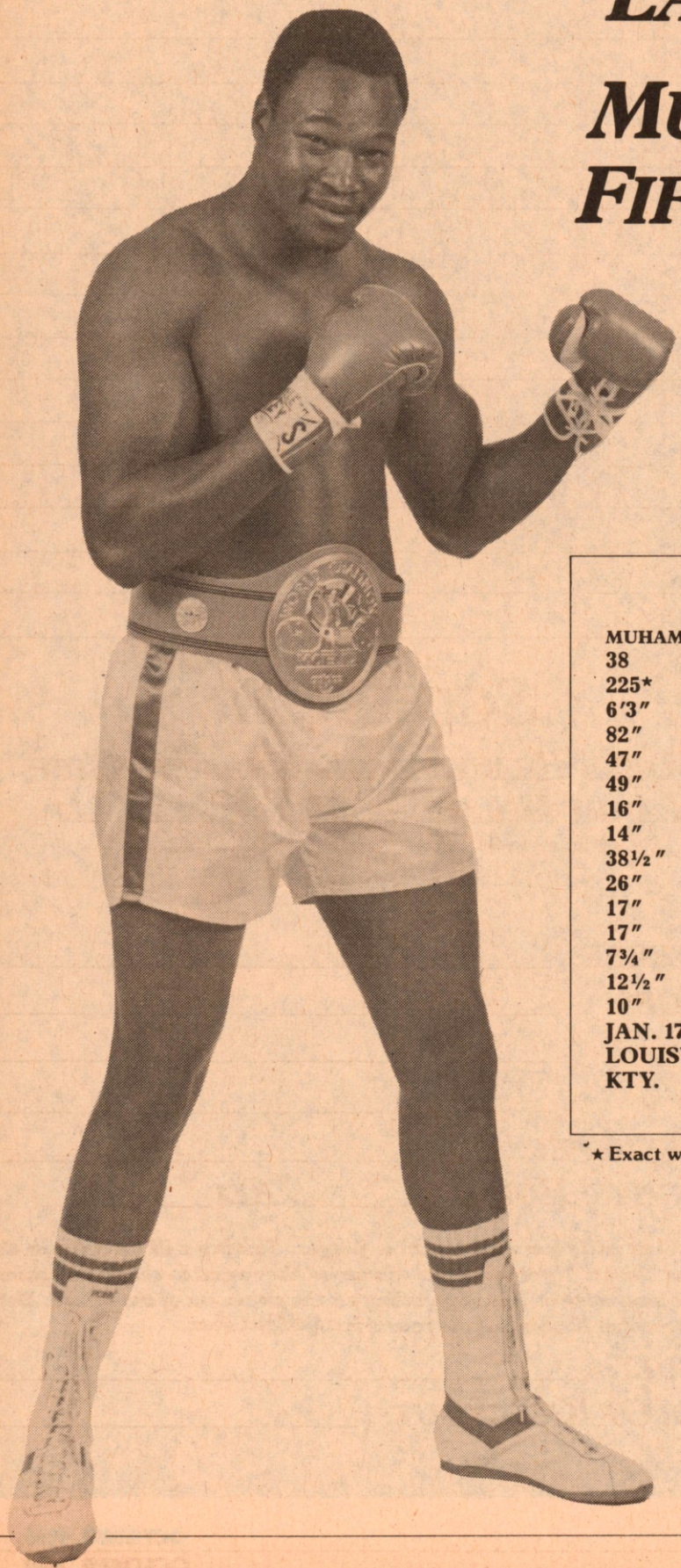
DEFENSE #7 — Holmes bangs a jab off the head of Scott LeDoux last July 7 in Bloomington, Minnesota. Holmes stopped LeDoux in round seven after hitting him with a right "upperthumb" the previous round. The stoppage tied Holmes at seven with Joe Louis for consecutive knockouts in heavyweight title fights. The record is eight, held by Tommy Burns.

Will Ali become Number Eight — tying Burns' record?

PHOTO BY JACK GOODMAN

LARRY HOLMES vs. MUHAMMAD ALI FIFTEEN ROUNDS

Caesars Palace, Las Vegas, Nevada
Thursday, October 2, 1980



TALE OF THE TAPE

MUHAMMAD ALI		LARRY HOLMES
38	AGE	30
225★	WEIGHT	215★
6'3"	HEIGHT	6'4"
82"	REACH	79"
47"	CHEST (NORMAL)	43½"
49"	CHEST (EXPANDED)	45½"
16"	BICEPS	14½"
14"	FOREARM	13"
38½"	WAIST	33"
26"	THIGH	25"
17"	CALF	16"
17"	NECK	17½"
7¾"	WRIST	8"
12½"	FIST	13½"
10"	ANKLE	10"
JAN. 17, 1942	BIRTHDATE	NOV. 3, 1949
LOUISVILLE, KTY.	BIRTHPLACE	CUTHBERT, GEORGIA

★ Exact weights to be announced at the fight

	HOLMES	ALI
1		
2		
3		
4		
5		
6		
7		
8		
9		
10		
11		
12		
13		
14		
15		
TOTAL		

SCORECARD

WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP
LARRY HOLMES vs. MUHAMMAD ALI

(Champion) (Challenger)

15 ROUNDS

REFEREE: _____

JUDGES: _____

_____

_____

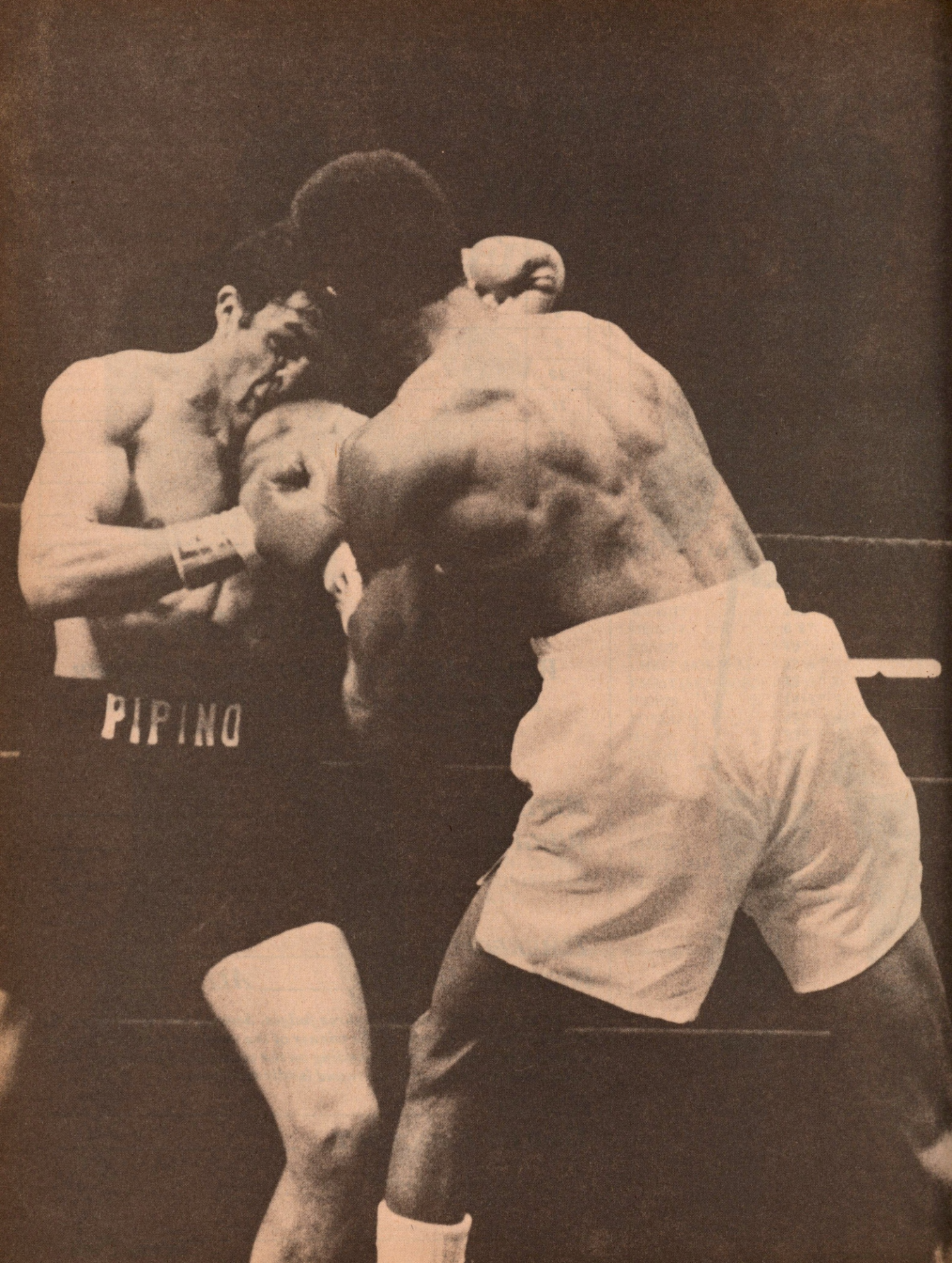
TIMEKEEPER: _____

WEIGHTS: HOLMES _____ ALI _____

The bout will be scored by three judges. Scoring will be done on the 10-point "must" system — the winner of the round to receive 10 points and the loser nine or less, depending on the closeness of the round. Both boxers receive 10 points if the round is adjudged even.

RESULT: _____

TIME OF KNOCKOUT: _____


PIPINO

THOMAS HEARNS:

AN EXCLUSIVE NO-HOLDS-BARRED INTERVIEW WITH THE NEW WELTER CHAMP

HE LOOKED TALLER THAN EVER BEfore, taller than the 6'1" the press releases said he was, taller even than the 6'2½" his recent measurement showed him to be. He had been up to visit *The Ring* offices before, and although he looked tall then, he was not nearly as tall and powerful-looking as he seemed on this occasion. Perhaps that's because, since his last visit, he had knocked out the seemingly invincible Pipino Cuevas.

Nobody had ever done that to Cuevas before. Not as a pro, not as an amateur, not in the streets of Mexico. Nobody. Not only was Cuevas never knocked out, he was never knocked down, never even staggered. Punches had — in 33 previous pro fights — bounced harmlessly off his chin as he pressed ever forward behind the two sledgehammers that he calls his fists.

Unbeaten since 1976, Cuevas was expected by many to dispatch Thomas Hearns much in the manner he dispatched 24 other opponents — quickly and ruthlessly. It was not to be.

Five minutes and 39 seconds after the fight began, a new champion was crowned. The almighty Cuevas had been outclassed, outgunned, beaten up and stretched face down on the canvas.

A new, devastating welterweight king had been coronated. Immediately, the talk began of him going on to greatness, surpassing such immortal welterweights of yesteryear as Ted "Kid" Lewis, Jack Britton, Henry Armstrong, Emile Griffith, Jose Napoles and even Sugar Ray Robinson, considered by many to be the greatest 147-pounder of all.

As an amateur, Hearns never gave the indication that he was heading towards greatness. In 163 amateur fights (of which 155 were victories) he kayoed a total of just 12 opponents. The figure is indeed staggering when one stops to compare Hearns' amateur knockout percentage (.074) against his professional knockout percentage (.931) — the best in welterweight history.

"As an amateur, he was just a super boxer," said manager-trainer Emanuel Steward of Hearns. "He'd jab, jab, jab, fire his right, then dance away. He didn't know what a left hook was and he didn't know what leverage was. Then he started to grow and started to learn. The power was always there, only he didn't know how to use it. Now he does, and the results, as you have seen, are awesome."

Hearns was born on the rough East Side of Detroit on October 18, 1958, one of eight children. Never a lawbreaker, Hearns had his share of street fights until he began boxing as an amateur, at the age of 10.

"From that time on," recalls Hearns, "I was left alone."

Almost from the beginning of his amateur career Hearns wanted to be a world champion.

"All I ever thought about was being a boxer, winning a title, being a boxer, winning a title. I never stopped dreaming."

As a light-hitting 16-year-old amateur, Hearns won the 119-pound title in the Michigan Golden Gloves and the Midwest Regional Championships. In 1976, fighting with a broken nose that kept him on the run — as well as in severe pain — Hearns lost a decision in the finals of the National AAU's in Vegas. His opponent: Howard Davis Jr.

Later that year, Hearns again lost in the finals of a major amateur tournament, the National Golden Gloves. This time he was beaten by Aaron Pryor.

In 1977, Hearns, up to 139 pounds, was improving rapidly. That year he beat the highly-regarded Bobby Joe Young for the National AAU title and followed with a victory in the finals of the National Golden Gloves. In international competition, Hearns lost only once 12 fights.

Figuring there were no more amateur worlds to conquer and believing he was now ready to begin his quest for a professional world title, Hearns turned professional on November 25, 1977, against Jerome Hill in Detroit. Hearns won by what is now regarded as a Thomas Hearns trademark, an early knockout. Since that victory, Hearns has flattened 26 additional opponents. Only Alfonso Hayman and Mike Colbert have survived the 10-round distance against Hearns. In the April, 1979 fight against Hayman, Hearns injured his right hand and fought the last five rounds without using it. In the November, 1979 fight against Colbert, a middleweight, Hearns won a one-sided 10-round decision, knocking Colbert down four times and breaking his jaw in the process.

As Hearns talked to Associate Editor Randy Gordon in the offices of *The Ring* — offices fairly dripping with the history of boxing — Steward looked at the memorabilia in the Boxing Hall of Fame. He smiled all the while.

Steward should smile. For he manages not only the WBA welterweight champion, the man whom he believes will go on to win the junior middleweight, middleweight and light heavyweight titles, but the man he also believes will become one of the greatest champions boxing has ever produced. And whom, one day in the not too distant future, he believes will be enshrined in that same Hall of Fame.

RING: Great fight, Champ. How do you like the sound of the word "Champ"?

THOMAS HEARNS: Thank you. I love it. It sounds great. But I've considered myself "the champ" for a long time.

R: What do you want to do with the title now? Will you give Cuevas a rematch?

Thomas Hearns lands a straight right hand to the bowed and slightly bloodied head of soon-to-be ex-WBA welterweight champion Pipino Cuevas in second round of their short title fight.

PULLING NO PUNCHES

TH: I think that's a fair thing to do. I'd also like to fight Duran. But I feel that it's only fair that once you take a title from a person, you should give him a rematch.
R: Do you think Cuevas would want a rematch?
TH: Not really. I really laid some shots on him, especially that last right. Besides, no man I've ever fought has asked for a rematch. After Cuevas sees the films, he certainly won't want one!
R: Are you certain he wouldn't want one?
TH: I'm certain. Get a hold of him. Go ask him.
R: We already did. An associate of his said there is no way he wants to fight you again. Did you hear that he called you "A great fighter?"
TH: Yes, I did. That was nice of him. And coming from him — a man I think was a great champion — that really means something.
R: In 1980, take a look back at what you've done. You've flattened Santiago Valdez and former junior middleweight champion Eddie Gazo in one round, Jim Richards in three, Angel Espada in the fourth. Now you're capped it all by destroying Pipino Cuevas inside two. Don't you think that's an impressive record?
TH: Yes, I suppose it is. I always try to keep a trick or two up my sleeve. For Cuevas, my trick was to back him up, open him up with my jab, then look for his chin with my straight right.
R: You certainly found that chin. Were you surprised he got up?
TH: If it had been anybody else, I would have been surprised. But Cuevas had been known for having a great chin. But listen, we're all human, and when that kind of punch hits you, like the right I hit him with, a man has to drop. It would have frightened me if he didn't fall!
R: On several occasions, you've been quoted as saying that you don't like it when people call you "Hit Man." Do you still dislike the nickname?
TH: Every day people come by and say "Hit Man, what's happening?" or "Hit Man, what's doing? It's just something that was started, just like the "Motor City Cobra," and it stuck.
R: Do you like the "Motor City Cobra" better?
TH: Yes, much better. But now I'm used to "Hit Man." I don't really like it, but I'm used to it.
R: Pipino Cuevas would never deny that you're a hit man, especially after spending less than six minutes with you.
TH: That's for sure.
R: Do you know that your knockout average is the highest of any welterweight champion ever?
TH: No, I didn't know that. I plan to keep it that way!
R: While everybody seems to be talking about your fight against Cuevas, how about a few of the other top names in the division — Roberto Duran, Sugar Ray Leonard and Wilfred Benitez?
TH: I would like to fight any one of them. But I'd like to take on Leonard last.
R: Why?
TH: He made me wait for a title shot. Now I'll make him wait. I'll especially make him wait if I fight Duran. After I beat him and hold the only title in the division, I'll make Leonard wait and wait, just like he did to me.
R: Do you think you'd have a rough time with any of the welterweights I just mentioned?
TH: No, not at all. I don't see any of the contenders giving me a rough time. I told you, I've considered myself champion for a long time.
R: There are a few questions to be answered about you. One is, can you take a good rap on the chin? Cuevas never got to test your chin.
TH: I think I can take a hard punch. But who wants to? I want to get hit as little as possible. I don't go into the ring to take blows and punches upside my head.
R: The other question mark over your career is whether or not you can fight 15 hard rounds.
TH: I can — if I have to. I try to get hit as little as possible and try to end a fight as quickly as possible. But if it ever comes down to a real hard, long fight, you'll see me in there fighting as hard as I have to for as long as I have to.
R: Are you going to be moving up to the junior middleweights and middleweights? You had trouble making 147 for the Cuevas fight, going to a sauna for an hour before the weigh-in.
TH: Maybe one day, but not right now. I still can make 147 without really weakening myself.
R: Weakening yourself? You could probably fight at 148 or 149 and hold your own against the entire junior middleweight division and just about every world class middleweight.
TH: (Smiling shyly) Thanks, but time is on my side. I'll be 22 in October. I'm not going to force anything. If I grow, I grow.
R: Did you train any differently for Cuevas than you did for anybody else?
TH: Not really. I trained the way I always train — hard! I take every opponent seriously. You'll never see me step into the ring unprepared. When that bell rings, I'm ready. I was ready for Cuevas and everything he could throw at me. You saw what happened.
R: Because so many young fighters and fans emulate the great fighters, can you give them

THOMAS HEARNS
Height: 6'2½" **Reach:** 78½"
Weight: 147 pounds
Born: October 18, 1958, Detroit, Mich.

1977

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Nov. 25	Jerome Hill	Detroit, Mich.	KO 2
Dec. 7	Jerry Strickland	Mt. Clemens, Mich.	KO 3
Dec. 16	Willie Wren	Detroit, Mich.	KO 3

1978

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 29	Anthony House	Detroit Mich.	KO 2
Feb. 10	Robert Adams	Detroit, Mich.	KO 3
Feb. 17	Billy Goodwin	Detroit, Mich.	KO 2
March 17	Ray Fields	Detroit, Mich.	KO 2
March 31	Tyrone Phelps	Saginaw, Mich.	KO 3
June 8	Jimmy Rothwell	Detroit, Mich.	KO 1
July 20	Raul Aguirre	Detroit, Mich.	KO 3
Aug. 3	Eddie Marcelle	Detroit, Mich.	KO 2
Sept. 7	Bruce Finch	Detroit, Mich.	KO 3
Oct. 26	Pedro Rojas	Detroit, Mich.	KO 1
Dec. 9	Rudy Barro	Detroit, Mich.	KO 4

1979

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 13	Clyde Gray	Detroit Mich.	KO 10
Jan. 31	Sammy Ruckard	Detroit, Mich.	KO 8
March 3	Segundo Murillo	Detroit, Mich.	KO 8
April 3	Alfonso Hayman	Philadelphia, Pa.	W 10
May 20	Harold Weston, Jr.	Las Vegas, Nev.	KO 6
June 28	Bruce Curry	Detroit, Mich.	KO 3
Aug. 23	Mao DeLa Rosa	Detroit, Mich.	KO 2
Sept. 22	Jose Figueroa	Los Angeles, Calif.	KO 3
Oct. 18	Saensak Muangsurin	Detroit, Mich.	KO 3
Nov. 30	Mike Colbert	New Orleans, La.	W 10

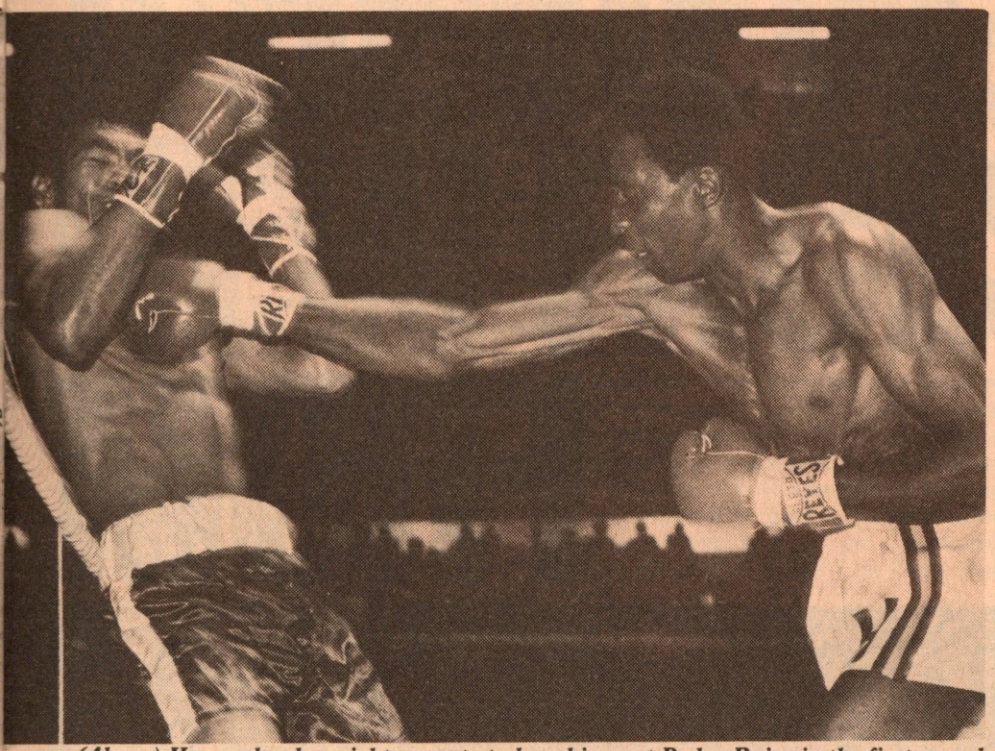
1980

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 3	Fighting Jim Richards	Las Vegas, Nev.	KO 3
March 2	Angel Espada (Won USBA Welterweight Title)	Detroit, Mich.	KO 4
March 31	Santiago Valdez	Las Vegas, Nev.	KO 1
May 3	Eddie Gazo	Detroit, Mich.	KO 1
Aug. 2	Pipino Cuevas (Won WBA World Welterweight Title)	Detroit, Mich.	KO 2

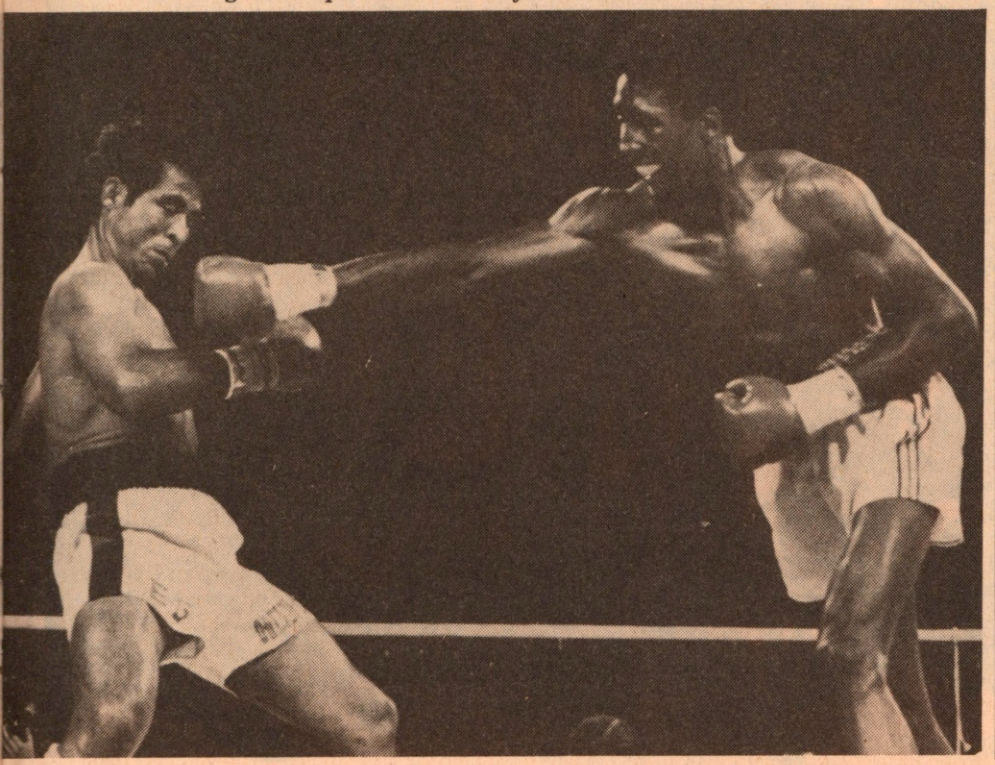
Summary

BOUTS	WINS	LOSSES	DRAWS	KO'S
29	29	0	0	27

from THE RING RECORD BOOK



(Above) Hearns lands a right enroute to knocking out Pedro Rojas in the first round in Detroit. (Below) Another right takes the fight out of Eddie Gazo. The former junior middleweight champion was another first round victim.



a few training tips or secrets?

TH: (Smiling) Well, I don't have any training secrets. If you know of any, please give them to me. I run six miles every morning at seven o'clock. I run at various speeds. Sometimes I run five miles easy, then try to sprint the last mile. Other times, I run as hard as I can for six miles. A fighter should try and vary his running speed. In the gym, I don't vary. In the gym, I work hard. Fighters should always work hard. Fighting is hard. It's a rough business. If you've trained hard, if you've run hard, you're ready in case the fight is hard.

R: How about your diet? Any secrets?

TH: Nope. Again, no secrets. I eat lots of fruits and vegetables. I try to keep away from greasy food. I don't do anything different in my diet than any fighter should do.

R: How about the age-old taboo — "Sex before a fight?"

TH: (Laughing) Are women listed under "Diet?" Well, in a big fight, especially one as big as the Cuevas fight, you have to overlook and ignore a number of things.

R: How long before a fight do you keep away from . . .

TH: Away from women? Oh, about six to eight weeks. Before a fight, the fighter should be thinking about the fight. Only about the fight.

R: Don't you think women can be relaxing?

TH: Sure they can. But they're also distracting. A fighter should not go around being so relaxed. He should be ready to fight. For those who never noticed, there's a difference between fighting and . . .

R: We've noticed! Are you a fight fan? Do you watch all the fights on TV?

TH: No, I don't know all the champions. There's a lot of them and there's a lot of divisions. I'm usually doing many different things and running around whenever there's a fight on. But if I'm home and there's a good fight on, I'll watch it. I like to get out and participate in other sports. I like to play basketball and roller skate. I'm not a great roller skater, but I enjoy it. I'm good enough to stay up enough without falling.

R: Do you watch tapes of your opponents?

TH: Sometimes. But I don't study those tapes the way some fighters do. I don't believe tapes are all that helpful. Your opponent is not gonna fight the same kind of fight against you as he did against somebody else.

R: What do you see for Thomas Hearns? What's down the road?

TH: A great future. I see Thomas Hearns being champion of the world for a long, long time.

"TODAY'S WORLD CHAMPIONS WERE yesterday's 'New Faces.' They were kids with a single dream. All hoped to make that dream become a reality with their fists."

Those lines appeared one year ago this month, in the first issue of the *new Ring*, the "born again", reincarnated "Bible of Boxing." They appeared in the *Ring*'s monthly feature, *New Faces*, which also was reincarnated — it had first appeared in The Ring in 1937. *New Faces* lived a vibrant, informative existence before being laid to editorial rest in 1953.

New fighters. New talent. New contenders. New champions. New Faces. Each fighter has his own story, his own identity. Each one has that special something about him that boxing fans the world over should know about. As different as they are, all have identical dreams — to become champions in the ring . . . and in *The Ring*.

During the previous year *New Faces* has introduced 30 of those new faces to you. From heavyweights to flyweights, from scientific boxers to walk-in sluggers. From soft-spoken

FROM

A REVIEW: NEW FACES THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS

to outspoken. From ballet artists to lovers of punk. From honor students to graduates of correctional institutions. Boxing rarely turns away anyone. All that matters if how effectively and successfully a man swings his fists. If he can fight, if he shows the potential of becoming a champion, or at least a contender, you've met him — or will — in *Ring*'s *New Faces*.

Two *New Faces who have become solid contenders are the two men we began our series with one year ago — in the October, 1979 issue — Greg Page and Carmelo Negron.*

Since appearing in *New Faces* with a 2-0 record, **GREG PAGE** has powered his way to nine additional victories. Only the talented George Chaplin was able to survive the 10-round distance against Page. The fight — a close one right up until the final bell — was seen live from Page's hometown of Louisville, Ky., on CBS-TV. Many viewers, including CBS commentator Dick Stockton, voiced the opinion that Page had been given a hometown decision. But close decisions are a part of boxing. If anything, the controversial decision makes for an interesting rematch. Page has fought once since the Chaplin bout, looking impressive in stopping big Larry Alexander in the sixth round last May 16. *The Ring*'s International Ratings Panel now thinks so much of Page that they have ranked him in the heavyweight division's top 10.

By RANDY GORDON

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *Greg Page's desire — or lack of it — will affect his boxing future more than any heavyweight Page will ever face.*

CARMELO NEGRON was the little man with the big punch, talking about one day being a world-rated fighter, perhaps even a champion, when he appeared in *New Faces*. Today, Negron *is* a world rated fighter, one of the finest his division has to offer.

Negron's division is now the junior featherweights, the 122-pounders. He moved there a few fights ago because he feels more comfortable, stronger and quicker at 122 than he does at 126. Since appearing in last October's *New Faces*, he has won four fights, all of them by knockout. In all he has won 13 fights. No opponent has lasted the distance. Only Bobby Alexander made it as far as the 10th round before the referee stopped the contest. In his most recent outing, Negron left no doubt as to the ending, flattening veteran Davey Vazquez with a left hook after wearing him out with a heavyweight-sized body attack. A title bout between Negron and Wilfredo Gomez appears ready to be made.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *May possibly be the top fighter in his division, with or without the presence of Gomez, who is moving into the featherweight class. Barring injury, Negron should win the 122-pound crown within the next year.*

Four *New Faces* were featured in the November 1979 issue of *The Ring*. One of those profiles read as if it were written by the fighter's P.R. man. Only three fights later, however, those same lines sounded as if they were written by a psychic:

"He has the strength and courage to pick himself off the floor when hurt and fight back even harder," read a line in the article.

"Expect him to become the first of *Ring*'s New Faces to at least challenge for a wolrd championship," was another line.

Five months after the story appeared, **HILMER KENTY** did become the first of Ring's *New Faces* to challenge for a world championship. And in the first round of that fight, Kenty *did* find the strength and courage to pick himself off the floor when hurt and fight back even harder. He fought so hard that eight rounds later he became the WBA lightweight titleholder. Kenty had made victory look easy against his talented, hard-hitting opponent, Ernesto Espana.

"Boxing is my life," said Kenty in last year's profile. "I want to be a world champion, and will make all the sacrifices to become one." He did. He is.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *The stoppage of Young-Ho Oh was Kenty's first successful title defense. The first of many!*

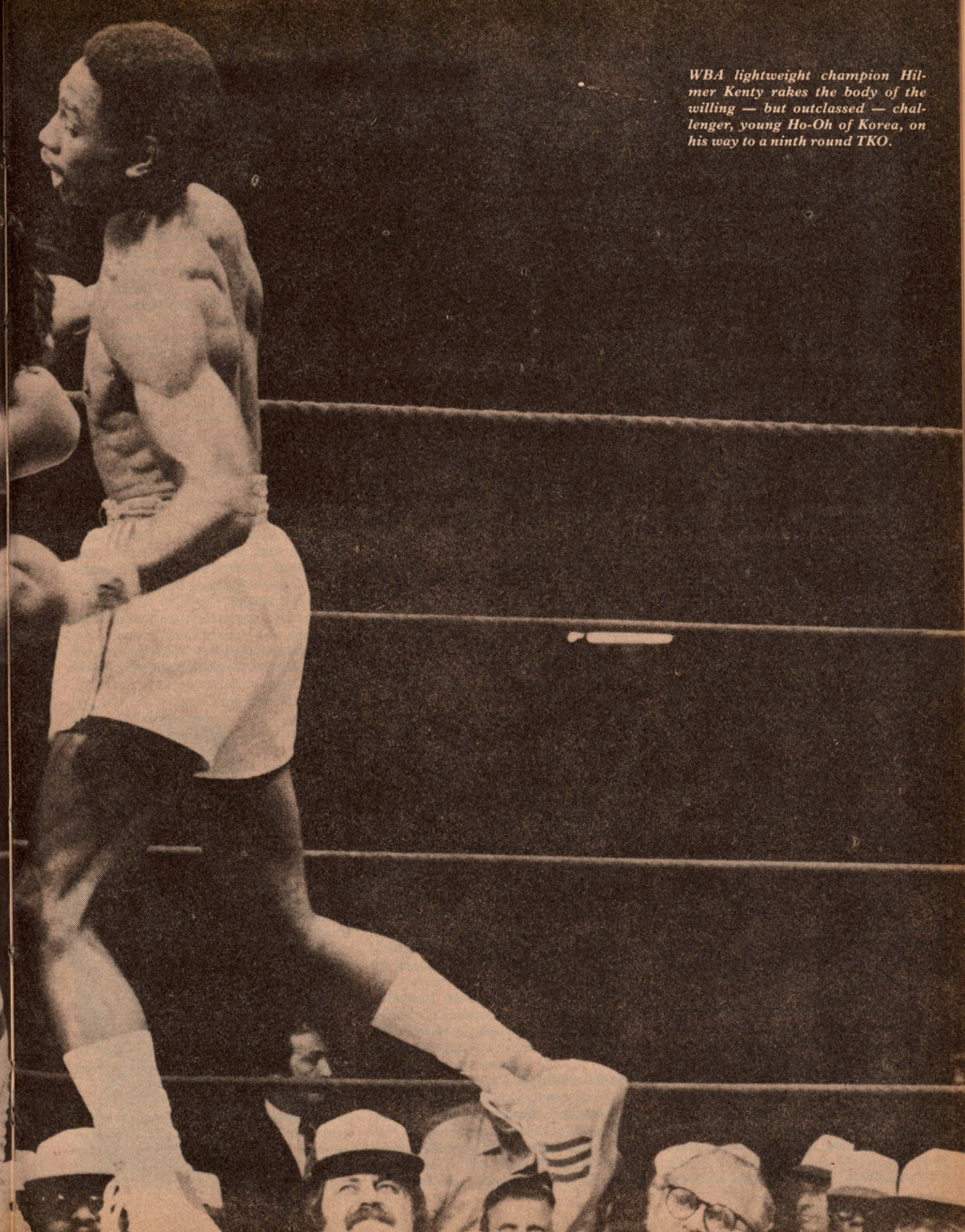
CLINT JACKSON, in just nine fights, has already banged his way into the world ratings. Last year manager Stan Allen set a timetable for Jackson to arrive at a world championship.

"It's going to take us 12 to 18 months before we go for the title," said Allen.

Five months remain on that schedule.

"We're right on course," said Allen. "Clint is right where we want him to be."

The junior middleweight title is where



WBA lightweight champion Hilmer Kenty rakes the body of the willing — but outclassed — challenger, young Ho-Oh of Korea, on his way to a ninth round TKO.

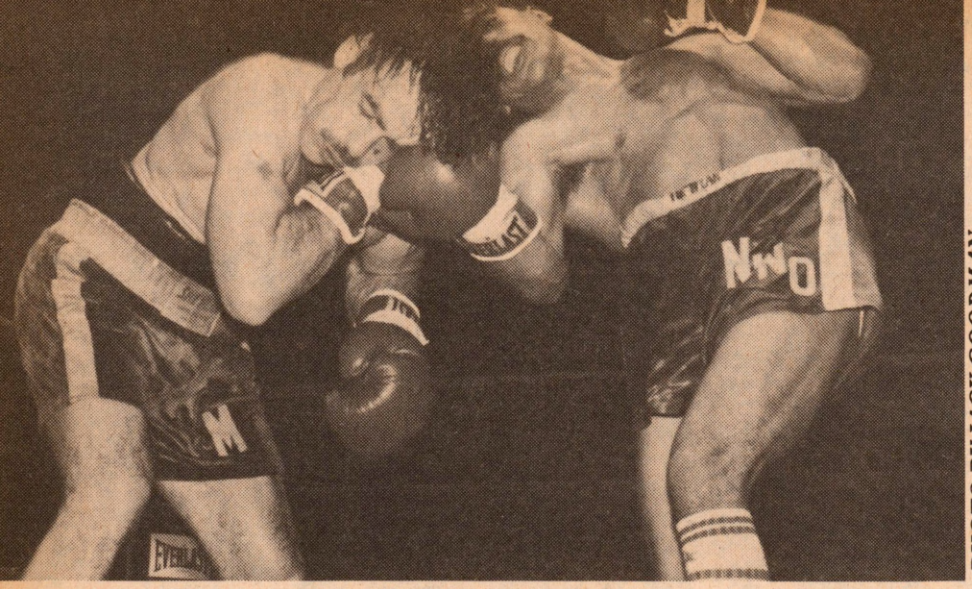


PHOTO BY JACK GOODMAN

Nino Gonzalez lands a right to Mike Michaud's head. Nino is the New Jersey state welterweight champ.

Allen wants Jackson to be, though Jackson has been fighting as both a junior middleweight and a welterweight.

In his most recent performance, Jackson beat talented New Yorker Ray Hammond. It was Jackson's seventh victory appearing in *New Faces*.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *With Thomas Hearns and Roberto Duran dominating the welterweight division, Jackson's future seems brightest among the junior middleweights. A Jackson-Wilfred Benitez bout could mean big dollars, especially if one — or both — should win a share of the junior middleweight title.*

JOSE NIETO was drained as he watched the doctors work over the motionless body of Willie Classen. He was emotionally drained ever further when the technicians rushed the stretcher bearing Classen's body past him.

"I lost all of my fight right there," recalls Nieto, who then went out to face Gerald Hayes.

"I had nothing left. Nothing at all!"

Hayes knocked Nieto out, caught him cold in the first round. The loss gave Nieto the dubious distinction of having been the first fighter to lose after appearing in *New Faces* He also holds another dubious honor — he is the only graduate of *New Faces* to have lost twice. Last May he was stopped by powerful Alberto Collazo. However, Mieto does not have to hang his head after that loss. For sheer excitement and action, the fight rates alongside the most thrilling bouts of 1980. Sandwiched between Nieto's two losses is a knockout vitory in March.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *If his confidence has not been shattered, Nieto can still recoup and be heard from in the featherweight division.*

Since appearing in November's New Faces, ballet student and karate black-belt **JEFF PODGURSKI** has fought four times, winning three (two by knockout) and losing once (a split-decision to Harvey Steichen). Overall, Podgurski is 8-1-1, including six knockouts.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *Although he has the height (6'2") to stand in there with the big bombers, Podgurski weighs only 190 pounds. His future appears to be brighter if he stays among the so-called cruiserweights.*

Since being introduced to the boxing world in *New Faces*, **ROCKY LOCKRIDGE** has become one of the most sought-after fighters in the world.

The 21-year-old Lockridge was 8-0 (six knockouts) when profiled in the December issue. A title-tuneup knockout victory recently boosted his record to 16-0 (14 knockouts). He will be fighting Eusebio Pedroza in early October for the WBA featherweight title.

At the time Lockridge appeared in *New Faces*, his manager, Lou Dova, said this about his brilliant featherweight: "He's just sensational . . . the kid is for real."

Duva has reason to sound excited. He just might manage the next Willie Pep.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *Within the next year, Rocky will probably be wearing the WBA featherweight crown and hearing his name spoken in terms of being, pound-for-pound and inch-for-inch, the best fighter in the world.*

RON HUSTON was undefeated when he appeared in December's *New Faces*. He still is. The only thing that has been spoiled is his perfect knockout string.

When profiled last year, Huston was undefeated in three fights, all three ending on fourth-round knockouts. Currently he is 6-0, with five knockouts. Only the veteran Henry "Bulldog" Patterson lasted the 10-round distance with him last March.

"Can't win 'em all by knockout," said Huston afterwards. True, but with his power, knockout victories are sure to be more frequent than the decision victories on his record.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *With another year of seasoning, activity and a diet of various styles to help him learn, Huston may just make it to the top of the light heavyweight division.*

JUAN LAPORTE looks more like a model than a fighter. Perhaps that is why he is employed by Sasson Jeans, Inc. But while the 20-year-old LaPorte looks like a model, he is among the world's most gifted featherweights.

A knee injury in September, 1979 kept LaPorte out of action for the remainder of the year. He returned on January 25, 1980 with a technical knockout victory against Jean La-Pointe. La Porte followed that with a knockout victory against Fel Clemente. Bring on the top-rated contenders!

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *LaPorte should start to fight the top contenders. He has developed enough to give any of them, no matter whom the opponent, a long, rough night.*

LOUIS HUBELA was undefeated and screaming for a fight against Howard Davis Jr. last year. He is still undefeated and still screaming for Davis.

Hubela has added five victories since appearing in *New Faces* to raise his record to 20-0. His most recent win was an eight-round decision against Kevin Lampkin in Ohio.

"Get me Davis" screamed Hubela afterwards. "Get me Davis!"

Hubela just may get his wish before 1980 is over.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *Hubela is an extremely determined fighter, who, with more experience, may just become a viable force in the lightweight division.*

"There may be no finer — or feared — middleweight in the United States than **WILFORD SCYPION**. When opponents step into the ring against him, they fight to survive, not to win."

Those lines appeared in the January issue — the one with Howard Cosell's readily-identified visage on the cover. The story came out only days before Scypion's tragic fight against Willie Classen on November 23 in New York. Scypion knocked out Classen in the 10th and final round. For Classen, it was the final round. He lapsed into a coma and died five days later.

Scypion has held up under the strain and pressure as well as can be expected. Since the Classen fight, Scypion has fought four times. He won three of the bouts, two by knockout. One fight he lost. Controversially. To Mustafa Hamsho.

In the 10th round (why does controversy follow Scypion into round 10?) against Hamsho, Scypion fell throught the ropes, hitting a press table and sliding onto the floor. Unable to return to the ring before the referee counted to 10, Scypion — after much deliberation between Michigan officials — was declared the loser on a disqualification.

Scypion expects to return to action shortly.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *We're sure Scypion will be back, but he must start using his magnificent legs and hand speed to mix his boxing talents with his slugging ability if he ever hopes to win the middleweight crown.*

Last February, **NINO GONZALEZ** went to Las Vegas and learned not to gamble. He learned the lesson from Steve Delgado, who outboxed Gonzalez over 10 rounds, handing him his first loss. Since then, Nino has stayed in and around Totowa, New Jersey area (his

base of operations), save for a victory in San Juan. His career has profited by the move.

Since being featured in *The Ring*, Nino has fought eight times, losing only to Delgado.

"That's the last time I'll lose," said Gonzalez. "I learned from the loss and I'm just gonna' keep on punching!" And staying in Totowa.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *If he is to have a lucrative future in boxing, that future must be spent, at least for the next 12-18 months, in the junior middleweight division.*

PINKLON THOMAS was 10-0 when he was featured in *New Faces*. He planned to become, if not heavyweight champion by the end of 1980, at least a top contender. However, an arm infection followed by a broken hand pushed Thomas' schedule back by several months. He is now ready to, as it is said in boxing, make his move.

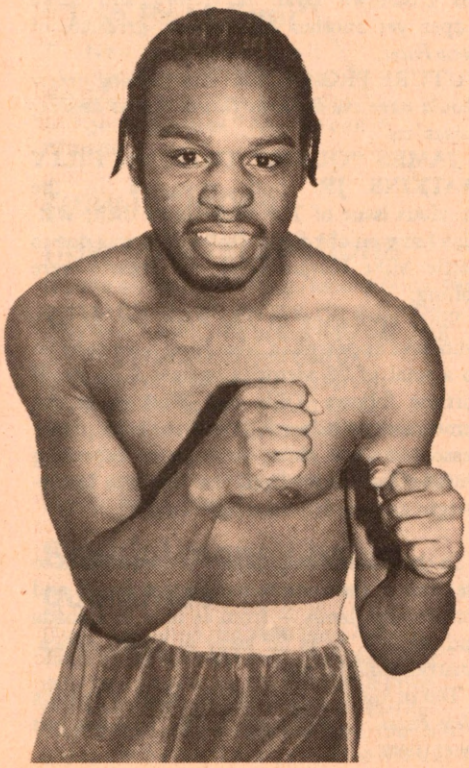
He has won four fights in 1980, all of them by knockout. He has stopped his last 13 opponents in a row and is looking for another two, perhaps three more fights before the end of the year.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *Only 22, Thomas sees a championship in his future.*

When we last left JOHN "THE HEAT" VERDEROSA, he was 4-0 with four knockouts, and telling us that he was destined for greatness in the lightweight division. Let us pick up now nine months later with the young man whose interview drew more response than any of the other *New Faces*.

RING: Are you happy the way your boxing career is going?

Rocky Lockridge is now one of the most feared 126-pounders in the world.



JV: I could be happier.

RING: Why?

JV: I'm only 11-0 with eight knockouts. I can't believe two guys went the distance.

RING: Two guys? You mean three.

JV: No, two. Jorge Nina caught me in the first round and dropped me. It was a flash knockdown. I got up mad and gave him the beating of his life. Finally, he started kicking me and biting me out of frustration. They disqualified him in the sixth. After I win the lightweight title I want to give the guy a shot. That way I can beat on him for 15 rounds, not just for eight or 10. Every time he's about to fall I'll rush in and hold him up or step back. I'll say to the ref, 'He's okay ref. Let him fight.' Then I'll beat on him some more! And if another guy kicks or bites, I'm gonna throw all the rules and regulations out the window. I'm makin' my own rules. If they don't like it, they can kiss me where the sun don't shine!"

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *This lover of punk rock and new wave has possibilities of making his own music and going all the way. He needs to improve his defense as he enters world-class status.*

When **JAIME GARZA** was featured in *Ring*'s February issue, Garza was 9-0, including eight knockouts. He was also a six-round fighter. Today he is 15-0 (14 knockouts) and a solid, world-class 122-pounder.

"He's awesome," said manager Benny Georgino. "I told you that months ago. He's worked hard, he's listened, he's learned. We'll take perhaps another year, maybe not even that long, then go for the title. When Garza wins the title, there'll be nobody to take it away from him. There are some good fighters, out there, but none are nearly as good as Garza."

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *Listen to Georgino. Jamie Garza is perhaps the most sensational figter in a division of sensational fighters.*

When he appeared in the February issue of *The Ring*, middleweight **CURTIS PARKER** was already fifth-rated in the world, coming off an impressive knockout victory against Gary Guiden. Since then have come televised victories against David Love and Mike Colbert, along with a loftier world rating.

With either hand, this powerful alumnus of *New Faces* is the hardest puncher in the middleweight division. He has shown to be a tireless package of fistic fury, as well as the owner of a bomb-proof chin.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *Only 21, Parker is still getting stronger and better. It will take a Herculean performance to beat him.*

Manager Mike Morton once was asked whether he thought the fact **WILLIE SHANNON** weighs only 188 pounds would eventually hurt him in matches against the big heavyweights of today.

"When you punch as hard as Shannon does, weight doesn't matter," Morton replied. "Jack Dempsey and Rocky Marciano both weighed less than 190, and you never heard anybody say they couldn't punch."

It's true, Willie "The Cannon" Shannon can punch. But he is no Jack Dempsey or Rocky Marciano. In his last fight, Shannon was stopped in the ninth round by Dwain Bonds, a John Tate sparring partner. It was the first loss of his career. In the fight, Shannon broke his right hand. It was the third time in his last four fights that the hand had been broken.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *Shannon has at least a chance to become world cruiserweight champion. But heavyweight champion? Never. He must also have his right hand repaired or he'll never be a champion in any division.*

PETE PADILLA has tasted the sweetness of victory and the bitterness of defeat since being introduced to the boxing world in the March issue of *The Ring*.

"The victory felt real good against (Marco) Barahona," said Padilla. "They said I was only a six-round fighter. They said I wasn't ready to go eight. But I went 10 and beat Barahona, and we all know he's a real smart boxer."

The loss?

"The loss, well, it was a split-decision against Cocoa Sanchez. A split decision. What can I say? When the fight was over, I knew it would be close. But I thought I had done enought to win. I'd like to fight him again."

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *Padilla is already a 10-round fighter after just 10 professional fights. He still believes he can win the junior welterweight championship. Saoul Mamby kept that dream alive for years. So should Padilla.*

Among the hottest of Ring's *New Faces* is **RAY MANCINI**. "Boom Boom" he is called, and for good reason. When he lands punches, even to an opponent's body, they stagger, they sway, they buckle, they drop.

Since being featured in the May edition of *The Ring*, Mancini has won seven fights, six by knockout.

Ray Mancini fights for a reason — to win the lightweight crown that escaped his father, Ray Sr., in 1941. It was in that year, that the elder Mancini, then *The Ring*'s top lightweight contender, was called in to the service. His dream of winning the lightweight crown never was fulfilled. Now his son fights for both of them.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *"I intend to win the title my father never did," says Boom Boom. Bet on it.*

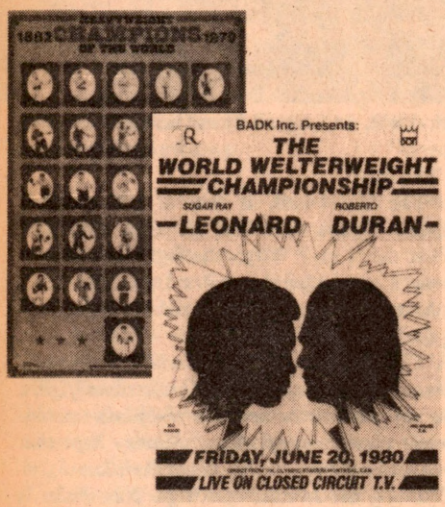
In the May issue of *The Ring*, **AARON PRYOR** was called "the best lightweight in the world" by matchmaker Don Elbaum. Elbaum was only partially right. Pryor is also the best junior welterweight in the world. All he needed was a chance to prove it.

On Saturday, August 2, Aaron Pryor proved it. He proved it on national television by destroying the legendary Antonio Cervantes inside the fourth round, engulfing him with a swirling, non-stop attack that left the great Colombian a battered wreck.

"I'd like to fight Saoul Mamby and unify thet title," said Pryor, now 24-0, including 22 knockouts. "I'd also like to fight for the lightweight title against either Hilmer Kenty or Jim Watt. I'll knock either of them out!"

TWO NEW POSTERS FOR BOXING FANS ONLY

Now *Ring* offers its readers the Duran-Leonard fight poster and the Heavyweight champions posters—both available for the first time.



The Duran-Leonard poster is a colorful red-blue-and-black poster, measuring a full 22″ × 14″ on heavy cardboard and is yours for only $2.95.

"The Heavyweight Champions" is a beautiful gold-black-and-red poster measuring a large 36″ × 25¼″, and sells for only $4.95.

These two are perfect for den, gameroom or bar and identify you immediately as a fight fan. But hurry. The supply of both is limited.

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Yes, I am a boxing fan. Please send me the following poster(s)

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I have enclosed a check or money order for $_____.

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FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *Defensively, Pryor needs an education. But when a man punches as hard and as often as Pryor, a great defense is not necessary, his offense serving as a defense. Pryor, who will be 25 on October 20, should remain junior welterweight champion for a long time. If given a shot at the lightweight title, chances are he'll rule that division, too.*

JOHN LEE is on the move. Slowly. The undefeated heavyweight slugger has fought but once — and won — since being profiled in *New Faces*. But then, considering the sorry state the heavyweight division is in, perhaps he feels that slow is the way to go. Not so.

If Lee is to make his move, now is the time. Heavyweights are active all over the world, though their quality is less than world-class.

John Lee has repeatedly said, "my goal is to win the heavyweight crown . . . to bring the title to Memphis."

Now is the time for Lee to get serious and into action.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *In the paltry state of heavyweight matters, any man who can punch stands a chance to become a top-rated contender (check Bernardo Mercado). John Lee is big and can punch.*

ORLANDO MALDONADO has so far been the only flyweight profiled in *New Faces*. Since that time he has won three fights. While improving on his unbeaten record, he has also improved on his incredible boxing skills.

"I'm ready for a title shot right now," said Maldonado. "But I am in no rush. I'll be 21 in November. I want to learn all I can so that when my title opportunity comes, I'll be ready."

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *Flyweights are like termites — they're small, they're powerful, and they're all over the place, but they're not working where you can readily see them. Maldonado is one termite who is going to make quite a name for himself.*

One day in the not too distant future, **ROBERT RUCKER** and Davey Armstrong may be facing each other for the world's lightweight title. At that time, someone may recall that Rucker and Armstrong once shared space on the same page as *New Faces* in The Ring.

"It's too bad for Armstrong if he ever fights Rucker," said Rucker's manager, Billy Giles. "It's too bad for anybody when they fight Rucker. "he's the class of the lightweight division."

Rucker, just 19, is currently 14-0 (he was 12-0 when profiled in the July issue of *The Ring*) and being honed by Giles into a world champion.

"He's 19," said Giles. "You don't rush a kid that young. You work with him, mold him, polish him, build his confidence, test him slowly. Then you turn him loose. when you do, he's unstoppable.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *Rucker is in one of the most talent-laden divisions in boxing. Still, he may develop into the best of the best.*

In the three months since being profiled in *New Faces*, **DAVEY ARMSTRONG** has fought twice, winning both fights. Only 4-0 as a pro, but with skills built upon 189 amateur fights, Armstrong knows it will not take years and/or dozens of fights before he challenges for a world title.

"Within two years Armstrong will be the lightweight champion of the world," said a spokesman for Muhammad Ali Professional Sports, the promotional group for whom Armstrong boxes.

"I just want to stay active and learn," said the 24-year-old Armstrong. "When my turn comes to fight for the title, I'll be ready, just like I am for every fight!"

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *A whole slew of young, talented lightweights are racing for the title. Armstrong is among the leaders.*

BOBBY CZYZ was featured in the August edition of *The Ring*. Since that time, he has added three victories to his record, which stands at 6-0.

"The more I see of him, the more impressed I am," said promoter Dan Duva. "At the very least, the kid is loaded with potential. Loaded!"

Potential and drawing power. With the retirement of heavyweight Scott Frank and the climb to world-class of former *New Face* Rocky Lockridge, Duva lost two drawing cards. Then came the rapid development of Czyz. Fans pack the Totowa (New Jersey) Ice World whenever Czyz fights.

Every young fighter should be as fortunate as Czyz to be so talented. And ever promoter should be as fortunate as Duva to have a Bobby Czyz.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *Bobby Czyz is 18 and awesome. He should be something else at 20!*

After appearing in *New Faces*, **SALOMON LOPEZ** went out and did something no other fighter, including Robert Duran, had even done. He knocked out Jimmy Heair.

As we go to press, Lopez is scheduled to fight welterweight contender Pete Ranzany, his crosstown rival. A victory will make Lopez yet another high-honors graduate of *New Faces*.

FUTURE PROGNOSIS: *Every young fighter should have the brilliant future that is heading Lopez' way.*

JAMES "QUICK" TILLIS and **BILLY WATKINS JR.** both appeared in the previous issue of *The Ring*. Since then, Watkins has won one fight while Tillis was due to battle Mike Koranicki as our presses were rolling.

Since appearing in *The Ring*, the 30 men who have appeared in *New Faces* have gone on to a total of 98 victories against 7 losses. If fortune follows Tillis and Watkins in the same manner it has followed their 28 predecessors in *New Faces*, you can be expecting world-class results from the Chicago heavyweight and the Houston lightweight.

In the coming year, *New Faces* will begin to step out of the continental United States and into foreign lands — from as near as Canada and Mexico, to as far away as South Africa, Australia and Japan.

Tomorrow's champions are made of today's *New Faces* . . . and only in *The Ring* can you meet them.

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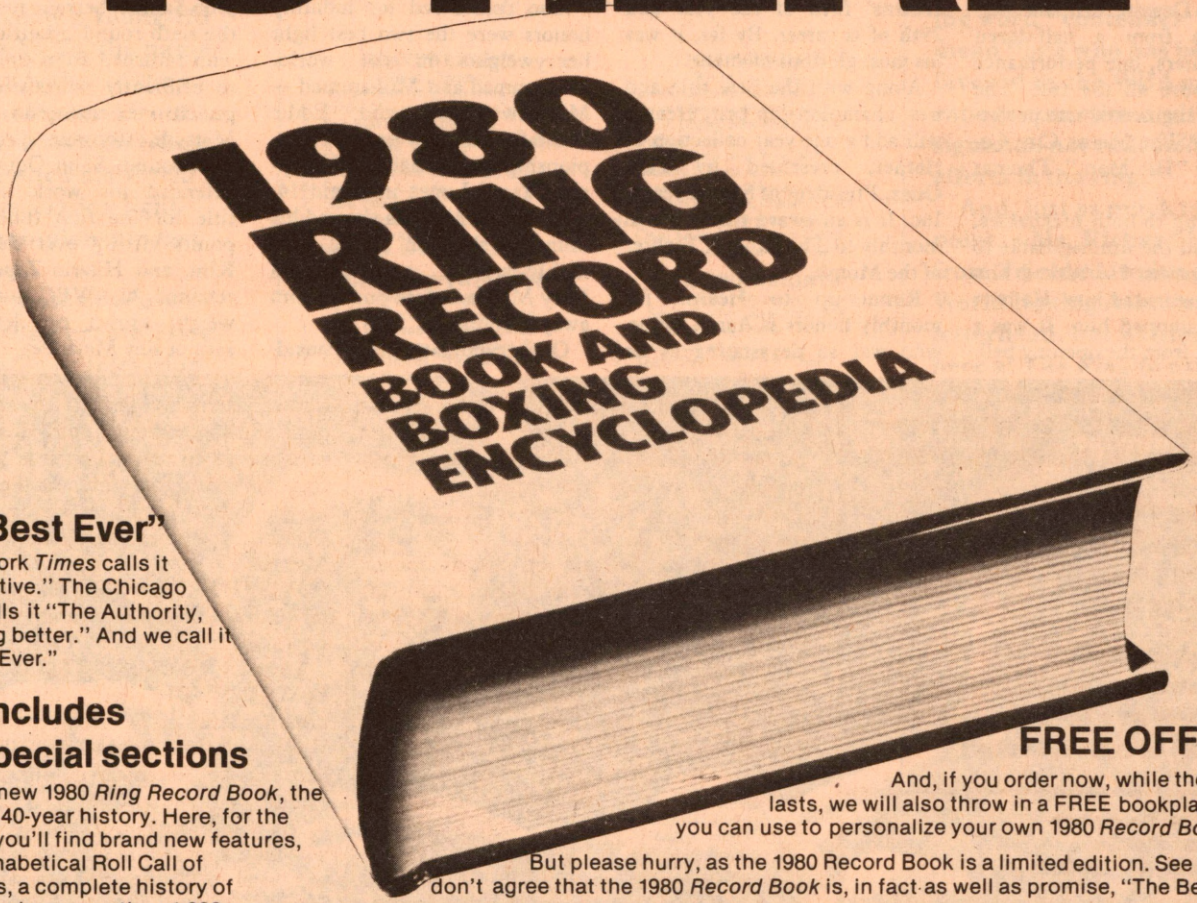

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FIGHTER OF THE MONTH

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PAUL GUEZ, PRESIDENT

THOMAS HEARNS

THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION as to the winner of this month's honor as "Fighter of the Month." Despite brilliant performances from a half-dozen other fighters, one performance towers above all the rest. The man who engineered that performance is "The Motor City Cobra," the "Hit Man," Thomas Hearns.

Living up to both nicknames, Hearns did the unimaginable to Pipino Cuevas. He backed him up. He dominated him. He hurt him. He stopped him. It was a mismatch from the opening bell. The fight — which lasted only five minutes and 39 seconds — was one-sided.

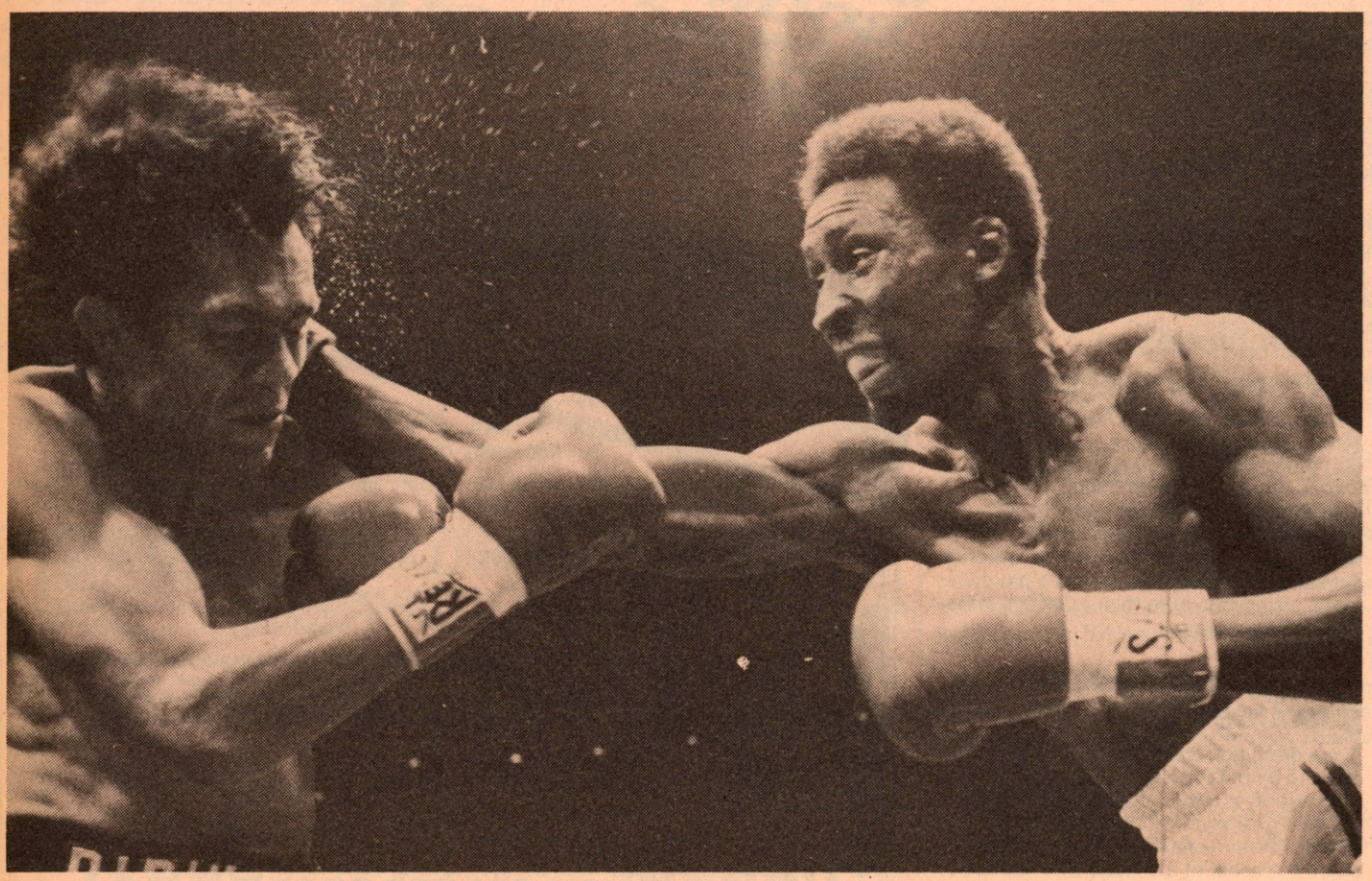
The victory was the unbeaten Hearns' fifth of the year and 29th of is career. By far, it was his most glorious moment.

Along with the new title and new championship belt, Hearns will add a one-year collection of clothes, presented by Paul Guez, President of Sasson Jeans, Inc. It is an award that is given monthly to The Ring's "Fighter of the Month."

Runner-up to Hearns for monthly honors is Aaron Pryor, who was so devastating as he battered the world junior welterweight crown off the head of Colombian legend Antonio "Kid Pambele" Cervantes.

Also considered for monthly honors were the two best light heavyweights in the world, Muhammad and Muhammad — Matthew Saad and Eddie Mustafa. Matthew gave a championship performance in stopping Yaqui Lopez in round 14, while Eddie Mustafa showed his immense skills in toying with highly-rated, vastly-talented Jerry Martin before putting him away in round 10.

Other candidates given consideration for "Fighter of the Month" honors are Yasutsune Uehara, who one-punched world junior lightweight champion Samuel Serrano to defeat in the sixth round; Maurice Hope, who returned from eye surgery to brilliantly out-box and outpunch ex-champion Rocky Mattioli, stopping him in the 11th round; Shoji Oguma, who defended his world flyweight title for the first time with a points victory over Sung- Jun Kim; and Hilario Zapata, who retained his WBC junior flyweight crown by decisioning Hector Rey Melendez.



RING'S INTERNATIONAL RATINGS

Noah Webster, in his monumental work, defined a "contender" as "one who strives in combat or opposition; fight; struggle." But then again, Noah Webster never sat on the WBC or WBA Ratings Committees. Otherwise, he'd tell them what a "contender" really is. And he wouldn't define it "Young-Ho Oh."

For those of you who wouldn't know a Young-Ho Oh from a Yo-Yo, the name in question is that of the so-called "contender" from Korea against whom Hilmer Kenty defended his World Boxing Association lightweight championship last August 2nd.

And for those of you who are still sitting breathlessly by your radio or television sets awaiting the outcome of the fight, let it be known that Kenty successfully defended his championship by stopping Young-Ho Oh in the eighth round in as total a mismatch as any sanctioning body ever sponsored. In fact, there were times Young-Ho Oh (called "Oh" familiarly, but not for long) looked like a kamikaze pilot in search of a mission.

What made this match even more ludicrous was that Oh was ranked number one by the WBA. That's right, folks, Number One. As the New York *Times* duly reported, "The rival World Boxing Council, whose rankings can also be questioned, does not list Oh as one of its 20 contenders for Jim Watt's title. None of the 50 panelists who determine *Ring* Magazine's ratings have ever given Oh as much as 10th-place vote."

RING RATINGS 25 YEARS AGO

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Rocky Marciano, Brockton, Mass.
1. Archie Moore, San Diego, Calif.
2. Bob Baker, Pittsburgh, Pa.
3. Tommy Jackson, Far Rockaway, N.Y.
4. Don Cockell, England
5. Ezzard Charles, Cincinnati, O.
6. Earl Walls, Canada
7. Nino Valdes, Cuba
8. John Holman, Chicago, Ill.
9. Franco Cavicchi, Italy
10. Rex Layne, Lewiston, Utah

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champion
Wallace (Bud) Smith, Cincinnati, O.
1. James Carter, New York, N.Y.
2. Ralph Dupas, New Orleans, La.
3. Duilio Loi, Italy
4. Frankie Ryff, New York, N.Y.
5. Orlando Zulueta, Cuba
6. Kenny Lane, Muskegon, Mich.
7. Johnny Gonzalves, Oakland, Calif.
8. Joe Lopes, Sacramento, Calif.
9. Cisco Andrade, Compton Cahlif.
10. Arthur Presley, Red Cross, La.

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Archie Moore, San Diego, Calif.
1. Floyd Patterson, Brooklyn, N.Y.
2. Harold Johnson, Philadelphia, Pa.
3. Yolande Pompey, Trinidad, BWI.
4. Gerhard Hecht, Germany
5. Willie Pastrano, New Orleans, La.
6. Joey Maxim, Cleveland, O.
7. Bob Satterfield, Chicago, Ill.
8. Randy Turpin, England
9. Willi Hoepner, Germany
10. Dave Whitlock, San Francisco, Calif.

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Sandy Saddler, New York, N.Y.
1. Ray Famechon, France
2. Ciro Morasen, Cuba
3. Teddy Davis, Hartford, Conn.
4. Carmelo Costa, Brooklyn, N.Y.
5. Billy Kelly, Ireland
6. Hogan (Kid) Bassey, Nigeria
7. Flash Elorde, of Manila
8. Lauro Salas, Los Angeles, Calif.
9. Fred Galiana, Spain
10. Lulu Perez, Brooklyn, N.Y.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champion
Carl (Bobo) Olson, Honolulu, T. H.
1. Charley Humez, France
2. Ray Robinson, New York, N.Y.
3. Rocky Castellani, Cleveland, O.
4. Holly Mims, Washington, D.C.
5. Gene Fullmer, West Jordan, Utah
6. Bobby Dykes, Miami, Fla.
7. Eduardo Lausse, Argentina
8. Gil Turner, Philadelphia, Pa.
9. Milo Savage, Salt Lake City, Utah
10. Pat McAteer, England

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champion
Robert Cohen, France
1. Mario D'Agata, Italy
2. Willie Toweel, South Africa
3. Hilaire Pratesi, France
4. Billy Peacock, Los Angeles, Calif.
5. Raton Macias, Mexico
6. Andre Valignat, France
7. Emil Chemama, France
8. Jose Lopez, Mexico
9. Chamrern Songkitrat, Thailand
10. Little Cesar, Philippines

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Carmen Basilio, Syracuse, N.Y.
1. Tony DeMarco, Boston, Mass.
2. Ramon Fuentes, Los Angeles, Calif.
3. Johnny Saxton, Brooklyn, N.Y.
4. Virgil Akins, St. Louis, Mo.
5. Vince Martinez, Paterson, N.J.
6. Del Flanagan, St. Paul, Minn.
7. Chico Vejar, Stamford, Conn.
8. Maurice Harper, Oakland, Calif.
9. Hector Constance, Trinidad, BWI.
10. Art Aragon, Los Angeles, Calif.

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Pascual Perez, Argentina
1. Dai Dower, Wales
2. Leo Espinosa, Philippines
3. Jake Tuli, South Africa
4. Danny Kid, Philippines
5. Nazzareno Gianelli, Italy
6. Oscar Suarez, Cuba
7. Hitoshi Misako, Japan
8. Tanny Campo, Philippines
9. Memo Diez, Mexico
10. Young Martin, Spain

From the October, 1955 issue of *The Ring*.

Once again, the results of Ring's International Ratings Panel have forcibly brought home the point that those WBA and WBC kingmakers who rank the contenders have "no clothes," and should do their homework rather than favoring promoters, countries and matchmakers with their ratings. Otherwise, Noah Webster might have to redefine the word "contender" to mean "one who has been favored by the WBA or WBC ratings committee with a designation not reflected by his efforts in the ring."

And, just as much to the point, a Mr. Richard Farah from Trinidad, writing on a World Boxing Association letterhead, has written us here at *The Ring* to express his dissatisfaction with the International Ratings Panel: "I was amazed to see your new ranking system in operation!," wrote Mr. Farah. "Quite frankly, I wonder why you abondoned the original system. I never thought I would see the days of 'democratic' rankings..."

Mr. Farah, *The Ring*'s International Ratings Panel was originally structured to be an assemblage of 50 of the outstanding boxing authorities throughout the world who, each month, would rate the fighters in each of the recognized 12 divisions. If it were "democratic," so be it. It is infinitely superior to the autocratic basis used by the two governing bodies in coming up with their so-called "contenders". And it sure as hell beats coming up with a Young-Ho Oh as the number one contender. Or is that Ho, ho, ho?

Bert Randolph Sugar

GENUINE

Budweiser Presents The Ring International Ratings

THE WORLD RENOWNED BUDWEISER LAGER BEER

HEAVYWEIGHTS
(over 175 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

LARRY HOLMES** . . . . . Easton, Pa.
1 **Mike Weaver*** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
2 **Gerrie Coetzee** . . . . . South Africa
3 **Gerry Cooney** . . . . . Huntington, N.Y.
4 **Michael Dokes** . . . . . Akron, Ohio
5 **Muhammad Ali** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
6 **Leon Spinks** . . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
7 **Bernardo Mercado** . . . . . Colombia
8 **Trevor Berbick** . . . . . Halifax, Canada
9 **John Tate** . . . . . Knoxville, Tenn.
10 **Greg Page** . . . . . Louisville, Tenn.

11. Scott LeDoux, 12. Leroy Jones, 13. Ossie Ocasio, 14. Eddie "Animal" Lopez, 15. Marty Monroe, 16. James "Quick" Tillis, 17. Pinklon Thomas, 18. Randall "Tex" Cobb, 19. Stan Ward, 20. George Chaplin, 21. Jimmy Abbott

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
(not over 175 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

MATTHEW SAAD MUHAMMAD** . . . . . Phil., Pa.
1 **Eddie Mustafa Muhammad*** (Eddie Gregory) . . Brooklyn, N.Y.
2 **James Scott** . . . . . Rahway, N.J.
3 **Jerry Martin** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
4 **Michael Spinks** . . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
5 **Marvin Johnson** . . . . . Indianapolis, Ind.
6 **Alvaro (Yaqui) Lopez** . . . . . Stockton, Calif.
7 **Lotte Mwale** . . . . . Zambia
8 **Marvin Camel** . . . . . Missoula, Mont.
9 **Jesse Burnett** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
10 **John Conteh** . . . . . England

11. Mustapha Wasajja, 12. Mike Rossman, 13. Carlos DeLeon, 14. Eddie Davis, 15. Richie Kates, 16. Victor Galindez, 17. Rudi Koopmans, 18. Pablo Ramos, 19. Hocine Tafer

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 160 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

ALAN MINTER . . . . . England
1 **Marvin Hagler** . . . . . Brockton, Mass.
2 **Curtis Parker** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
3 **Vito Antuofermo** . . . . . Brooklyn, N.Y.
4 **Fulgencio Obel** . . . . . Venezuela
5 **Dwight Davison** . . . . . Detroit
6 **Ronnie Harris** . . . . . Akron, Ohio
7 **Marcos Geraldo** . . . . . Mexico
8 **Mustafa Hamsho** . . . . . Syria
9 **Wilford Scypion** . . . . . Port Arthur, Texas
10 **Kevin Finnegan** . . . . . England

11. Mike Colbert, 12. Vinnie Curto, 13. Ray Seales, 14. David Love, 15. Sammy NeSmith, 16. Norberto Cabrera, 17. Loucif Hamani, 18. Tony Sibson, 19. Matteo Salvemini

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 154 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

AYUB KALULE* . . . . . Denmark
1 **Maurice Hope**** . . . . . England
2 **Tony Chiaverini** . . . . . Kansas City, Mo.
3 **Kenny Bristol** . . . . . Guyana
4 **Roger Leonard** . . . . . Palmer Park, Md.
5 **Milton Owens** . . . . . Orlando, Fla.
6 **Tyrone Rackley** . . . . . Phoenix, Ariz.
7 **Steve Delgado** . . . . . Puerto Rico
8 **Nick Ortiz** . . . . . Puerto Rico
9 **Rocky Mosley, Jr.** . . . . . Las Vegas, Nev.
10 **Walter Gomez** . . . . . Argentina

11. Zeferino Gonzalez, 12. Carlos Herrera, 13. Marijan Benes, 14. Ray Hammond, 15. Tidashi Mihara, 16. Babs McCarthy, 17. Nicanor Camacho, 18. Andoni Amana, 19. Sandy Torres, 20. Luigi Minchillo

WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 147 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

ROBERTO DURAN** . . . . . Panama
1 **Thomas Hearns*** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
2 **Ray Leonard** . . . . . Palmer Park, Md.
3 **Pipino Cuevas** . . . . . Mexico
4 **Wilfred Benitez** . . . . . Puerto Rico
5 **Randy Shields** . . . . . N. Hollywood, Calif.
6 **Pete Ranzany** . . . . . Sacramento, Calif.
7 **Jorgen Hansen** . . . . . Denmark
8 **Adolfo Viruet** . . . . . Hoboken, N.J.
9 **Harold Weston, Jr.** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
10 **Josef Nsubuga** . . . . . Uganda

11. Larry Bonds, 12. Clint Jackson, 13. Harold Volbrecht, 14. Johnny Turner, 15. Greg Stephens, 16. Dave Green, 17. Luis Resto, 18. Sal Lopez, 19. Victor Martinez, 20. Luis Primero

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 140 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

AARON PRYOR* . . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
1 **Saoul Mamby**** . . . . . New York
2 **Antonio Cervantes** . . . . . Colombia
3 **Jo Kimpuani** . . . . . Zaire
4 **Sang-Hyun Kim** . . . . . Korea
5 **Miguel Montilla** . . . . . Dominican Rep.
6 **Lennox Blackmoore** . . . . . Guyana
7 **Domingo Ayala** . . . . . Puerto Rico
8 **Teo Ozuna** . . . . . Dominican Republic
9 **Sal Lopez** . . . . . Sacramento, Cal.
10 **Willie Rodriguez** . . . . . Allentown, Pa.

11. Juan Jose Gimenez, 12. Bruce Curry, 13. Monroe Brooks, 14. Roberto Alfaro, 15. Hugo Luero, 16. Sammy Ayala, 17. Jeff Malcolm, 18. Obisia Nwakpa, 19. Hugo Rengifo, 20. Giuseppe Martinez

How *The Ring* International Ratings Panel works: Boxing authorities from all five major continents have submitted their ballots—marked from one to ten to indicate their rankings under *The Ring*'s champion—to reflect their evaluation of the relative challengers' positions as of August 7, 1980. Their ballots were then weighted with scores of from ten for a first-place vote) to one (for a tenth-place vote) and totaled up to provide the final standings. (In some instances there are ties. This month, however, there are none.) After the top ten were tabulated those other fighters receiving votes were then listed in order, according to the number of votes received, from 11th on.

(AS OF AUGUST 7, 1980)

The names following each division received votes (in order of their listing).

***WBA champion** **WBC champion

LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not over 135 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION
TITLE VACANT

1 **Hilmer Kenty*** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
2 **Aaron Pryor** . . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
3 **Jim Watt**** . . . . . Scotland
4 **Ernesto Espana** . . . . . Venezuela
5 **Howard Davis, Jr.** . . . . . Glen Cove, N.Y.
6 **Claude Noel** . . . . . Trinidad, W.I.
7 **Vilomar Fernandez** . . . . . Dominican Rep.
8 **Rodolfo Gonzalez** . . . . . Mexico
9 **Sean O'Grady** . . . . . Oklahoma City, Ok.
10 **Johnny Lira** . . . . . Chicago, Ill.

11. Edwin Viruet, 12. Julio (Diablito) Valdes, 13. Leonidas Asprilla, 14. Herman Montes, 15. Gonzallo Montellano, 16. Andy Ganigan, 17. Cornelius Boza-Edwards, 18. Charlie Nash, 19. Sergio Alvarez, 20. Francisco Leon

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not over 130 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

YATSUTSUNE UEHARA* . . . . . Japan
1 **Alexis Arguello**** . . . . . Nicaragua
2 **Samuel Serrano** . . . . . Puerto Rico
3 **Rafael (Bazooka) Limon** . . . . . Mexico
4 **Frankie Baltazar** . . . . . Los Angeles, Cal.
5 **Roberto Elizondo** . . . . . Corpus Christi, Tex.
6 **Victor Echegaray** . . . . . Argentina
7 **Idelfonso Bethelmy** . . . . . Venezuela
8 **Oscar Arnal** . . . . . Venezuela
9 **Greg Coverson** . . . . . Kalamazoo, Mich.
10 **Rodolfo Sanchez** . . . . . Spain

11. Pat Ford, 12. Ruben Riani, 13. Johnny Aba, 14. Rolando Navarette, 15. Robert Mullens, 16. Ryu Fukida, 17. Arturo Leon, 18. Carlos Hernandez

FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 126 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

SALVADOR SANCHEZ** . . . . . Mexico
1 **Wilfredo Gomez** . . . . . Puerto Rico
2 **Eusebio Pedroza*** . . . . . Panama
3 **Danny Lopez** . . . . . Alhambra, Calif.
4 **Ruben Castillo** . . . . . Bakersfield, Calif.
5 **Rocky Lockridge** . . . . . Paterson, N.J.
6 **Pat Ford** . . . . . Guyana
7 **Juan Malvarez** . . . . . Argentina
8 **Roberto Castanon** . . . . . Spain
9 **Juan LaPorte** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
10 **Eddie Ndukwu** . . . . . Nigeria

11. Juan Escobar, 12.Rolando Navarette, 13. Luis Avila, 14. Paul Ferreri, 15. Guillermo Morales, 16. Noel Arriesgado

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 122 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

WILFREDO GOMEZ** . . . . . Puerto Rico
1 **Leo Randolph*** . . . . . Tacoma, Wash.
2 **Ricardo Cardona** . . . . . Colombia
3 **Leo Cruz** . . . . . Dominican Republic
4 **Mike Ayala** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
5 **Nicky Perez** . . . . . Tucson, Ariz.
6 **Sergio Palma** . . . . . Argentina
7 **Soon-Hyun Chung** . . . . . S. Korea
8 **Jose Caba** . . . . . Dominican Rep.
9 **Derrik Holmes** . . . . . New Carrollton, Md.
10 **Carmelo Negron** . . . . . New York, N.Y.

11. Jose Cervantes, 12. Frankie Duarte, 13. Carlos Mendoza, 14. Javier Flores, 15. Juan (Kid) Meza, 16. Ric Diamale, 17. Juan Antonio Lopez

BANTAMWEIGHTS
(not over 118 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

JORGE LUJAN* . . . . . Panama
1 **Lupe Pintor**** . . . . . Mexico
2 **Alberto Davila** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
3 **Jeff Chandler** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
4 **Roberto Rubaldino** . . . . . Mexico
5 **Julian Solis** . . . . . Puerto Rico
6 **Oscar Muniz** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
7 **Johnny Owen** . . . . . Wales
8 **Rafael Orono** . . . . . Venezuela
9 **Johnny Carter** . . . . . Las Vegas, Nev.
10 **Jose R. Narvaez** . . . . . Argentina

11. Jose Uziga, 12. Eijiro Murata, 13. Julio Saba, 14. Juan Rodriguez, 15. Ricardo Bennett, 16. Jesus Caicedo

FLYWEIGHTS
(not over 112 pounds)

WORLD CHAMPION

SHOJI OGUMA** . . . . . Japan
1 **Yoko Gushiken** . . . . . Japan
2 **Tae-Shik Kim*** . . . . . South Korea
3 **Guty Espadas** . . . . . Mexico
4 **Hilario Zapata** . . . . . Panama
5 **Chan-Hee Park** . . . . . Korea
6 **Betulio Gonzalez** . . . . . Venezuela
7 **Luis Ibarra** . . . . . Panama
8 **Charlie Magri** . . . . . England
9 **Joey Olivo** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
10 **Martin Vargas** . . . . . Chile

11. Jovito Rengifo, 12. Sung-Jun Kim, 13. Shigeo Nakajima, 14. Gustavo Ballas, 15. Orlando Maldonado, 16. Willie Jensen, 17. Rey Melendez, 18. German Torres, 19. Jose Gallegos

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FIGHT OF THE MONTH

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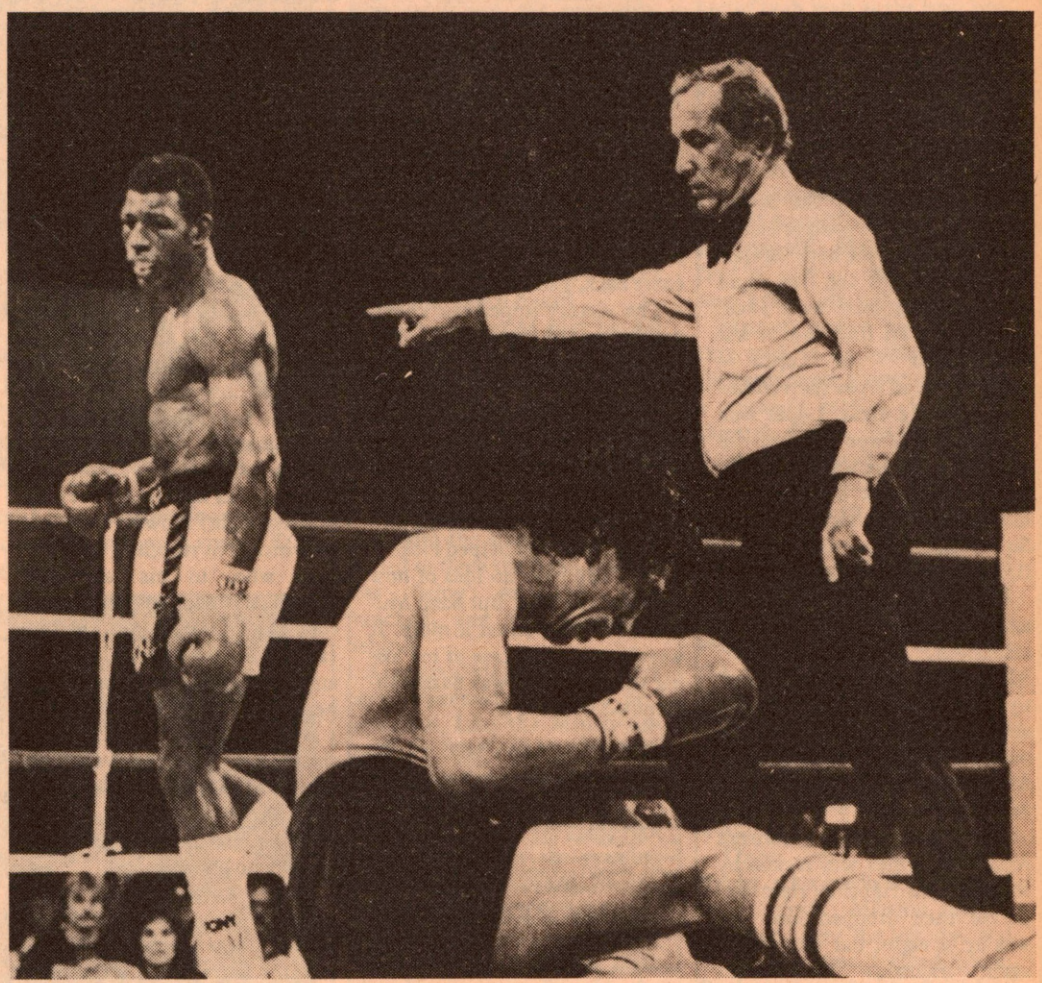
PAUL GUEZ, PRESIDENT

MUHAMMAD-LOPEZ
World Light Heavyweight Title



McAFEE, N.J. — In one of the greatest fights a reporter could ever hope to cover, in one of the most spectacular fights a fan could ever dream of watching, Matthew Saad Muhammad retained his world light heavyweight title for the fourth time, stopping fired up challenger Alvaro "Yaqui" Lopez in 2:03 of the 14th round after flooring him a total of four times during that round.

It was a dramatic ending to what had been a dramatic, see-saw, punch-filled, glorious fight at the Great Gorge Playboy Club.

Lopez, 174¾, trained for a rough fight. He came to Great Gorge to take away Muhammad's title. To decision him. To knock him out. To cut him up. To win the title.

Muhammad, 174¼, trained for his fight with an intensity he had never shown before — remarkable for a man who pushes himself in training all the time. It was if he knew the fight would demand the best effort he ever gave, despite the face he had stopped the same Lopez in October, 1978.

For the first seven rounds, both fighters took turns punching the other around and being the aggressor. Early in the bout, Muhammed suffered a slight cut above his right eye. Lopez sustained a slice on the bridge of his nose in round three. Neither cut determined the outcome of the fight. Ferocity did.

The fierceness of the contest demanded three minutes of action in every round by both contestants. Three minutes per round is what they gave. For the first seven rounds, fans — and even hardened reporters — applauded the action. Then, unbelievably, the fight became even more exciting!

Going into round eight, judge Paul Cavaliere had Lopez in the lead, 4-2-1. Judge Emile Brunette and referee Waldemar Schmidt had Lopez even more comfortably in the lead, 5-2. The Ring card had it 4-3 Lopez at that point.

Round eight must be written into the books as one of the most sensational, exciting rounds ever fought. Ever!

After being stung by a hook to the head early in the eighth, Lopez came back to nearly knock out the champion midway through the round, only to nearly get knocked out himself in the closing moments of the round.

Lopez hurt Muhammad with a hook flush on the chin, and began to taste a world title in this, his fourth attempt to win one.

Despite the pleas from his corner to "draw back and box," Lopez, 28, unloaded both hands against Muhammed. A left. A right. A left. A right. Every one — nearly two dozen — crashed against the champion's jaw, the champion's head, the champion's face. The champion wavered. He staggered. He buckled. But the 26-year-old champion would not fall. Not only did he remain on his feet, he came back punching with both hands to stagger and nearly drop the challenger. At the bell, the 1,300

RINGSIDE REPORTS

fans in the Playboy Club Convention Center roared with the intensity of a crowd 10 times as large.

Round nine saw the action slow, but only in comparison to the incredible pace both fighters had set through the first eight rounds. Both men were tired. Both men were hurt. But it was Muhammad — not Lopez — who recovered from the viciousness of round eight. Lopez won the round. He won that individual battle, but he lost the war in doing so. Lopez had punched himself out. His zip was gone. So was his long-burning hope of finally winning a title.

Lopez fought hard, but against this gritty, determined champion, he needed more. Much more. Like a child's wind-up toy, Lopez began to move slower. His legs lost their bounce, his punches their snap. Muhammad began to land with more frequency.

Approximately midway through round 14, Lopez was rocked by an overhand right. A right uppercut then dropped him. He was up at eight, but went down again moments later from another right.

Again Lopez was up at eight, and again he ran into a right that sent him to the canvas. Referee Schmidt watched Lopez closely as the veteran contender rose at three. As the fight resumed — the three-knockdown rule had been waved — Schmidt continued to watch Lopez closely. Muhammad moved in. So did Schmidt. A sharp right to the chin dumped Lopez near the ropes. Again he arose, using the ropes to pull himself to his feet. But this time, Schmidt waved his arms. He had seen enough. The fight was over at 2:03.

Afterwards, Lopez said about the champion: "He is not a great fighter. He is a great puncher!"

When asked what happened in the eighth round, Lopez said, "I hit him (Muhammad) some good shots but he just didn't go down. That's why he's champion."

Muhammad — who did not appear before the press for 90 minutes after the fight — admitted he was in trouble during that eighth round, but "knew where I was." He said, "I knew I'd come back, and I did."

The victory upped the champion's record to 27-3-2. For Lopez, it was his 10th loss in 59 fights.

In New York's Gleason's Gym two days after the fight. Lopez put the championship bout in perspective better than anybody.

"It was a sensational fight," said the man who helped make it such. "You have no idea of how I wanted the title. But Saad Muhammad just wanted it more. It wasn't so much a case of me losing the fight as it was Saad Muhammad winning it."

On the undercard, Ken Bogner, 132, Trenton, N.J., and Jose "Cheo" Ortiz, 132, Brooklyn N.Y., fought to a four-round draw; Miguel Hernandez, Brooklyn, decisioned Earl Liburd, Jersey City, N.J., six rounds. Both weighed 150; John Davis, 175¼, Freeport, N.Y., outpointed Tony Green, 179½, Miami Beach, six rounds; and featherweight contender Rocky Lockridge, 126, Paterson, N.J., stopped Philadelphia's Alfonso Evans, 126 in the fifth round. Undefeated Lockridge will be challenging WBA featherweight king Eusebio Pedroza in early October in the same ring.

Promoter: Top Rank, Inc. Main Event shown live on CBS-TV.

RANDY GORDON

MUHAMMAD-MARTIN
WBA Light Heavyweight Title

McAFFE, N.J.—EDDIE MUSTAFA Muhammad (formerly Eddie Gregory), 175, in his first fight since changing his name, successfully defended his World Boxing Association version of the light heavyweight title, by stopping Jerry (The Bull) Martin, also 175, in the 10th round.

The fight, unexpectedly one-sided, provoked little reaction from the crowd, but left everyone wondering if and when there will be a light heavyweight title confrontation between the two Muslim title holders — the other being World Boxing Council champion Matthew Saad Muhammad (formerly Matthew Franklin).

Martin, who admitted he "laid back" too much, giving Mustafa the edge, went down late in the fourth round from a straight right hand at the end of a fierce volley and slowly staggered to his feet after the bell. It seemed that Muhammad, who improved his record to 37-4-1, 31 by knockout, could have ended it at any time.

Most experts agreed that Muhammad did not fight a very aggressive fight. However, he was convincing in stopping an opponent who, in his last fight (which earned him his shot at the title), outslugged inmate James Scott, currently rated among the world's top light heavyweights.

After flooring Martin in the fourth, Muhammad-Gregory should have torn into him in the fifth. He didn't. Maybe he was buying time for paid television spots, who knows?

In any case, Martin, whose record now stands at a respectable 19-2, kept coming, absorbing stinging lefts along with some impressive hooks and uppercuts throughout the middle rounds.

"Sometimes a fight gets so easy you get bored," Muhammad-Gregory was to later say. "I could hit him with a jab any time I wanted." That doesn't explain why the fight lasted so long.

By the 10th — and soon to be last round — Martin had nothing left to even keep the flies off him, and Gregory proceeded to land two staggering lefts, an uppercut, a hook to the temple, and a straight right that dropped Martin, once again, to the canvas, this time on a delayed basis. Up at the count of six, Martin was helpless against the ropes and referee Tony Perez wisely stopped the contest at 2:25 of the round.

Ironically, Muhammad-Gregory was leading on only two of the three official scorecards. Judge Harold Lederman had the fight even after nine rounds, 85-85. Eva Shain, the other judge, had the champion comfortably ahead, 88-82, and referee Tony Perez also had the champion ahead, 87-83. *The Ring* scored the fight 88-82, with the champ winning all but two rounds (one even). All scoring was based on the 10-point must system.

Bill Connell, 218, Highland Park, N.J., won unanimous decision over Pedro Soto, 206, San Juan, Puerto Rico, eight.

Norberto Sabater, 161, Brooklyn, N.Y., TKO'd Danny Snyder, also 161, Philadelphia, Pa., at 2:55 of the fifth round in a scheduled six-rounder.

Tim Witherspoon, 209, Philadelphia, Pa. TKO'd Charles Cox, 215, Boston, Mass., at 1:31 of the fifth round in another slated sixer.

Cheo Ortiz, 128, Brooklyn, N.Y., won unanimous decision over Ken Bogner, 133, Trenton, N.J., four.

Jimmy McNeece, 133, Brooklyn, N.Y., won unanimous decision over Robert Johnson, also 133, Turnersville, N.J., four.

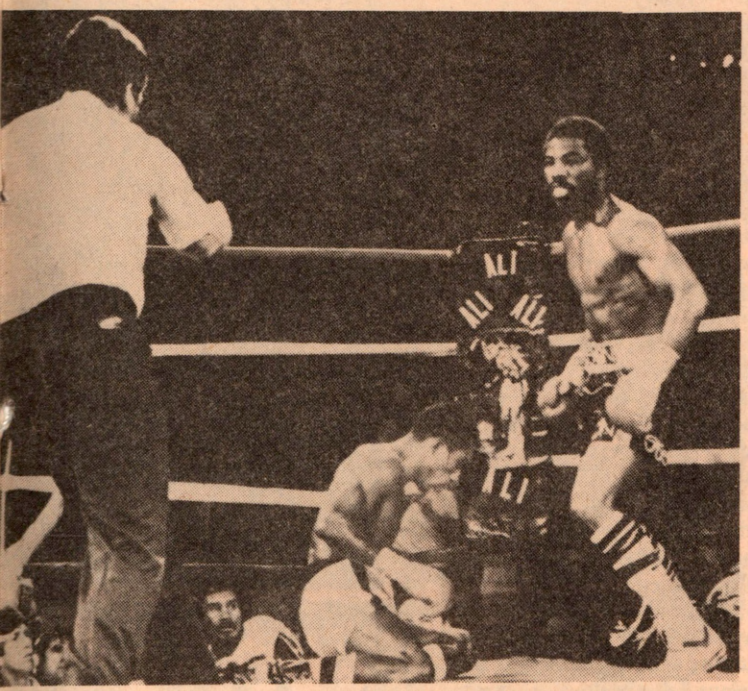
JACK GOODMAN

HOPE-MATTIOLI
WBC Junior Middleweight Title

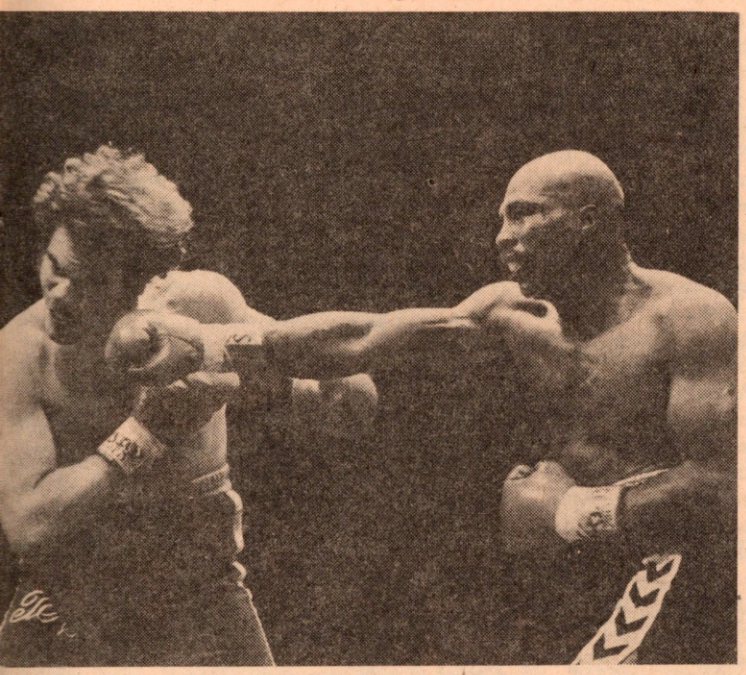
LONDON, ENGLAND — AN outstanding treble for Great Britain was completed when Maurice Hope retained his WBC junior middleweight title by defeating Italian-Australian Rocky Mattioli at Wembley Conference Centre. Referee Arthur Mercante stopped the bout at 2:52 of round 11 to save Mattioli further punishment.

Hope thus became the third British boxer in five weeks to successfully defend a world title. Jim Watt and Alan Minter were the others.

In many ways, it was a gamble by Hope. It was his first contest



Aaron Pryor turns to find a neutral corner after flooring the legendary Antonio Cer vantes en route to a fourth round KO and the WBA junior welterweight crown.



Randall "Tex" Cobb takes onf of Earnie Shavers' best punches which, "Put my head damn well around my shoulders." Cobb came back with several blockbusters of his own to spell the end of the fight — and Earnie's career — at 2:19 of the eighth round.

PHOTO BY JACK GOODMAN

in nine months, and the first time he'd boxed since undergoing a successful operation on his right eye for a detached retina.

Joining the queue to congratulate Hope afterwards was eye surgeon Dr. David McLeod, who performed the operation. Dr. McLeod had been the deciding factor in reassuring Maurice that he would be able to box again without fear of damage to the eye.

Mattioli's right arm was broken when he'd met Hope 16 months before. It happened when Hope put him on the canvas, and Mattioli retired at the end of the eighth round.

Rocky contended that he fell on his arm, but Hope claimed a left hook caused the break. Maurice, then, had something to prove in this second meeting, and he proved his superiority in convincing fashion.

To Mattioli's credit, he did his best from the start, and he continued to force the fight, even he was being outboxed, outpunched, and was hopelessly behind.

American viewers must have been impressed by Hope's performance. Like the Minter-Antuofermo bout a couple of weeks before, this fight was shown live in the U.S.A.

Mattioli's plan of campaign was evident from the opening bell. He came forward, hoping to get close enough to bang away with both hands, but Hope boxed him off with neat right jabs. He was too fast for the challenger.

Hope looked a little rusty in the first couple of rounds which was understandable. Mattioli took full advantage, crouching, bobbing and weaving. He caught the champ with a couple of good rights to the head in the second round.

Rocky continued his assault in round three, catching his man with yet another right to the head. Maurice replied with a cracking left cross. It was difficult to score that round, but I had the feeling that, for all his aggression, Mattioli was taking too many punches in order to try to get close.

It was a boxer vs. fighter duel, and the best would be brought out of both men as the bout progressed.

The fourth was a good round for Hope. He was finding his target now, not wasting any punches, and Mattioli was cut under the right eye. This made Rocky somewhat desperate, and he left himself open to further punishment. Hope seemed to find it easy to find his opponent's face with right jabs.

Mattioli looked like a miniature tank as he bulled his way forward, never giving the champ a minute's respite. Rocky got through with a couple of hefty rights to the head, but Maurice seemed unaffected. Hope was still scoring with effective counterpunches.

Round six was a good round for Mattioli. Hope took a couple of right hooks and lost his gumshield as Rocky tried to turn on the pressure. This was when Hope showed why he's the champion. He kept his cool, used superior speed to avoid his opponent's rushes, and never forgot to keep that right jab working.

Three solid lefts stopped Rocky in his tracks at the start of the seventh. Mattioli had a swelling under his left eye, and for the first time, seemed to tire. Rocky had to take jab after jab in the eighth round without replying. One jab, following a left, seemed to wobble the challenger.

From then on, Rocky fought on sheer courage alone. He was still coming forward in round nine, and Hope was warned for an alleged low blow. The champion, however, kept pounding away, landing blow after blow. Defense is something Rocky never bothered about. He just takes it all, and keeps coming.

Mattioli, remarkably, was still

doing the chasing in the 10th round, although more slowly than before. He was still giving Hope no chance to relax. Rocky was not landing with the punches that he tried to throw, however, and the champ's right jab was finding his face like a magnet.

This state of affairs couldn't last, of course, and round 11 proved to be the last. Hope really opened up, catching his man with every punch in the book, all blows beautifully delivered. All Mattioli could do was stand and take it, which he did in commendable fashion. He had nothing left to give, and referee Arthur Mercante intervened at the right moment. It's doubtful whether Rocky won a round. There were probably three even frames.

Maurice, or "Mo," as he's affectionately known, gave a first class performance, especially considering the long lay-off and operation. He looked every inch a champion.

There were emotional scenes afterwards. Manager Terry Lawless hugged Mo for several minutes. "You can understand how we feel," he declared. "This meant everything to Mo. He was fighting for his life, and it was a magnificent performance."

Hope himself was delighted. "After the eye trouble, I had to go out there and prove I was not only better than Mattioli, but a worthy champion. I feel I proved just that.

"All credit to Mattioli for his strength and his courage. It got to the stage where I was almost fed up with hitting him, but Terry kept telling me not to relax, but to keep going. This was sound advice."

Asked about a possible meeting with Roberto Duran, the new world welterweight champ, who has expressed a wish to challenge for the junior middle crown, Mo said, "That's up to my manager. All I know is that I am now going on a well deserved holiday."

Terry said that the Duran bout was a possibility, as were other projects. Asked whether Duran would be considered too strong, he stated, "I cannot imagine any opponent being stronger than Mattioli."

The talk is that Hope and Duran could meet in the U.S. for a million dollar purse.

Mattioli, naturally disappointed, said, "I realized long before the end that I was not going to win. Hope was too fast, and punched too hard."

Rocky's manager, Umberto Branchini, said he would not push him to carry on boxing, which will probably mean Mattioli's retirement from the ring.

The bout was shown on British TV the same night, only a short while after it actually took place. The Conference Centre was not full as a result, but the ancillaries from British and American TV will more than compensate.

Cornelius Boza-Edwards, 136¼, Uganda, TKO'd Manuel Velasquez, 135¼, Spain, three. Mick Morris, 164¼, Wolverhampton, halted previously undefeated Jimmy Harrington, 167¾, Biggleswade, four. (Harrington failed to come out for the fifth round.) Stan McDermott, 219½, Basildon, got off the canvas in round one to stop Andy Palmer, 200¼, in the second. Dominic Bergonzi, 146¼, outpointed Paul Wetter, 144½, Newport, six (60-57).

RON OLVER

HEARNS-CUEVAS
WBA Welterweight Title

DETROIT, MICH. — Prentiss Byrd is described as "an aide" to the camp of Thomas Hearns. He is more of a "hanger-on", more than a mere member of the Hearns entourage. He is their official star-gazer. At least he could claim that title after the amazing ending to the Hearns-Cuevas fight in Detroit's Joe Louis Arena last August 2nd.

For the night before the fight Byrd, a handsome mustachioed black man who wears his duties and his clothes equally well, had a dream. The dream? "Tommy'll take him in two rounds. The bell will save Cuevas in the first round, and Tommy'll knock him out in the second . . . At least, that's the way I dreamed it last night."

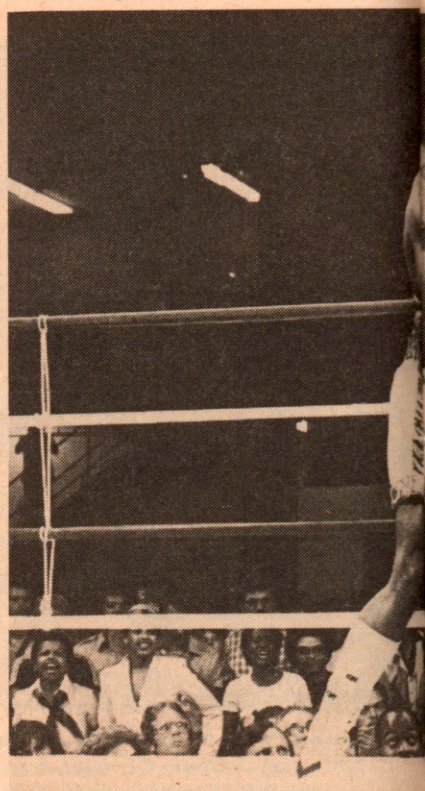
Not since Joseph analyzed the Pharoah's dreams has anyone been more prescient.

Just scant seconds before the two contests for Detroit's biggest fight in more than two decades entered the arena, Byrd was busy coming up with a ticket for Henry Hank, enabling one of the Motor City's former favorites to get into the building. Now he assumed his seat in the back of the press section to see if his dream — and that of all Detroit — would come true in the form of their present favorite, Thomas Hearns.

And suddenly, here they came. To the strains of "Rocky", the playing of pin spots and the grunting exhortations of a flying phalanx of pushing, shoving, running escorts which would make a Japanese riot squad pale by comparison, Hearns came into the ring first. As the cheers exploded, then crescendoed throughout the half-empty arena — made so by the exhorbitant ticket prices the money-hungry promoters had sought to extract from a town with a 14.9% rate of unemployment — Pipino Cuevas (not to be confused with Jose Cuevas, who lives only in the minds of newspapermen) entered the ring almost unnoticed, followed by two — count them, two — cornermen.

As Hearns' entourage made an almost ceremonial rite out of passing wooden chairs out of the audience into the ring — as if the event was an obstacle race instead of a championship fight — Hearns began prancing around the ring, wearing a white robe emblazoned with the title of a Marvin Gaye song, "Let's Get It On." Cuevas, standing in the other corner which was strangely bedecked with chairs brought into the ring, wore his emerald green robe with the word "Pipino" lettered across the

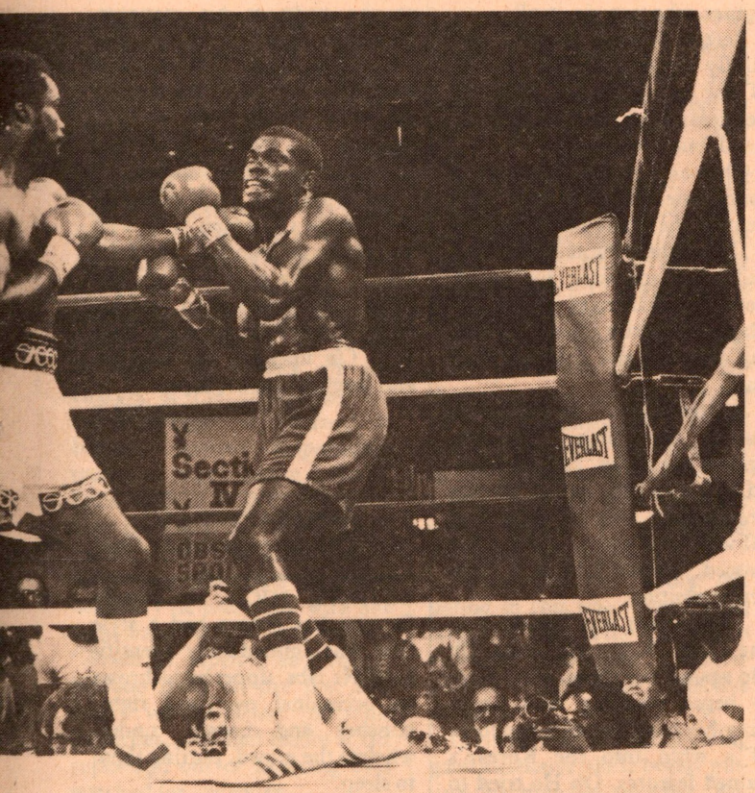
PHOTO BY JACK GOODMAN

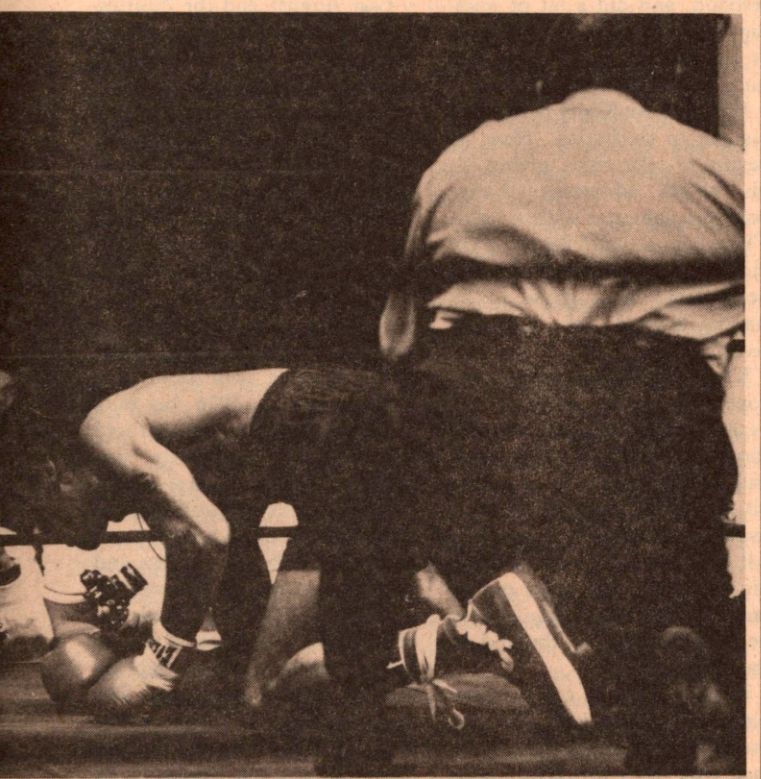


WBA light heavy champ Eddie (Gregory) Mustafa Muhammad rocks challenger Jerry (The Bull) Martin with a solid left, setting up his right hand in the 10th — and final — round.

Referee Luis Sulbaran tolls the count over Samuel Serrano in the sixth round of the latter's title bout with Yasutsune Uehara.

PHOTO BY TIMOTHY L. HUGHES





back and unemotionally stared out at his opponent-to-be, the only betrayal of his stoicism the continual rinsing of his mouth with water. Suddenly Hearns came dancing across the ring, flicking out his long, snake-like left dangerously close to Cuevas' features as the referee, Stanley Christodoulou, and one of Cuevas' cornermen intervened.

Then it was time to "Get it On" and the two participants came to the center of the ring for instructions. Only then was the disparity in size evident, as the 6'2½", 146½, Hearns stared down at his half-foot shorter opponent. Cuevas, 5'8", 147, did not return the stare, looking, instead, at the lettering on Hearns' pantleg which was at his eye-level and which read, "El Pelegroso," meaning "The Dangerous One" in Spanish. Just how dangerous Cuevas would soon find out.

The bell. Cuevas came out, straight at Hearns, in his conventional stalking manner. Hearns circled, throwing three long lefts, all missing. Cuevas came in and threw his vaunted left hook, but Hearns let one rip at the exact same instant and his got there first, staggering Cuevas. The momentum and flow of the fight was decided right then and there, with the first punch that landed. For immediately Cuevas, instead of carrying the attack to Hearns, fell back after feeling the force of Hearns' first offering, wanting to see what else Hearns had, to feel him out.

Cuevas is soon to find out what else Hearns has, as the man who is famed for his counter punching is forced into an uncharacteristic style, retreating in front of the advancing Hearns. And in retreat, unable to land his counter punch, something no one besides Sugar Ray Robinson has ever been able to do.

Hearns lands with a left and right to the body as Cuevas sets his feet and swings his left. But Hearns moves out of harm's way by bending his body back at the waist and coming across with his own left — a left now held higher than he has held it since his amateur days. Cuevas tries a left to the body. Hearns answers with two left jabs, both of which get in, jolting Cuevas' head back. Hearns goes to the body with a right and then goes upstairs with another right, driving Cuevas into the ropes. Cuevas tries to move off the ropes, retreating into his own corner. But as he does he momentarily slips on the slick canvas — made so by water excessively applied by cornermen in previous fights — and catches a perfectly-timed Hearns' right while in an unguarded position. It stuns him. Hurts him. Confuses him. And is the beginning of the end.

Another right followed by four jabs all get in, chasing the retreating Cuevas, now in full flight, along the ropes. Hearns throws two lefts, a right, another, another, another, another, and still another, all landing to the head. Two lefts by Hearns land as Cuevas comes off the ropes and unsuccessfully tries to tie up his tormentor. Driving Cuevas across the ring, Hearns throws a snapping, hurting left and catches Cuevas twice. An overhand right hurts him. In the immortal words of Howard Cosell, Hearns is "cleaning up" on Cuevas.

Hearns now varies his tactics, throwing a left jab and, off of it, a left hook, which misses — one of the few times the challenger has been off-target. Now three more lefts land and Cuevas — still backing up and still confused — grabs at his tormentor, one of the few times he has been close enough to the rangy Twiggy lookalike to touch him. Cuevas takes a quick look at his corner with an expression crossing his Boris Karloff-esque face for the first time, a cross between confusion and terror.

Hearns comes out of the break throwing punches and once again moves Cuevas into the

ropes with a left and then follows up with two hardrights to the head, hurting Cuevas yet again at the bell. The first part of Prentiss Byrd's dream has come true.

The second round has always been Pipino Cuevas' favorite round. It has almost seemed that he finesses the first round, much like Roberto Clemente always took the first pitch, waiting for the second time around. But this time the bell starting the second has worked no miracles, given Cuevas no new lease on life as Hearns springs back to the attack, smelling victory.

He snaps out his left, following closely with his right, thus following — as he was to divulge in his postfight interview — Muhammad Ali's advice for him to "stick my left in his face and drop my right hand on him." Another left gets in on Cuevas who now determines to fight back and throws a desperation left. But again Hearns pulls back. Cuevas follows with a left to the only spot accessable to him, Hearns' lanky and unprotected middle, landing only his second punch of the fight. Hearns retaliates as if saying "that's enough of that" with a right to the head and then moves Cuevas into the ropes with five more hard rights to the head, cutting the champion's right eye.

Cuevas, trying feebly to make a fight of it, throws a desperation hook which again misses its mark. A left by Hearns and Cuevas, suddenly remembering he has a second hand, throws a right, catching Hearns to the body.

Hearns throws a right and Cuevas, going forward for the first time since the opening seconds of Round One, wades in, throwing a left and a right, both of which are picked off by Hearns. Then, without wasting a motion, Hearns lets go with a straight snake-like right, catching Cuevas on the point of the chin. The champion wobbles on unsteady legs. Another hard right by Hearns and Cuevas goes down, face-first — the first time he has been knocked down in his long career.

By superhuman effort, he staggers to his feet at the count of six, as referee Stanley Christodolous continues the count to eight, prepared to let the dazed champion continue in defense of his crown. But Cuevas' manager, Lupe Sanchez, has seen enough and climbs through the ropes to embrace his thoroughly beaten warrior, ending World War II at 2:39 of the second round.

Even as Cuevas is half-dragged, half-lifted to his stool where he will be worked over for a full four minutes, Prentiss Byrd is pounding the backs of anyone he can get near. One reporter, mistaking Byrd's pounding for something more ominous, pushes him to the ground.

But it makes no never mind to Byrd. His dream — and that of the Motor City — has come true. Their hero, "The Motor City Cobra" is the new WBA Welterweight champion of the world, another champion from the town that produced such greats as Joe Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson. Maybe, just maybe, Prentiss Byrd's next dream will tell just how great this champion will be.

BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR

KENTY-OH
WBA Lightweight Title

DETROIT, MICH. — Like most Kronk fighters, Hilmer Kenty, at 135, is big for his size. That was the difference at Joe Louis Arena where height and reach were his main advantages in his first title defense against his challenger from Seoul, Korea, Young-Ho Oh. But, in retaining his WBA World's Lightweight Championship, he demonstrated he was superior in all phases of the manly art. Only in courage was Oh, 134½, the equal of this fighter who can do it all.

Referee Ernesto Magana mercifully stopped the fight at 2:50 of the ninth round, with Oh helpless on the ropes. It was one-sided, but it was a war.

Oh took it to the champion in round one. Kenty at that point bent at the waist sacrificing his 5'11" height advantage and slugged toe-to-toe with the squat, powerful challenger. Kenty displayed his entire arsenal, including one-twos and double uppercuts.

In round two the champion bulled the little contender against the ropes, and pummeled him with both hands. Oh was occasionally able to drive him off with wild rights, which often missed, leaving him in a corkscrew position.

The pattern was the same in the third, Kenty cornering Oh Ho against the ropes. Now Kenty began standing back, snapping his long jab with the force of a whip into the Korean's pained features. Oh Ho tried to respond, and did a lot of missing. Kenty was not using Oh Ho as a punching bag — now jabbing, now hooking off the jab.

By round six Kenty is working his jab to perfection. Now he begins to take risks, giving up his height advantage. Kenty pops the gamester with a right. There comes a wild flurry by Oh Ho. It mostly misses. Kenty appears loose as a goose as he stands beyond the Korean's reach.

Kenty begins the seventh by appearing super confident — perhaps overconfident. Oh Ho throws a wild right which lands and Kenty seems to be in a little bit of trouble. The champ is, as usual, cool under pressure. His left hand remained relaxed along his left thigh. He steps out of range, clears his head, and is holding his own by the end of the round.

Kenty began the eighth snapping two jabs to back Oh into the ropes. He works the shorter man over with powerful rights to the body as his manager, Emanuel Stewart, hollers out "Go to the body." Oh seems to have shot his bolt. He doesn't throw a punch till halfway through the round. He's too busy soaking up the punches.

Oh begins the ninth pursuing the nimble champion with wild and desperate punches. But he is spent. Kenty pins him on the ropes, digs blows deep into his body. The referee stops the fight with Oh upright, but helpless and sagging into the ropes.

ALLEN ROSENFELD

UEHARA-SERRANO
World Junior Lightweight Title

DETROIT, MICH. — Sammy Serrano has always had a style that was immediately identifiable: He jabs, uppercuts, throws an occasional overhand right, clinches and usually underwhelms the crowd, putting them to sleep.

Last August 2nd the quintessential Sammy Serrano appeared in Joe Louis Arena. He jabbed, threw uppercuts, an occasional right, clinched and, by the end of the sixth round found himself asleep, the victim of an overhand right thrown by Yasutsune Uehara which crossed his eyes, buckled his legs and ended his reign as the WBA Junior Lightweight Champion.

For five rounds Serrano — making his 11th defense of the WBA title he won from Ben Villaflor back in 1976, but only the fourth time he has ventured away from the friendly surroundings of San Juan — dominated the fight. He nullified the challenger's bull-like rushes and countered with lefts, rights and uppercuts — always followed by a clinch. And for five rounds the challenger, a member of one of Japan's most famous fighting families, would rush into Serrano, throwing as many puches as he could get away with before being tied up, but ultimately be

frustrated in his attempts to pin the wily Serrano on the ropes.

After five rounds all three officials had Serrano ahead, 50-45; 10-9 in every round.

Then came the fateful sixth. Uehara, at 129¾, opened with a right and received one in return from the back-peddling Serrano. Pressing his attack, the challenger threw two jabs and tried forcing Serrano back into the ropes. For most of the round Serrano, 130, stayed off the charges of the challenger, but the challenger — adorned in brightly spotted leopard-skin trunks — kept rushing forward. Scant seconds before the bell ending the round the leopard spots rushed the champion again, throwing punches. At the end of his flurry he loaded up with one right hand, which came marked "Made in Japan", and caught Serrano flush on the jaw. Serrano went down on his haunches, clutched feebly at the ropes and out of unseeing eyes watched for the count.

As the sand ran out on his reign, Serrano lurched to his feet. But it was too late; the count had been finished at 2:59 of the sixth round. A second later he pitched forward onto the top strand of the ring ropes as an ex-champion, knocked out for the first time in his career.

The incredible ending capped an equally incredible quinella which had befallen the South American powers-that-be who run the WBA over the past eight hours: Three of their most precious jewels had been lost — the junior welterweight crown to Pryor, the WBA welterweight crown to Hearns and the junior lightweight crown to Uehara. It was enough to make one swear off tequilla.

BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR

COBB-SHAVERS

DETROIT, MICH. — It was a fight not unlike his struggle with Jon Voight in the movie "The Champ". A see-saw battle with a once-great older fighter. This time, youth finally prevailed in the person of Randall "Tex" Cobb.

In the cinema version "The Champ" dies in the ring. Nothing quite that tragic happened in this real version; but tragic enough for Earnie Shavers and his followers.

Earnie, wearing his warm grin, entered the ring to an enthusiastic reception deserving of an elder statesman. He weighed 208 pounds, and was obviously in fine condition. But he did not appear awesome, as he has in the past, against a pugnacious youngster weighing 232.

There was no feeling out period in this one. They began teeing off right at the start. Cobb appeared stronger, Shavers seemed the more effective puncher.

In round two, Earnie, showing good defensive skill, began putting his punches together. But Cobb refused to back off.

Cobb displayed a good jab in round three, and bulled Shavers around the ring. Shavers appeared a little tired, but by the end of the round he was the Earnie of old — laying on the heavy punches.

Round four began with Cobb on the attack. Shavers stopped that attack with a hook. He then stung the youngster from Abilene, Texas with a right, and followed with several other powerful blows. Cobb proved he had a solid chin, standing up to Shavers. Cobb soon returned to the attack, then was on the receiving end, and then back on the attack. Round four saw the tide of battle shift constantly and swiftly.

At the start of round five, Cobb displayed some surprising boxing skill. But the greatest knockout puncher in the history of the heavyweight division looked confident. Maybe like Max Schmeling, he had seen something.

The crowd loved seeing this famous old man from the town of Warren in the neighboring state of Ohio go on the attack. He landed a pair of his vintage rights. He pinned Cobb against the ropes, dug a right to the body followed by a combination.

Cobb got off the ropes, but seemed in trouble. Again Earnie pinned him against the ropes. This time, Cobb broke loose with a combination that had Earnie in trouble.

Round six began with Tex pounding the veteran at will. But he ran into a right uppercut, and down he went. The referee ruled it a slip. But still, when Cobb got up he looked like he was out on his feet. Cobb fought his way out of the fog, and the two big guys just stood there whacking each other like two bull moose in heat while the crowd went crazy. As Cobb went back to his corner he could be excused for reciting his only line from "The Champ": "I thought he was an old man."

Round seven. Cobb is up before the bell. He batters Earnie across the ring. Earnie digs deep inside himself. He fights back. Now he's being pummeled and seems helpless. Tex hammers rights off Shavers' shaved skull. Earnie presses the skull against Tex's chest trying to avoid the punches. But he was overwhelmed. The bout was mercifully stopped at 2:19 of the eighth.

The retired Shavers' record stands at 59-10-1. Cobb said afterwards, "He'd hit hard til he was 60." But the stamina had left the man whom Cobb confessed "put my head damn well around my shoulders a dozen times." The glib-talking Cobb's record is now 17-0-0, with 16 knockouts — not counting his bout with Jon Voight. More will be heard from him — both in the ring and out.

Other bouts on the Joe Louis Arena card:

In a lightweight battle, two-time Olympian Davey Lee Armstrong, 36, now fighting out of Detroit's Kronk Gym, kayoed Miguel Flores, 143, at 1:43 of the first round of a scheduled six. A solid left hook by Davey did the job. He's now 3-0.

Danny "Mad Dog" Paul of Detroit, 144, won a unanimous but hard fought 10-round decision over Jose Palacios, former welterweight champion of Mexico. Palacios has beaten Armando Muniz, and fought Carlos Palomino for the world's welterweight title in 1977. Emanuel Steward, after a long night of victories, could still be seen working hard in Paul's corner, in this last fight on the Hearns-Cuevas card.

The attendance was estimated at 11,500.

ALLEN ROSENFELD

PRYOR-CERVANTES
World Junior Welterweight Title

CINCINNATI, OHIO — When the two fighters stepped into the ring you could almost tell that this would be the "Great Warrior" Antonio Cervantes' last fight.

Aaron Pryor stood rigid, muscles flexed, staring right through his opponent — ready to fight.

Cervantes, on the other hand, sat slumped in his stool, looking tired. His eyes wandered, as if he were wondering where the hell his waitress was.

From the opening bell, Pryor, 24, had no mercy for the aging Cervantes. Pryor rushed across the ring — arms and fists flailing away.

The ring-wise Cervantes was now in a state of confusion, not really knowing where the punches were coming from. Midway through the round, the champion finally regained his composure and started to counter with some crisp combinations — slipping Pryor's punches and landing some of his own. A short right hand counter sent a slightly off-balance challenger to the canvas on one knee.

Pryor, 138¼, was up at the count of one, but finished the round a bit more cautiously. All three officials gave the round to Cervantes.

It had been speculated that if the fight went the distance, Pryor would be in serious trouble, and he probably would have because two of the three official scorers were from Latin America. This was the main concern of Pryor's manager,

Buddy LaRosa, who felt that Aaron would be shortchanged if the fight went to a decision. LaRosa, between rounds, told Pryor "Go get that old man".

The second round had "Kid Pambele" Cervantes, 34 by his own admission, 38 by "official" records and going on 50 by some estimates, looking tired and seemingly fighting for survival against the stronger youngster.

Pryor, unawed by the knockdown, began pounding away with both fists while keeping the champion pinned against the ropes. Then, a slashing left hook opened an inch-wide gash over Cervantes' right eye.

Although Cervantes, 139½, continued to punch, it was obvious he was having problems seeing with the blood flowing directly into the eye. He somehow managed to last the round.

In the third session, Pryor again rushed the soon-to-be former champion, battering him against the ropes — which, incidentally, was just the way Cervantes trained for the fight.

Between rounds Cervantes again slumped in his corner — this time looking like a beaten man — while Pryor's impatience to "get it on" grew stronger.

The end came suddenly, but not surprisingly, at 1:47 of round four. Cervantes was forced into his own corner and while his manager and trainer watched in dismay, Pryor attacked the weary champion. Pryor went to the body and then came upstairs with a crushing overhand right to Cervantes' jaw.

The South American idol fell to the canvas. While Pryor skipped across the ring to await the count, Cervantes shook his numb arm and tried to raise his limp body. But to no avail, as referee Larry Rozadilla tolled off the end of the fight. And of Cervantes' amazing career.

Tony Tubbs, 213, Cincinnati, Ohio, 2-0 stopped Jerry Hunter, 216, Louisville, Kty., 0-2-1, at 0:57 of the fourth round in a scheduled six.

Mike "Bumble Bee" Blunt, 140½, Dayton, Ohio, 11-2 kayoed Johnny Copeland, 142, Fort Worth, Texas, 32-38 at 2:15 of the third round of their scheduled six rounder.

Jeff McCraken, 160, Idaho, 4-1 finished off J.W. Stewart, 161, 0-1 in the second round of a scheduled six.

Mike Schiebelhood, 194, Akron, Ohio, 9-1 won a unanimous six-round decision over Baker "Bear" Tinsley, 217, Louisville, Kty., 10-13.

Daniel Avery, 126½, Cambridge, Mass., 2-0 won a (disputed) unanimous four-round decision from Benny Silva, 128, Mexico, 2-4.

Attendance — 7,369.

JACK GOODMAN

PEDROZA-KIM
WBA Featherweight Title

SEOUL, KOREA — EUSEBIO Pedroza, Panama, retained his WBA featherweight title by knocking out Sa-Wang Kim, Korea, with a powerful uppercut to the midsection in the eighth round. It was Pedroza's ninth defense.

Kim, 22, had compiled a 13-0 record, scoring 10 kayoes. The WBA had him ranked in its top 10 due to his two-round kayo over Erning Grafe, Philippines, in Seoul last October.

The taller champion seemed content to outjab and outpunch his strong but awkward rival in the early rounds. The challenger attempted to get in close, but he could not get through Pedroza's defense.

The longer the bout went, the more onesided it became. Pedroza battered Kim from all angles, landing punches, seemingly, at will.

The knockout came in round eight, when the champ threw a smashing right to Sa-Wang's solar plexus. The challenger tried to beat the count, but couldn't. It was Pedroza's third defense of 1980.

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

OGUMA-KIM
World Flyweight Title

TOKYO, JAPAN — Veteran southpaw Shoji Oguma, 112, Japan, retained his WBC flyweight title with a split decision over former WBC junior flyweight champion Sung-Jun Kim, also 112, Korea, over 15 gory, hard fought rounds at Kuramae Arena.

This was Oguma's first defense since he won the title with a surprising knockout over formerly unbeaten Chan-Hee Park on May 18. His victory over Kim was a typical split decision — each judge voting for his countryman. Japanese judge Shoji Nakamori had it 147-145, Oguma; Korean judge Ki-Man Kim scored 149-146, Kim; and U.S. referee Paul Field saw it 148-145, Oguma. There were no knockdowns.

Shoji's early lead gave him the win. He took the first round with good one-twos to the body of the nervous Kim. The next three frames were about even, as Oguma moved around his flat footed opponent. Kim, 5'5", is a notoriously slow starter.

The fifth round saw the 5'4" Shoji open up with solid combos to the body; he won that frame by a tight margin. The sixth was even, but the seventh round was all Oguma. His hit-and-run tactics and sudden bombardments to the body had Sung-Jun befuddled. Oguma's best round was the eighth, when he brought Kim to a standstill with a barrage to the face. The Korean tried to fight back, but Oguma made him miss with some good footwork. It was a big round for the champion.

A clash of heads opened up a gash over Oguma's right eyebrow in the ninth round. The bleeding was profuse, and Shoji took to fighting at long range while Kim threw punches at the cut. It was the challenger's round.

The 10th frame went to Shoji by a narrow margin. He counterpunched the oncoming Sung-Jun with straight lefts followed by right hooks to the face. Oguma threw short counters in the next round, but Kim came back in the last seconds to make it close. Sung-Jun turned loose with good body punches in the last minute of the 12th round, forcing Shoji to retreat.

Kim unleashed his specialty — sickle-like right uppercuts to the breadbasket — in the 13th. The Korean kept the pressure on, and Oguma retreated. The champ suffered another cut, this one on the left eyebrow, and his face was reddened.

Oguma went back on the offensive in the 14th round, scoring with left crosses to the face. He had the challenger missing at short range.

The 15th round saw both fighters exhausted. Oguma got inside of his man with body punches, while Kim desperately countered. This last round was even.

"I was tired," said a weary Oguma, "maybe because I was too nervous in this first defense. The blood prevented me from seeing well at times, but I think I won the bout."

The breathless Kim announced that he was hanging up his gloves. "I devoted myself to this final bout, but Oguma was a better fighter. I admit I couldn't defeat him." Kim retires with a 25-8-6 record, including 10 kayoes.

Oguma, whose record is now 34-8-1 with 20 kayoes, made about $40,000 from the fight; Kim got $10,000. Shoji's performance, though, was not nearly as good as the one he turned in against Park. He's scheduled to face Chan-Hee again this fall.

Kenichi Ito, 122, the Japanese Boxing Commission's top ranked junior featherweight, knocked out Sanji Ito, also 122, in 0:56 of the eighth round in the scheduled 10-round semi-final.

Four-rounders: Isamu Machida, 107¼, halted Isao Kimura, also 107¼, at 2:08 of the first round. Yoshio Shishikura, 125¼, stopped Naofumi Masuda, 126, in 0:45 of the first. Eisuke Sato, 121½, demolished Toshiaki Yamasaki, 120¾, in 0:45 of the third round. Yoshito Torikai, 107¼, halted Akihiko Takaezu, 107½, at 1:15 of the second. Isao Takebe, 135, outpointed Hideyuki Kameda, 133¼. Yuji Ota, 107¼, outscored Makoto Arihara, 107½. Masahide Ikehara, 120½, halted Tatsu Ariwara, 121½, at 1:56 of the first round in the first bout of the evening.

Shichiro Kimura's Shin-Nippon Kimura Promotions.

Telecast through Tokyo Channel 12.

Attendance — 11,000.

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

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RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

NORTH AMERICA

UNITED STATES

ALASKA

▲ JUNEAU — Armory — Promoters Dan McClinton and Mike Kelley of the Juneau Boxing Club brought professional boxing to Juneau for the first time ever.

In the main event, scheduled for 10 rounds, the sensational, rapidly rising Jerry "Mack Truck" Reddick, 165, Victoria, B.C., kayoed veteran Mustafa El Amin 169, Oakland, Calif., at 1:15 of the second round. In the fast-paced first round, it was obvious the men had come to fight as they threw punches from bell to bell, The round was about even. In the second, Reddick came out smoking, landing several hard jabs and a straight right hand. He forced Amin to the ropes and unloaded a perfect left hook, lifting Amin off the floor. To everyone's astonishment, Amin somehow got up at the count of nine, but collapsed back into the ropes and sagged to the canvas. Referee Dale Cheek signaled it was all over. Reddick is now 13-0-0, with 13 kayoes and is definitely a fighter to watch.

In the semi, scheduled for six, exciting Solomon Mongoose 150, of Uganda, TKO'd game Vic Lee, 151, Seattle, at 2:31 of the fourth round. The fighters threw punches for three minutes of every round in a real crowd pleaser. Lee shook Solomon with a straight right to the head in the second round, but the tough Ugandan hung on till his head cleared, and came back stronger than ever. Solomon dominated the third, landing to the body and head, with Lee sustaining a bad cut over the left eyebrow. In the fourth, the Ugandan sensed the end, and was all over Lee, sending him to the canvas twice with right hands. The referee wisely stopped the contest.

In the amateur undercard, Mike Howard, 179, and Danny Graves, 155, Juneau, won by forfeit. Rudy Carlos, 145, Juneau outpointed Jim Tibbets 151, Ketchikan, three rounds. Farid Hosni, 178, Juneau decisioned Eugene Bunt 172, Pelican, three. Al Lindstrom, 133, Ketchikan, won a split decision over Rich LaVallie 131, Juneau, in a scorcher for the Southeastern lightweight championship, three. Bill Zamora 145, Ketchikan, decisioned Bill Paulo 147, Juneau, for the Southeastern welterweight title, three.

Over 900 spectators were crammed into the tiny Juneau Armory. They were well satisfied with the card.

MIKE KELLEY

ARIZONA

▲ PHOENIX — A small crowd saw Steve Delgado outpoint veteran Slick Henry Walker of Los Angeles.

Delgado, who now claims Phoenix as his homebase, was trailing on points until the seventh, when he started finding his range. Walker had caught Delgado with overhand rights that had the local favorite hanging on at times until that session.

Slick Henry gave it his best, and was disappointed when Delgado's hand was raised in victory.

Veteran handler Eddie Futch worked Delgado's corner. He's now making Phoenix his headquarters.

Manuel Salazar knocked out Felipe Bourquez, Sonora, in 0:55 of round two in the four-round lightweight opening bout.

Ray Mosher, Phoenix, won unanimous decision over shorter Pete Gutierrez, Chandler, Arizona, featherweights. Mosher was making his pro debut.

John Baca, Phoenix, TKO'd Richard Janssen, Browning, Montana, in the second round of their heavyweight bout. Referee Roger Yanez stepped in at 1:32 of the frame with Janssen battered around the eyes and badly cut under the chin.

Freddy Roach, a Boston transplant, knocked out willing Manuel Martinez, Laredo, Texas, in 2:00 of the third round, featherweights. Roach knocked the Texas fighter down twice in the second round. Eddie Futch worked Freddy's corner. Roach scored the final kayo with a right uppercut.

▲ TUCSON — Sports Arena — Red hot Jose "Pulga" Torres, Tucson, beat stocky Tito Arzate, Phoenix, to a pulp before knocking him out in 2:42 of the eighth round. This was a scheduled 12-rounder for the Arizona State flyweight title.

Torres, who weighed 111, came in with a rep for slugging. Arzate had fought "Pulga" a couple months before, however, and given a good account of himself.

There was little doubt about the outcome once the bell had rung for the first round. Torres was trained to the razor's edge, and scored heavily with left and right hooks that sent the tough Arzate to the canvas at the end of round one.

It was the same over the next few rounds. Arzate tried to bull through Torres' defense, but the Tucson battler beat him back with stiff lefts. Midway in the sixth, Arzate suffered a cut over his right eye, and the fight was halted so the ring physician could take a look at it. Waved back into action, Arzate fought desperately to stay in the fight. In the seventh, after heavy infighting, Torres sustained a gash over his left eyebrow. Again the doctor was called in, this time to look at Torres' cut, which was about an inch long. In the eighth round, "Pulga" knew he had to win it, and, after hitting Tito with a stiff right followed by a left hook, put the game Azarte down for the count at 2:42.

Mario Tenio, 147, Tucson, won by a disqualification over Julio Alfonso, also 147, Dominican Republic, now fighting out of L.A. Referee Bobby Ferrera ruled Alfonso out in the second round.

Karl Hess, 169, TKO'd willing James Williams, 171, Tucson, at 2:04 of the third round. It was Williams' first pro bout.

ROBERT CARSON

CALIFORNIA

▲ REDWOOD CITY — Cruiserweight Bash Ali halted sleepwalking Jim Ingram of San Diego early in the seventh round in what was a very strange bout. Ingram, once a competent fighter, appeared completely out of it, only throwing one or two heartfelt swings through the entire contest.

Ali, well-conditioned and improving with each fight, was able to land one or two or fifteen punches against his hapless foe whenever he so desired. Finally, referee Jack Campbell halted the fight. Ingram could have been disqualified for his monumental lack of effort as early as the first round.

"The referee did the right thing," Ali said in his dressing room. "He was taking a lot of punches, getting his head bounced around his shoulders, and that kind of thing can add up. Maybe now people will give me the recognition I deserve. Maybe now they will see that I can punch."

Originally from Nigeria, Bash Ali was an amateur wrestler before taking up boxing in America. A good athlete, Ali lost his third pro bout to Jim Ingram over six rounds. In his eighth bout he lost a decision to world rated Yaqui Lopez. Ali, 185, is a film student at Cal Berkeley and does his training at Newman's Gym in San Francisco.

Ingram is a mystery. Last year, he stood up against very tough Tommy Evans, losing a very close decision, and, earlier in the year, he lost what most observers called a terrible decision to heavyweight Marty Monroe. But Ingram is more thirsty than hungry. Following the lose to Ali, assistant commission inspector Dave Nelson asked ring physician Dr. Smith Ketchum to examine Ingram. "He looks and talks all OK now," Ketchum said, "but in the first round I saw him gazing at the ceiling . . . just looking aimlessly around."

Ingram, 188, received his purse. Ali, now 9-5, is next set to meet Young Alvaro Lopez in what is supposed to be a cruiserweight elimination tournament.

In a scheduled six-round semi-final, 33-year-old Harold Dutra returned to the ring after an eight-year absence. After three rounds of good action, Dutra unintentionally butted opponent Len Lawson, 206, Oakland, and Lawson was left with a three-inch gash over his left eye. Dutra, 198, Half Moon Bay, was behind on points and Lawson had his hand raised at 0:15 of the fourth round.

Golden Thomas, 141½, Fairfield, flattened Max Cervantes, 142, San Francisco, in the second. Mike Jameson, 210, Cupertino, won a unanimous decision over Lew Lockwood, 196, Carson City, six.

The paid attendance was 684, with a gross of $7,750. The card was promoted by Motherland Productions, a group of Nigerian students-businessmen.

▲ SACRAMENTO — When it was first announced that Jimmy Heair from El Paso, Texas, would meet unbeaten local hero Sal Lopez, many of Lopez's fans were cautious about his chances. After all, Heair had gone 10 rounds against Roberto Duran last year, and has faced Harold Weston, David Green, and Pete Ranzany, among others. And, after just 16 pro bouts, Lopez was really taking a big step up, meeting his first name opponent.

A near capacity crowd of 3,961 turned out at the Memorial Auditorium, the best in two years for this city, to see how young Sal Lopez would do against a fighter who has never been stopped, (except once due to a cut eye) over some 103 previous bouts. Jimmy Heair may have been shop-worn and light-hitting, but he had never been knocked off his feet.

The crowd roared through the first four rounds as Lopez staggered Heair and avoided every one of his swings. At times, Lopez seemed not to follow up on certain advantages, but then he was young and probably tight before such a large house. Heair kept trying, moving in, and, with two minutes gone in the fifth round, Heair moved into a short left hook. It was like being struck by lightning. He was not prepared for it, and it leveled him. But first he dropped his arms, and Sal Lopez, the untested new sensation of fight-happy Sacramento, stepped in and cracked two right hands against Heair's jaw. They were probably unnecessary. The entire crowd arose as one, screaming and curious. For the first time in his 10-year career, Jimmy Heair, who was cut from the same mold as George Chuvalo, and before him, Joe Grim, was finally flattened. The referee counted him out. Ten minutes later, in his bleak dressing room, Jimmy Heair was still out of it.

Sal Lopez was happy, but subdued. "He was tricky, but I found him easier to hit than I expected. I was looking to catch him coming in with a good punch to the face. He never hurt me. I was a little nervous at first, but I knew I would get him. It was the left that did it. He was just slow in going down."

Lopez, a 23-year-old college student, recorded his 15th knockout in 17 fights. After a good amateur career, Lopez joined the pro ranks underneath the Cuevas-Ranzany title match two years ago. At first, he was managed by his father, then he journeyed to Mexico under the tutelage of Lupe Sanchez, the manager of Cuevas. In not too long a time, Sal Lopez grew bored in Mexico City, tired of training without working on his education, and he asked Lupe Sanchez to release him from his contract.

Lopez, who came in at 144 for Heair, feels he can make the junior welterweight limit easily, and, with 37-year-old WBA champion Antonio Cervantes, and 33-year-old WBC champion Saoul Mamby, Lopez may well be the new blood for what is, up and down, an old division.

Two years ago, when Heair went 12 hectic rounds with Pete Ranzany, one wit from San Francisco remarked, "Heair is like a Timex watch. He takes a licking, but he keeps on ticking." Well, the former lightweight contender, whose record slipped to 85-18-1, wasn't ticking after his latest licking. He was in a deep daze. It doesn't seem right for sports reporters to dictate to athletes. It doesn't seem right at all, except on certain occasions. For that rare occasion: Jimmy Heair, quit fighting!

Prelims: Len Lockwood, 194, Reno, won unanimous decision over Jim Restauri, 187, Sacramento, six. Tim Harris, 160, Sacramento, kayoed Antonio Correa, 160, Los Angeles, in the first. Mario Savala, 114, Sacramento, knocked out Mario Cortez, 114, San Francisco, two. Roland Harmon, 125, Sacramento, won unanimous decision over Puma Medina, 127, San Jose, six. Richard Salvala, 127, Sacramento, kayoed Mel Jiminez, 130, San Diego, in the third.

CHRISTOPHER COATS

FLORIDA

▲ MIAMI — Jai-Alai Fronton — Leon McDonald, 172, Fort Lauderdale, stopped Anthony Phillips, 174, Georgia, at 1:55 of the third round. McDonald is now 9-1.

Beaver Longmeir, 149, knocked out Robert Spencer, 147, Orlando, in 2:20 of the second. Longmeir is now 6-0 with four kayoes.

Ralpha Auriemo, 141, won s plit decision over Richie Lodge, 143, four.

Anthony Collins, 132, kayoed Lonnie Lodge, also 132, in 1:52 of the first round.

Ken Lecusta, 201, outpointed Craig Anderson, 200, four.

Blanca Rodriguez, 145, Texas, won a hard fought eight-round decision over Tina O'Riley, 147, Tacoma, Washington, in the first women's bout in Florida in 20 years.

Among those in attendance were Robert Mendoza, Venezuela, WBA president Rodrigo Sanchez, Panama, Oscar Teran, Peru, Mike Mortimer, South Africa, Kya Wang, Korea, Abe Greene, Ruby Goldstein, and Chuck Davey.

▲ FORT LAUDERDALE — Sunrise Musical Theatre — Leon McDonald, 178, Deerfield Beach, knocked out Andy Russell, 189, Miami, in 1:50 of round two with a terrific right hand uppercut. McDonald is scheduled to face Candian light heavyweight champ Gary Summerhays.

Clausel (Beaver) Longmeir, 148, Fort Lauderdale, knocked out Angel Figuoroa, 147, Puerto Rico, in 1:50 of the second round with a right hand to the chin. That bout was scheduled for eight.

Ken Lakusta, 198, kayoed Jimmy Flair, 213, Miami, in 1:15 of the first round of a scheduled six-rounder.

Costello King, 160, Fort Lauderdale, TKO'd Rinaldo Torres, 158, Cuba, at 2:50 of the third round in a scheduled six. Bill Connors, referee.

John Symonette, 159, Fort Lauderdale, outscored A.W. Muhammed, 155, West Palm Beach, six.

Paul Malone, 139, kayoed Leon Williams, also 139, in 2:50 of the second. It was Malone's first pro contest and he came in as a sub.

Steve Whitstone, 108, Miami, TKO'd Garvey Grayton, 115, Miami, at 1:30 of the second. It was Whitstone's first pro contest.

Tigers Boxing Gym.

Attendance — 1,000.

▲ MIAMI BEACH — Auditorium — Promoter Chris Dundee's show featured four Argentine fighters making their U.S. debuts.

Ceferino Morales, 148, Argentine, won an exciting eight-round decision over Fernando Escalera, 154, Puerto Rico. Morales, who now owns a 30-6-1 record, had not fought in two years.

Juan Merlo, 147, Argentina, dropped Puerto Rican Arnoldo Santiago, 142, twice in three rounds before referee Bill Conners halted the action at 2:45 of the third. This was also scheduled for eight.

Jacino Fernandez, 160, Argentina, TKO'd Henry Mitchell, 164, Jacksonville, at 1:50 of the second round in another scheduled eight.

Anthony Collins, 136, Miami, pushed his pro record to 3-0 when Cuba's Emilio Diaz, 140, could not come out for the third. Collins is a four times Golden Gloves champ.

Lazaro Garcia, 168, Cuba, TKO'd Marty Blunt, 164, Ocala, at 1:00 of the first round in a scheduled four.

LeRou Hester, 166, Miami, TKO'd Oscar Florentino, 167, Argentina, at 0:45 of the second in another slated four. It was Hester's first pro contest.

▲ MIAMI — Marine Stadium — Dave Lewin and Marty Goldstein put on a card here in fashionable Key Biscayne.

Hard hitting Clausel "Beaver" Longmeir, 148, Fort Lauderdale, kayoed Larry Spasser, 150, Miami, in the first round of a scheduled eight-rounder. Longmeir is now 8-0.

Jorge Dario De Asa, 147, Mexico, whose only loss in 11 bouts was to Longmeir via kayo, returned to his winning ways with a second round TKO over A.W. Muhammed, Miami, in the scheduled eight-round co-feature.

Ralph Auriemmo, 138, Margate, won a split decision over Saul Guerra, 136, Fort Lauderdale, six, in the best fight of the night.

Amable Baez, Miami, TKO'd Paul Malone, Miami, at 1:36 of the first. Former world welterweight champion Luis Rodriguez was the guest referee for this contest.

David Starkey, 228, Miami, kayoed Woody Starr, 194, Miami, in 2:37 of the third round after flooring him twice.

Steve Whetstone, a classy 108-pounder, scored his third knockout in as many pro outings with an easy triumph over Rafael Duran, 114, Miami, in 1:47 of the opening round.

Tony Formeman, 160, TKO'd Rocky Fabrizzio, 155, at 1:55 of the fourth in a slugfest.

Mike Janus, 165, Fort Myers, made his pro debut, losing a four-round duke to Costello King, also 165, Fort Lauderdale.

Former welterweight contender Vince Martinez and Miami favorite Bobby Dykes were introduced from ringside.

Attendance — 400.

LOUIS ZIPKIN

▲ ORLANDO — Southern middleweight champion Milton "Black Widow" Owens scored the most important win of his career as he turned back the challenge of former North American champion Nick Ortiz at the Hyatt Hotel here.

The 10-round affair, which ended with Owens winning the nod from all three judges, was not the cleanest of contests, to say the least. Aside from the usual elbows, head butts, low (and other illegal) blows, there was also an added dimension — biting, which has become somewhat of an Ortiz trademark.

Ortiz had lost his North American title eight months earlier when he was disqualified for biting his opponent (Steve Delgado) on the neck. That incident was much publicized the week before his bout with Owens, leading the latter to promise, "If he bites me, I'll bite him back."

For the first six rounds, neither battler ventured to show his teeth. In the seventh, Ortiz pulled back from a clinch to show his right arm, complete with teeth marks. Owens boldly admitted the marks were his, but claimed that Ortiz bit him first. Regardless, Owens went on to cop the verdict by scores of 97-93, 98-91, and 98-95, pushing his record to 30-1, the only loss coming at the hands of current world champion Ayub Kalule.

Owens, riding the wave of a thus successful comeback, has developed into more of a solid puncher under trainer Jimmy Williams of the Church Street Gym, giving the lanky southpaw a better balanced mode of attack. Along with his superb defensive skills, he can now apply offensive pressure as well, thus making up for an entity he sorely lacked for quite some time.

Ortiz whose record dropped to 17-7, was still not impressed with Owens, labeling him nothing better than "a cheap and dirty streetfighter" before departing for Puerto Rico.

Of the four scheduled preliminaries, two were canceled just prior to the show, which went along as scheduled with the consent of the fans. In the two preliminaries that did occur, Archie Crews of Orlando scored a victory over St. Petersburg middleweight Bob Franchino, and Jacksonville middleweight Ronnie Wilcox scored a first round stoppage over Sandy Jeffries.

Jeffries had to undergo surgery in his native St. Petersburg four days following the bout for removal of a blood clot on his brain. The 35-year old veteran, who was attempting a comeback after a seven-year lay-off, was listed in serious but stable condition following the operation.

GEORGE CURCIO

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

▲ HILO, HAWAII — Hilo Civic Auditorium — History repeated itself as sensational Filipino Noel Arriesgado, 124½, Honolulu, once again scored a split decision over a very scrappy cut-up Abdul Bey, 125, Los Angeles, in the featured 10-round stellar presentation of a Kunwashi Boxing Enterprises card.

Arriesgado, a very crafty mechanic who is always in excellent shape, used lightning combinations in upping his record to 26-3. It was Bey's fourth loss in his last 11 starts.

In a very lively seventh round, after taking more than a solid minute of pounding, Bey finally broke off the ropes and became a brief aggressor, scoring some of the best shots of the evening.

The slim margin of victory was very popular with a crowd of 950 watching the first pro boxing in several months at Hilo. Few promoters ventured to take a chance, but refreshing young Kuwashi, who is continuing looking for new challenges, was determined to give it a shot.

Bey appeared stunned by the outcome. It was similiar to the one he lost at Blaisdell Center Arena June 17th. Bey, who used to reside in Hawaii, thrust his hands in disgust toward the ring after the ringside announcer rendered the verdict.

The fans appeared shocked too. One judge gave Bey a 49-46 edge over Arriesgado, the other judge had Arriesgado on top 49-45, and referee Tokumo "Moky" Hanagami decided the issue with a 47-45 nod to the Filipino.

In the eight-round semi-main, rugged Noli Galicha, 147, Honolulu, TKO'd ex-marine Young Kennedy 146, Honolulu, at 1:39 of the second round and halted Kennedy's comeback bid. Two smashing right hands to the jaw poleaxed Kennedy and exited him for the evening.

In preliminary bouts, Jale Fotu, 135, Fiji, scored a unanimous decision over Ful Sumagaysay, 135½, Honolulu, six. Siaosi Poto, 133, Western Samoa, TKO'd Dave Taamale, 134, Western Samoa, at 2:12 of the second stanza with a tremendous left hook right on the button. Papa Fata, 174, Western Samoa registered a third round TKO over Hills Tele, 177, American Samoa, when Tele failed to come out for the fourth heat. Moses Meheula, 153¼, a Farrington High product, won a split decision over Tom Silva, 154, American Samoa.

It was a fine beginning for Kuwashi Enterprises in Hilo as the fans enjoyed themselves immensely.

JOEL LIPSITT

ILLINOIS

▲ CHICAGO — Johnny Lira conquered his own ring rustiness and the clever boxing of Pedro Acosta to win a unanimous 10-round decision and take the first step back into title contention.

Lira whipped Acosta in a bloody battle that headlined one of Chicago's monthly boxing cards, promoted by Ernie Terrell and Top Rank, and televised nationally on ESPN's cable network.

Fighting for the first time in 10 months, Lira (17-1-1) ran into a clever counterpuncher in Acosta (16-7). Acosta took advantage of Lira's long ring lay-off in the early rounds and counterpunched well, once rocking Lira with a right hand.

The nature of the fight changed in the sixth, when a deep cut opened over Acosta's left eye. The cut poured blood all over Acosta, Lira, and the referee over the last five rounds. Twice the ring doctor checked the cut, but the fight went on.

Television replays showed that the cut was caused by an accidental butt from Lira. After the fight, which was also marked by some low blows, Lira said of the cut, "It was an accidental clashing of heads, and as far as the cut — better him than me."

Lira became the aggressor after the cut and won all of the last five rounds to win the decision going away. "I wasn't as sharp as I wanted to be," Lira said, "but I wasn't as rusty as I thought I would be, either. Acosta is a tough fighter."

Lira, whose last fight before this was a brutal title bout with then lightweight champion Eresto Espana, is hoping to work his way into a title bout again. Top Rank officials indicated that two more good performances by Lira might earn him that title shot, with Lira's hometown of Chicago as a possible site for the bout.

Another Chicago fighter, welterweight Jose Santana, was a late arrival to the arena for his ESPN Cable tourney bout, but when he got there, he made sure that his opponent made an early departure.

Santana, who reportedly was ill with a virus, took only 19 seconds of the first round to dispatch Larry Rushin, of Louisville. Santana came right out firing, and hit Rushin with a devastating left hook only seconds after the bell. Rushin went down and didn't get up for several minutes. "I never saw what hit me," Rushin said.

Santana had come to the arena 40 minutes late for his bout and caused the promoters to reshuffle the order of fights. Santana considered cancelling out of the fight the day before and his tardy appearance apparently was due to his illness. Larry Rushin may be wondering how hard Santana can hit when he's healthy.

Another Chicago favorite, heavyweight George Mostardini, hammered out a victory over Max (Bear) Smith, knocking Smith out at 1:05 of the third round.

Mostardini used a vicious body attack followed by a bludgeoning left hook to put Smith away and up his record to 18-2. Mostardini, anxious to fight a contending heavyweight, was also anxious to impress Top Rank officials and the national ESPN audience. "I didn't do very well in the first round because I was nervous, but I realized then he couldn't hurt me," Mostardini said. "Once I got to the body in the second round I figured the most he would last would be six rounds."

A crowd of 1,800 watched the fight live, with ESPN carrying the fight nationally.

AL BERNSTEIN

LOUISIANA

▲ BATON ROUGE — Centroplex — Michael Spinks, St. Louis, TKO'd David Conteh, England, in the ninth round of a scheduled 10-rounder. Spinks thus raised his pro log to 13-0.

Spinks knocked Conteh down with a left-right-left combo in the ninth. Dave got to his feet, but Mike hit him at will, and the referee stopped the contest.

Sugar Ray Seales, Tacoma, won unanimous decision over Jamie Thomas, Cincinnati, 10. Seales is now 55-6-4.

NEBRASKA

▲ OMAHA — Civic Auditorium — Sean O'Grady, 133, Oklahoma City, retained his USBA lightweight title with a majority decision over Gonzallo Montellano, 134, Rosita, California, in a nationally televised 12-rounder.

Montellano was anticipated to be O'Grady's stiffest test since Danny Lopez, and he proved to be just that. Taking an early lead, the Latin slugger was hindered by a cut eye in the third round, but continued to pour on the coals. Sean was forced to call on everything he had to eke out the points win after a grueling see-saw battle filled with violent exchanges.

Sean's vaunted kayo power was never in evidence, despite his landing of frequent piledrivers on Gonzallo's jaw at point blank range on occasion. Sean was often backed up by some vicious rallies.

Referee Gene Buzzello scored the bout a draw, but judges George Trupp and Dick Nolan gave it to O'Grady, 117-115 and 116-115, respectively.

O'Grady is now 71-1. Montellano is 27-1-1.

Veteran Ron Stander, 230, Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Otis Hardy, 200, Little Rock, Arkansas, drew, 10. Stander spent most of the fight chasing Hardy, who showed flashes of skill but seemed more concerned with saving his hide than winning. A three-way split in scoring resulted in the draw decision.

Classy, up-and-coming Lupe Guerra, 200, Council Bluffs, pushed his record to 15-1 with a unanimous decision over Jim Flynn, 219, Chicago, eight. Guerra was not in peak form, but he won handily. Lupe has the tools to make the big time, but some wonder if he has the dedication.

Frank Newton, 132, Oklahoma City, TKO'd Benny Marquez, also 132, Puerto Rico, in five.

Pat Duran, 132, Wichita Falls, Texas, stopped Ray Menefee, also 132, Lincoln, Nebraska, in three.

Attendance – 2,221

ROBERT J. RUIZ

NEVADA

▲ LAS VEGAS — Greg Stevens, 146, Los Angeles, pounded his way to the NABF welterweight championship — with a stunning KO over opponent Bruce Curry, 147, Dallas, Texas.

The knockout came at 45 seconds of the 11th round at Tony Trudnich's Aladdin Hotel Fight Night.

Ironically, it was the defeated Curry who was in command for the first six rounds. The Texan was constantly on the move . . . dealing his jabs nearly at will.

But Curry was noticeably tired by the seventh round, and Stevens took control. Curry could not cope with his opponent's jarring punches, and his attempts to trade punches with the stronger Stevens sapped his strength completely.

Curry barely survived the 10th round, as he staggered out of Steven's reach at the sound of the bell.

Seconds into the 11th, Stevens sent Curry to the canvas with a vicious right-left combination. Curry managed to get to his feet by the count of nine, but Stevens moved in again with a three-punch combo that put Curry down for the final count. It took several minutes for Curry's manager, Jesse Reid, and his corner men to revive him.

It was an impressive win for Stevens and his manager, Bill Slayton, former trainer of Ken Norton. After the bout, Stevens and Slayton explained their winning strategy, saying: "He kept looking for my right, and that made it easy for me to keep hitting him with my left."

Referee for the NABF title bout was Richard Green.

In a 12-round bout for the Nevada State super bantamweight title, Javier Flores, 121½, took a hard-fought unanimous decision over Jose Resendiz, 122 The fighters traded furious punches throughout the bout, with Flores cleverly countering his southpaw opponent's constant left crosses.

All three judges scored the fight 115-113 in favor of Flores. Referee was Carlos Padilla.

In a scheduled 10-round elimination bout for the Nevada State lightweight championship, Jorge "Kid Dynamite" Morales, 138½, stopped Jose Osuna, 138¾, at 2:20 of the 7th round.

It was Morales' fight all the way; and the hapless Osuna was hanging on the ropes after a Morales straight right when referee Carlos Padilla stopped the bout.

An eight-round walkout bout of cruiserweights saw Rahim Muhammad, 192, take a unanimous decision over a sluggish Jimmy Ingram, 189½. Ingram's only action of the bout came in the final seconds of the eighth round, when he attempted to pull out the bout.

The scoring read: Hall Miller, 80-72; Charles Minker, 79-73; Harold Buck 80-72; all for Muhammad. Referee was Richard Green.

Attendance — 1,036.

Gate — $10,860.

▲ LAS VEGAS — Horace Shufford, 146½, Las Vegas, couldn't find his famous knockout punch against Agapito Ramirez, 145½, El Monte, Calif.

But Shufford was effective enough to win a unanimous decision over his California opponent in their 10-round main event bout at the Silver Slipper Strip Fight of the Week.

Shufford punched and danced effectively through the first four rounds; then went flat-footed in the middle rounds — a strategy which allowed Ramirez to land his own jabs. However, Ramirez missed many of his intended shots, and thereby missed his chance for the decision. Shufford emerged with a wide-margin decision which read: Lou Tabat, 99-91; Dalby Shirley, 98-92; Art Lurie, 99-91. Referee: Harry Krause.

The three preliminary bouts on the card all ended in early knockouts.

Pablo Gomez, 143, TKO'd Pedro Tarango, 145, in 2:28 of the third round of their scheduled six-rounder.

A Gomez left hook floored Tarange early in the second round, but the fighter was up by the count of seven and survived another left hook and a series of combinations.

Gomez unleashed another powerful left in the third round to put Tarango back on the canvas, trapped along the ropes. Referee Ferd Hernandez stopped the slaughter.

The pro debut of Richi Gonzalez, 148, of New Orleans, turned into a nightmare, as he was turned into a punching bag for opponent Ramon Sanchez, 146½. Sanchez sent Gonzalez to the canvas at 2:30 of the second round, when the fight was stopped by referee Ferd Hernandez.

The scheduled four-round card opener was brief and bloody, as Luis Sandoval, 131, kayoed Mike Barry, 131, at 1:46 of the second round. It was the pro debut for Barry, who suffered a severe bloody nose in the first round and was totally unable to cope with his more experienced opponent. Referee: Harry Krause.

Attendance — 383

Gate — $2,782.

▲ LAS VEGAS — Victor "Kid Zorrita" Martinez, 146½, made short work of his opponent, Manny Lopez, 146, in the scheduled 10-round main event at the Silver Slipper Strip Fight of the Week.

Lopez was listless and lagging from the opening bell. And Kid Zorrita took advantage of his opponent's lack of energy, and scored a knockout at 47 seconds of the fourth round.

Zorrita worked constantly to his opponent's body and sent him to the canvas with a left-right combination at the beginning of the fourth round. This was followed by a left hook that sent Lopez to the canvas for the final K.O. Referee: Ferd Hernandez.

A scheduled eight-round prelim ended at 1:52 of the second round, as Ricardo Jiminez, 132, halted Julio Mendez, 131, with a steady flow of left-right combinations.

Mendez appeared the stronger fighter in the opening round, but by the end of the frame, and into the second, Jiminez who was landing the damaging punches. Referee Carlos Padilla stopped the bout to spare Mendez further punishment.

Daniel Cruz,130, Los Angeles, landed a lethal overhand right and sent his opponent, Francisco Monzon, 135, of Phoenix, to a quick K.O. at 1:05 of the first round in a scheduled six-rounder. Referee: Carlos Padilla.

The card opener saw Louie Daniels, 143, of Las Vegas, take a unanimous decision over Tabo Romero, 145, of Tucson, Arizona. The action was minimal throughout the six rounds, but the judges scored a near shutout for Daniels.

Judge Dave Moretti, 60-54; Judge Hal Miller, 59-55; Judge Harold Buck, 60-54. Referee: Ferd Hernandez.

Attendance — 441

Gate — $3,183.72.

▲ LAS VEGAS — Refujio Rojas, 130½, barely escaped a first round knockdown and then came back to kayo his opponent, Leon Smith, 130, at 2:09 of the second round.

Their scheduled 10-round bout was the main event at the Silver Slipper's Strip Fight of the Week.

Smith connected with an overhand right that sent Rojas halfway to the canvas early in the first. But the crafty Californian caught himself by putting his gloves to the canvas, and, later in the round, sent his opponent to the same canvas with a low left hook to the body.

And . . . in the second round, Rojas used the same left hook, plus a left uppercut combination to send Smith to the final K.O. Referee: Joe Curtis.

In a companion main event, also scheduled for 10, Candy Iglesias, 111, scored a six-round TKO over Augustine Sanchez, 109½. Iglesias was so powerful in the fifth and sixth rounds that Sanchez was unable to answer the bell for the seventh. Referee: Richard Green.

In the only fight to go the distance on the card, Daniel Cruz, 129, took a majority decision over Roberto Correa, 127. The bout was Correa's pro debut, and his inexperience no doubt cost him the decision. Scoring read: Judge Duane Ford, a draw at 57-57; Judge Dave Moretti, 58-57, Cruz; and Judge Dalby Shirley, 60-54, Cruz. Referee: Richard Green.

In the card opener, scheduled for four, Juan Dominguez, 131, scored a TKO over Greg Williams, 130, at 1:10 of the third round. Williams was unable to cope with his more aggressive opponent, and was in deep trouble from the opening bell. When he hit the canvas in the first minute of the third round, the bout was stopped by referee Joe Curtis.

Attendance — 227.

Gate — $2,341.

▲ LAS VEGAS — Johnny "Baby Dancing Machine" Carter, 118½, danced and slugged his way to a 17-0 record with a TKO over Augo Partita, 120, of Mexico City.

The talented bantamweight displayed his power house punches and lethal combinations in one of his greatest performances. His hapless opponent was bleeding so badly from the mouth and nose that he was unable to answer the bell for the eighth round. Referee Richard Green stopped the fight, officially at the end of the seventh.

Their bout was the main event, scheduled for 10 rounds, at the Silver Slipper Strip Fight of the Week.

A scheduled 10-round preliminary ended at 54 seconds of the fourth round, as Pablo Gomez, 140, TKO's Louis Daniels, 142. Gomez had Daniels down once in the third round and twice in the fourth before the bout was stopped by referee Buddy Basilico.

The six-round card opener featured female fighters, with Grace Casillas, 127, taking a close unanimous decision over Anna Pascal, 130½, of the Virgin Islands.

Pascal used her weight advantage to muscle her way through the first round. However, Casillas managed to keep her opponent at bay and land her own effective jabs for the rest of the rounds.

The scoring read: Judge Bob Martin, 58-56; Judge Dave Moretti, 58-57; Judge Art Lurie, 58-57. Referee: Buddy Basilico.

Attendance — 435.

Gate — $3,048.

▲ LAS VEGAS — Top Rank presented another of its elimination tournaments at Caesars Palace Sports Pavilion with a six-bout card, promoted locally by Mel Greb. The bouts, which take place each month, are telecast by the ESPN Network.

In Bout #1, Lee Burkey, 175, scored a TKO over Karl Hess, 172, at 2:34 of the fourth round of a scheduled six-rounder. Hess suffered a severe cut under his left eye in the second round, and the profuse bleeding impaired his vision so badly that referee Harry Krause stopped the bout.

In bout #2, for the Western Regional lightweight championship, Blaine Dickson, 134, took a unanimous 10-round decision over Roberto Garcia, 134½. Garcia was down twice in the 10th round, and the judging, all for Dickson, read: Judge Lou Tabat: 99-90; Dalby Shirley, 97-92; Charles Minker, 100-89. Referee: Harry Krause.

In Bout #3, for the Inter-Regional middleweight championship, Randy McGrady, 158, scored a TKO over Guy Kennedy, 160, at 2:38 of the fourth round. McGrady had his opponent nearly through the ropes, and inflicted such severe pounding while Kennedy was pinned to the corner that referee Richard Green stopped the bout.

In Bout #4, Marcus Castro, 146½, won a six-round unanimous decision over William Watson, 147½. The bout provided little action, but Castro was the overwhelming victor. The cards of all three judges read 59-55. Referee: Buddy Basilico.

In Bout #5, Darryl Stovall, 135, took a unanimous decision over Eleo Hernandez, 130½. Here again, all three judges' cards read the same: 40-36 for Stovall. Referee: Buddy Basilico.

In Bout #6, Pat Jefferson, 142, scored a quick TKO over Poncho Monzon, 141. Jefferson had Monzon down within seconds of the opening bell and was about to score a second knockdown when referee Buddy Basilico stopped the bout at 1:49 of the first round.

Announcing the bouts at ringside was former heavyweight contender Duane Bobick.

SHIRLEY NORMAN

NEW JERSEY

▲ ATLANTIC CITY — Mike Rossman finally returned to the ring following a 10-month absence, and a few false starts, to score a workman-like 10-round decision over very ordinary Don Addison at Resorts International Superstar Theatre.

The former WBA light heavyweight champion's comeback was somewhat short of sensational, considering the calibre of opposition. Addison, who claims the dubious distinction of being the New England champ, is really no more than an honest club fighter. Rossman's effort can be measured by the fact that Addison has been stopped by both Jerry Martin and Murray Sutherland — a feat that Mike never even came close to duplicating.

Never-the-less, a win is a win and the "Jewish Bomber" had gone since December of 1978 without tasting victory. On that date, he defended his newly won crown against Aldo Traversaro, only to lose the belt back to Victor Galindez in his next bout. Then came the disasterous defeat at the hands of Ramon Ronquillo that plunged Mike close to retirement.

"I've always fought a little better when something is on the line," said Rossman. "I guess my career was on the line today. I was gonna quit if I had lost. I kept thinking, 'If this guy beats me, his next shot is for a lot of money, and mine is to find a job.' "

Rossman was never in danger of losing, but he didn't look that sharp, either. His moves had a cumbersome appearance about them and his punches seemed to lack some of their old snap. The Rossman who stopped Galindez in New Orleans could have rolled over Addison in quick order. Maybe Mike's long, troublesome layoff had a lot to do with it.

During his lengthy hiatus, Rossman went through an emotional adjustment period. He severed the professional relationship with his father-manager, Jimmy DiPiano, and bailed out of a scheduled rematch with Ronquillo due to a serious case of contractual flu. He hopes that things are, once more, falling into place.

"I just hope I can keep my head together. Sometimes it's easier to keep your head together when your coming off a win."

No one could argue with that, and win is exactly what Addison provided.

Rossman, 175½, planted enough jabs and overhand rights on Don's puss to carry most rounds by a comfortable margin. He staggered Addison in the seventh with a right-left hook combo, but never put him down.

Both were tired by the eighth and Addison, 173, surprised by several left hooks in the 10th that snapped Rossman's head back. It was way too late, and the votes of 8-2, 8-1-1, and 6-2-2 were all, rightfully, in favor of Mike.

Rossman, 24, is still young, but he will have to improve on his current form if he is to battle back into the title picture in this talent-rich division.

The class of the show was bantamweight contender Jeff Chandler, who enjoyed a brisk workout at the expense of mismatched Gilberto Villacana. Joltin' Jeff forced poor Gilberto to quit in his corner after four rounds of abuse at the wrong end of Chandler's slashing fists. The match had been optimistically scheduled for 10.

The Philly flash completely outclassed Villacana, who proved little more than a moving target. A profusion of lefts and rights puffed and bloodied the Mexican's face and the timely retirement was the best for all concerned.

Chandler, a pound and three quarters lighter at 117, upped his pro record to 22-0-1, with 10 kayoes. He is ready for anyone and knows it.

"I was in great shape, now I want the champion," said Jeff. "I'll take my clothes back off and fight him today.

In a big upset, Skipper Jones scored a 10-round split decision over Richie "The Bandit" Bennett in a middleweight clash.

Bennett, with a glossy record of 22-2-2 (17 stoppages), was coming off a points win over Bennie Briscoe and was favored to use Jones as a heavy bag. Skipper upset the apple cart and boxed circles around the Darby Bandit. Jones fights out of Vineland, New Jersey.

Jones, 160½, employed a switch-hitting style that kept the wooden Bennett off stride and missing. Only in the third round did Bennett connect with his powerful right. The rest of the way it was Jones in charge, peppering Bennett, 164, at will.

The best fight of the afternoon was a fierce 10-round draw between Upper Darby's Mike Picciotti and Memphis' Michael Herron.

Picciotti, 149½, and Herron, 150½, took turns beating the tar out of each other. There was little science, but plenty of toe-to-toe exchanges. The fans ate it up, and the stalemate verdict was popular, despite a late rally by Picciotti that seemed to earn him a slight edge.

Kevin Renshaw, 139½, Gloucester, N.J., opened the show with a scrappy four-round decision over Greg Cook, 145, Brigatine, N.J., and Dennis Rivers, 213½, Pleasantville, N.J. closed it with a four-round split nod over Philly's Benji Smith, 211.

Referee John Fitzpatric worked Rossman-Addison, Herron-Piciotti and Renshaw-Cook. Milo Savage refereed Jones-Bennett, Chandler-Villacana, and Rivers-Smith. Bill Carozza and Richard Murray judged all six bouts.

The card, put together for Resorts by Rus Peltz, drew about 1,500 customers into the 1,700 seat room for a rare non-televised promotion.

NIGEL COLLINS

▲ TOTOWA — Ice World — Curtis Harris advanced to the lightweight semi-finals of the ESPN tournament with a fifth round technical knockout over previously unbeaten New Yorker Martin Parham.

Parham, a 1979 New York Golden Gloves champion, came into the scheduled 10-rounder with a 7-0 (or e knockout) record. Harris, 139½, Paterson, N.J., a former National Golden Gloves champion, brought a 7-1 record (four kayoes) into the fight. Both had fought on June 19 in the same ring — though vs. different opponents — and both had won by decision.

From the opening bell, Harris pressured his southpaw opponent. His fight plan was to force Parham, 136, to stand and punch with him.

Almost midway into round one, the two men's heads collided, and Harris emerged with a slice over his left eye. Later into the round, their heads collided again, this time with Parham suffering the cut — along the side of his right eye.

When they weren't exchanging butts in round one, they were exchanging punches, setting the pace for their exciting fight. Late in the round, Parham slipped after pulling away from a left, but referee Sammy Sanchez called it a knockdown.

Rounds two and three saw Harris putting tremendous pressure on Parham, always looking to counter the New Yorker's right jabs with left hooks to the body. He was successful, as his brawling tactics forced Parham out of his stick-and-move style.

By the end of round three, it was obvious that Harrris was too strong for Parham, who gamely fought back. Harris poured on the pressure in rounds four and five, staying as close to Parham as he could. With seconds to go in round five, Harris landed a hard, straight right to the chin. Parham dropped on the seat of his pants, but quickly arose, though on unsteady legs. The partisan Harris crowd was screaming. Ref Sanchez did not hear the bell ending round five. When he finished giving the mandatory eight-count, he looked in Parham's glazed eyes. He saw his condition. He stopped the fight. Had he known the round was over, he surely would have given Parham at least the one-minute interval to shake the haze from his head. The fight goes into the books as a fifth round technical knockout.

In the co-featured 10-rounder, Tony Mesoraca, 174, Turnersville, N.J., stopped Dave Bird, 174¾, Wharton, N.J., in the eighth round. It had been a sloppy fight all the way, with both participants looking like sub-novice Golden Glovers. Exhaustion got to Bird as much as did Mesoraca, and in that eighth round, Bird dropped on his knees, looking eyeball to eyeball with the referee, as he was counted out. Bird, now 8-2-1 (four knockouts) was taken to a nearby hospital because of dehydration. Mesoraca, 8-1 (six knockouts), won the ESPN regional belt, along with a handsome belt from Sasson Jeans, Inc.

Bob Patterson, 163, Paterson, dropped Ben Serrano, 161½, Warminster, Pa., in the sixth round, then went on to win a unanimous eight-round decision against him. Serrano's problem is that he made it a dull fight by waiting...and waiting.

Undefeated local hero Bobby Czyz made it five in a row (four kayoes) with a fifth round technical knockout over Bruce "The Mouse" Strauss, boxing's answer to professional wrestling.

For Strauss, who fought 28 times in 1979 and had already laced on the gloves 12 times previously in 1980, the water must have been to his liking. You see, he made five plunges before the referee stopped the fight (fight?!) at 1:56 of round four.

Strauss had been down once in the first, once in the second, twice in the third (after which he sat in Czyz's corner), and once in the fourth.

Based on Olympic scoring, I gave Strauss a 10.0 on one of the dives, a 9.5 on three others, and a 7.0 on another dive, as his feet did not enter "the water" vertically as he plunged in.

Unfortunately for Strauss, who did quite a job of antagonizing the fans with his facial expressions and gestures, members of the New Jersey State Athletic Commission gave him straight zeroes on his dives — even the backwards 2½ gainer he performed in round one — and revoked his license permanently in New Jersey.

Afterwards, the very active Strauss, who still has 49 states, Canada, Mexico, Europe and the rest of the world to fight...perform...in, said to me: "After my next fight, I'll call you with the result."

Said I: "Speak to you tomorrow, Bruce!"

In the three four-rounders, Diego Rosario, ll9, Paterson, stopped Newark's Don Nisivoccia, 115, in round four; debuting southpaw Robert "Boo Boo" Sauer, 147, Washinton, D.C., stopped Newark's Hubert Jackson, 146, in 1:26 of the first round; and, in the show opener, Belleville's Rick Hamlisch, 163¾, and Newark's Hank Douglas, 162, fought to a draw.

Matchmaker and promoter-Dan Duva and Main Events.

Attendance-2,300.

RANDY GORDON

UNITED STATES RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion: Title Vacant
1. Gerry Cooney (N.Y.)
2. Michael Dokes (Ohio)
3. Leon Spinks (Mo.)
4. Leroy Jones (Colo.)
5. John Tate (Tenn.)
6. Greg Page (Ky.)
7. George Chaplin (Md.)
8. Scott LeDoux (Minn.)
9. Pinklon Thomas (Mich.)
10. Stan Ward (Calif.)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion: Title Vacant
1. Ray Leonard (Md.)
2. Wilfred Benitez (P.R.)
3. Pete Ranzany (Calif.)
4. Randy Shields (Calif.)
5. Adolfo Viruet (N.J.)
6. Luis Resto (N.Y.)
7. Greg Stephens (Calif.)
8. Clint Jackson (Tenn.)
9. Manuel Jiminez (P.R.)
10. Johnny Turner (N.Y.)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion: Ruben Castillo (Calif.)
1. Rocky Lockridge (N.J.)
2. Danny Lopez (Calif.)
3. Alberto Collazo (Pa.)
4. Gerald Hayes (N.J.)
5. Juan LaPorte (N.Y.)
6. Jose Caba (Calif.)
7. Abdul Bey (Hawaii)
8. Warren Matthews (La.)
9. Rocky Garcia (Calif.)
10. Fel Clemente (Calif.)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion: Jerry Martin (Pa.)
1. James Scott (N.J.)
2. Yaqui Lopez (Calif.)
3. Marvin Johnson (Ind.)
4. Marvin Camel (Mont.)
5. Michael Spinks (Mo.)
6. Carlos DeLeon (P.R.)
7. Mike Rossman (N.J.)
8. Jesse Burnett (Calif.)
9. Pablo Ramos (Ohio)
10. Eddie Davis (N.Y)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion: Willie Rodriguez (Pa.)
1. Esteban DeJesus (P.R.)
2. Monroe Brooks (Calif.)
3. Bruce Curry (Texas)
4. Domingo Ayala (P.R.)
5. Sal Lopez (Calif.)
6. Ruby Ortiz (N.Y.)
7. Sean Mannion (Mass.)
8. Sammy Ayala (Texas)
9. Larry Stanton (N.Y.)
10. Leroy Haley (Nev.)

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion: Mike Ayala (Texas)
1. Nicky Perez (Ariz.)
2. Derrik Holmes (Md.)
3. Frankie Duarte (Calif.)
4. Jaime Garza (Texas)
5. Carmelo Negron (N.Y.)
6. Javier Flores (Utah)
7. Earl Large (Ariz.)
8. Cookie Valencia (Utah)
9. Alfonso Evans (Pa.)
10. Melvin Johnson (Calif.)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion: Marvin Hagler (Mass.)
1. Vito Antuofermo (N.Y.)
2. Curtis Parker (Pa.)
3. Dwight Davison (Mich.)
4. Wilford Scypion (Texas)
5. Sammy NeSmith (Ind.)
6. Ronnie Harris (Ohio)
7. Ernie Singletary (Pa.)
8. Ray Seales (Wash.)
9. Vinnie Curto (Mass.)
10. Frank Fletcher (Pa.)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion: Howard Davis, Jr. (N.Y.)
1. Edwin Viruet (P.R.)
2. Sean O'Grady (Okla.)
3. Johnny Lira (Ill.)
4. Herman Montes (Calif.)
5. Jorge Morales (P.R.)
6. Andy Ganigan (Hawaii)
7. Gonzallo Montellano (Calif.)
8. Ray Mancini (Ohio)
9. Reynaldo Zaragoza (Calif.)
10. John Verderosa N.Y.)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion: Jeff Chandler (Pa.)
1. Alberto Davila (Calif.)
2. Johnny Carter (Pa.)
3. Oscar Muniz (Calif.)
4. Julian Solis (P.R.)
5. Andres Hernandez (P.R.)
6. Mario Chavez (Calif.)
7. Ricardo Varela (Calif.)
8. Fred Jackson (Tenn.)
9. David Capo (N.Y.)
10. Luis Rosario (P.R.)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion: Steve Delgado (Nev.)
1. Tony Chiaverini (Mo.)
2. Jerry Cheatham (Ariz.)
3. Nino Gonzalez (N.J.)
4. Roger Leonard (Md.)
5. Tyrone Rackley (Ariz.)
6. Zeferino Gonzalez (Calif.)
7. Milton Owen (Fla.)
8. Nick Ortiz (P.R.)
9. Rocky Mosley, Jr. (Nev.)
10. Babs McCarthy (Calif.)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion: Title Vacant
1. Frankie Baltazar (Calif.)
2. Bobby Chacon (Calif.)
3. Roberto Elizondo (Texas)
4. Arturo Leon (Ariz.)
5. Robert Mullens (S.C.)
6. Greg Coverson (Mich.)
7. Ernest Bing (N.J.)
8. Ralph Aviles (Hawaii)
9. Roy Hernandez (Texas)
10. Johnny Sato (Calif.)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion: Title Vacant
1. Joey Olivo (Calif.)
2. Orlando Maldonado (P.R.)
3. Willie Jensen (Nev.)
4. Julio Rodriquez (Hawaii.)
5. Javier Mendoza (Calif.)
6. Mike Stuart (Calif.)
7. Jose Ortiz (P.R.)
8. Mark Pacheco (Nev.)
9. Candy Iglesias (Ariz.)
10. Alonso Gonzales (Calif.)

Larry Holmes (Pa.), world heavyweight champion; Mike Weaver (Calif.), WBA heavyweight champion; Matthew Saad Muhammad (Pa.), world light heavyweight champion; Eddie Mustafa Muhammad (N.Y.), WBA light heavyweight champion; Thomas Hearns (Mich.), WBA welterweight champion; Aaron Pryor (Ohio), world junior welterweight champion; Saoul Mamby (N.Y.), WBC junior welterweight champion; Hilmer Kenty (Mich.), WBA lightweight champion; Wilfredo Gomez (P.R.), world junior featherweight champion; Leo Randolph (Wash.), WBA junior featherweight champion.

NEW YORK

▲ ROCHESTER — War Memorial Auditorium — Rocky Fratto, 154½, Geneva, New York, TKO'd Ricky Zarbatany, 160½, Montreal, Quebec, in the seventh round of a scheduled 10-round main event.

Fratto turned in a classy performance, dancing on his toes and moving when the action called for it, controlling the rugged infighting at other times. Rocky dug into the body and kidneys with punishing blows during the early part of the bout that took effect on the Canadian as the fight progressed.

The taller, heavier Zarbatany attempted to keep Frato off with jabs, but the Genevian kept coming. Fratto switched to the head in the fifth and sixth rounds with sharp hooks and straight crosses.

Referee Frank Adams called the doctor in after the sixth round and had Zarbatany examined. The bout was allowed to continue, and Fratto came for the seventh on "attack." A towel flew into the ring at 1:38 of the round — exactly when ref Adams stopped it.

Fratto is now 22-0 with eight kayoes. Zarbatany is 27-7-2.

Tony Salvatore, 129, Montreal, won a unanimous decision over Herman Ingram, 128, Newark, N.J., eight. Salvatore is now 9-0-1. Ingram is 5-4-2.

Joe Britt, 177½, Syracuse, knocked out Furgan Ali, 178¼, Newark, at 0:57 of the second in a scheduled six-rounder. Britt is 3-0 with three kayoes. Ali is 1-1.

Frank Minigan, 147, Rochester, won a split decision over Benji Goldstone, 150¾, Albany, six.

Mel Bethea, 121, Newark, TKO'd Tom Elston, 119, Buffalo, at 2:55 of round two in a scheduled six-rounder.

Canastota Boxing Club.

Attendence — 1,706. Gross — $16,022. JIM LEO

OHIO

▲ COLUMBUS — Sheraton Hotel Ballroom — Steve Gregory, 152, Columbus, the USBA's number one junior middleweight contender, defeated former world champion Elisha Obed, 158, Bahamas, in a 10-round war. Nearly 2,000 fans, a sell-out, crowded into the ballroom to see their hero dominate the ex-champ for the majority of the fight.

Obed, who was handled by the great Moe Fleischer, said that this was a crossroads fight for him and that a win over Gregory would put him back on top. He had trained hard and looked in excellent shape. On the other hand, Angelo Dundee, Gregory's co-manager, felt that this was a make or break fight for his charge also. And Steve made it.

Steve Gregory came after Obed at the sound of the opening bell, putting the pressure on him. In the second round, a volley of Gregory right hands to the head of Obed had him staggering and in trouble. The former champion's experience and ring wisdom helped him make it through the torture session. By the sound of the bell, Obed was hanging on to Gregory for dear life.

During the break between the second and third rounds, Obed was revived by his corner and came out after Gregory, scoring with hard right hands to the body, surprising everybody, including his opponent. This was probably his best round of the fight. Moe Fleischer kept exhorting Obed to throw his deadly left hook, but Gregory wouldn't let him, as he constantly blocked it or countered with a solid right. In the fourth through sixth rounds, Obed landed some solid body blows, but could never really get through Gregory's defense to score effectively to the head. During the eighth round, it appeared as if Elisha was beginning to tire out. Gregory took charge and showed that he was the boss, landing unanswered rights to the side of Obed's unprotected head. At one point in the round, Obed was hanging on the ropes, taking enormous punishment from Steve Gregory. At that instant the fans went into a frenzy, chanting "Steve, Steve, Steve," and kept it up for the rest of the fight. Their encouragement seemed to spur him on, as he stayed on Obed, smothering him with pressure. Obed's corner told him that he was behind, and had better pick up the pace in the ninth round. Elisha failed to pick up the pace enough, and Steve decisively took the round.

In the 10th, Gregory came out boxing, Obed stalking, trying to corner his foe. Every time that Obed would get Gregory near the ropes or corner, he found leather coming at him from all directions. Near the end of the round, both fighters got into a heated exchange and kept it up until the bell sounded. The fans gave both fighters a standing ovation which lasted for over five minutes.

At the announcement of the 98-94, 97-96, 98-97, unanimous verdict, the ballroom exploded with wild excitement and loud cheers. Reporters from all three television networks leaped into the ring, trying to interview Gregory and co-managers Angelo Dundee and John Paul Johnson. Steve told the reporters that he needed a fight like this to help him tune up. Dundee was ecstatic about Gregroy's performance against Obed. John Johnson felt that, although the fight was excellent, a little rust did show up during the bout, but that was because Steve had fought only one round since last December, when he faced Ayub Kalule for the title. The one round fight was a 43-second knockout over Eddie Bergin. Dundee felt that Steve Gregory is definitely in store for bigger and better things, and said that a national television fight is in the works.

In the co-feature, Don Copely, 210, Whitehall, and Harold "Porky" Speakman, 224, South Columbus, put on a free swinging punching show, which was billed as the Battle of Parsons Avenue. The fight was only a three-round exhibition, but the contestants supplied more action than some 10-round main gos. In the early part of the contest, Speakman, with his "unique" boxing style, caught Copely with a couple of solid overhand lefts, but couldn't do any real damage. When Copely went on the attack, he trapped Speakman on the ropes and unloaded with left-right combinations. The judges ruled the bout a draw.

Brian Meade, 175, Columbus, knocked down Sammy Vance, 168, Columbus, three times in the second round to score a TKO in a bout that was scheduled for four. Meade looked powerful as he blasted his opponent with wild, clubbing right hands. Meade is now 2-0 as a pro, both victories coming at the hands of Sammy Vance.

Michael "Bomber" Bradley, 140, Columbus, knocked out Luis Payne, 142, Cleveland, at the 1:42 mark of the first round. Payne walked straight into a Bradley left hook, got a blank expression on his face, and slowly toppled to the canvas, remaining that way for nearly six minutes. After the doctors got Payne revived, he asked his handlers what hit him. He didn't even see it coming. Bradley is now 2-0 as a professional fighter. He had about one hundred or so fights as an amateur.

Collins Keller, 147, South Columbus, knocked out Leroy Jones, 152, Cincinnati, with a series of combinations that his opponent couldn't quite contend with. The stoppage came before the 1:00 mark of the first.

Randy Smith, 149, also of South Columbus, knocked out Jeff Foster, 152, Cincinnati, at the 2:32 mark of the first round. Smith came after his opponent like a young bull out of the chute, and caught the Cincinnatian with a good crisp overhand right, sending him into dreamland at the 2:32 mark of the first. Although the fights on the undercard were brief, they still were entertaining, and enjoyed by the crowd. This boxing show was by far the biggest and most exciting held in Columbus in over 10 years. The last match of this magnitude was the Bill Douglas-Don Fullmer clash back in 1970.

Referees: Tom Hampton, Larry Bentley.

Judges: Frank Reda, Tom Keyes, Sam Lowenthal, Elliot Feldman.

Timekeeper: Wendell Barnes.

Commissioner: Ben Cowall.

Promoter: Harold Wonell.

Attendance: 2,000. DAN O'MALLEY

▲ STRUTHERS — Fieldhouse — A savage left-right-left combination from the fists of Ohio lightweight champion Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini, 135, dropped Trevor Evelyn, 134, on his face in 1:39 of the second round and ended one of the most brutal slugfests ever seen in area rings.

With a crowd of 3,400 screaming from the opening bell, the previously unbeaten Evelyn, a protege of former welterweight and middleweight champ Emile Griffith, traded stinging head and body shots with the local hero. But Mancini, trained by Emile's uncle, former Navy coach Murphy Griffith, never budged when the national champ of Barbados connected. "Boom Boom" just responded by punishing Evelyn's ribs with a succession of left hooks. As the brutal pace continued in the second round, Evelyn began to wilt. An overhead right bounced him against the ropes, and then a sudden three-punch combo ended it. Evelyn, who was floored for the first time in his career, was unconscious for five minutes. Half an hour later, he still could not remember having been in a fight.

"You mean I got knocked out?" he asked Emile. "What a pity."

The kayo was the ninth for "Boom Boom," who is now 10-0. It was the eighth time Mancini's opponent had not finished the second round.

Eight-rounders: Louis Hubela, 135, Brooklyn, narrowly outpointed Kevin Lampkin, 134, Muncie, Indiana. Hubela is now 20-0. Hard punching welter Danny Myers, Muncie, registered his 17th consecutive kayo by stopping "Indian" Wayne Burns, South Dakota, at 2:01 of the first round. Myers is now 18-2.

Six-rounders: Jeff Lampkin turned pro with a three knockdown first round demolition of overmatched Jimmy Hearn, Omaha, light heavyweights. Lampkin, Youngstown, was the national AAU champion. Bruce "The Mouse" Strauss, Neola, Iowa, got off the canvas to knock out Nicky Wills, St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1:49 of the third round, middleweights.

Leslie Tony, Youngstown, made his pro debut with an impressive decision over Tony Taylor, Muncie, four, junior lights.

Round One Productions. Jeff Levine, promoter.

GENE ANDRIOLO

PENNSYLVANIA

▲ PHILADELPHIA — Martin Luther King Arena — When the bottom-line boys at the Spectrum decided to scrap their boxing program earlier this year, the game was all but dead in the Quaker City. All of our top guns (Matthew Saad Muhammad, Curtis Parker, and Jerry Martin) were plying their trade on national TV for big bucks and even the lesser lights were grabbing nice paydays in the ESPN tournament in Atlantic City. Month after month rolled bye with nary a card in this fine old fight city.

Then a group of local businessmen and boxing people got together and formed Impact Promotions in a grass roots effort to revive the sport. Athletic agent Mark Stewart bought the ancient Arena at 45th and Market Streets, gave it a coat of paint, installed a spacious gym, and renamed it the Martin Luther King Arena. Claude Benner, an investment counselor, took out a promotional licence and Ed Howarth was brought in to make the matches. Former commissioner Howard McCall also figures prominently in the Impact picture.

The group presented its first card, consisting of five bouts, and drew a surprisingly good crowd of around 3,000 on a sweltering summer night to witness a show that featured mostly retreads and unknowns.

House fighters Willie "The Worm" Monroe, Jerome Artis, and Kevin Howard (all managed by Stewart) each emerged victorious in scheduled tens that were taylored to insure wins for the trio.

Monroe, once a highly rated middleweight, made an inauspicious debut in the light heavyweight ranks with a ragged but unanimous decision over oldie Jimmy McClain.

McClain, who appeared to be the better conditioned of the two at 177, was intended as a quick snack for Monroe, but came dangerously close to scoring an upset after thumbing Willie half blind in the opening round.

"I was seeing several of him in front of me sometimes and other times I couldn't see out of that (left) side," Monroe said following his less than impressive showing. "My speed was okay, but my timing was obviously way off."

Monroe, a soft looking 171, missed badly in the early going, scored sporadically with his stiff left jab, and, at age 31, looked just about ready for an easier line of work.

McClain tried hard, ignored a lot of blood around his left eye,

and made things miserable for the "Worm" with pesky jabs and a few chopping rights.

Overall, it was a match between a has-been and a never-was. They both gave an honest effort and earned their money, but it was not the sort of fight that builds for the future.

Judge Carol Polis came up with a 49-42 score for Monroe that seemed overly charitable to Willie and judge Tommy Cross voted 47-44, also for the winner. Referee Tom Reed agreed with a 46-45 score that was much more representative of the action inside the ring.

Local lightweight Jerome Artis, who has fallen from hot prospect to globe-trotting loser over the past few years, scored a 10th round TKO over fellow Philadelphian Quenton Blackman.

Artis, 135, blasted his former sparring partner with everything he had, finally dropping the game loser with a left hook to the face in the last round. Blackman, 132, wobbled to his feet only to be rescued at 1:29 after fielding a couple more clean shots.

The highlight of this one came in the eighth round, when referee Bob Polis interrupted the bout to warn Blackman about hitting low. Polis was holding both fighters by the arm when Blackman reached over and clipped Artis with a sneak right. So much for the effectiveness of mid-match admonishments.

Although Artis has been no ball of fire of late, he has flair and style. He could once again develop into a drawing card with careful matchmaking. Jerome can really put on a show when he knows he has nothing in front of him, as was the case with poor Blackman.

The third 10 saw undefeated Kevin Howard, 148, Phila., stop Ernie Gladney, 144, Phila., when the ringside medic would not let Gladney come out for the fourth.

Howard beat the pants off Gladney both figuratively and literally. Kevin mounted a strong body attack from the opening bell that had Ernie grunting in pain as early as the second round. In the third, Gladney was pinned against the ropes absorbing one gut punch after another. With each blow, Gladney's trunks slipped lower and lower. Things were reaching embarrassing proportions when the bell forestalled a visit from the vice squad.

Howard, only 19 years of age, now has nine wins and a draw in 10 pro starts and is a face to watch. He looked bad struggling to a narrow points win over Mike Herron in his last start, but has been impressive in most of his other outings.

Ron "Yid Kid" Aurit, 140, Phila., opened the card with a four-round decision over late sub George Sydnor, 140, in a sometimes funny scrap that titilated the fans.

Roger Troupe, 205, Vineland, N.J., overcame a 30-pound weight disadvantage to outpoint South Philly's Donnie Glover in the show closer.

Impact Promotions plans to run on a semi-regular schedule and hopes that their bargain prices ($4 to $10) will continue to bring in the crowds. Despite several mismatches, such as Artis-Blackman and Howard-Gladney, the customers seemed to go home happy.

Referee Polis worked Artis-Blackman and Aurit-Sydnor; Reed handled the main event and Troupe-Glover; and former heavyweight contender Dan Bucceroni refereed Howard-Gladney.

NIGEL COLLINS

TEXAS

▲ HOUSTON — Sam Houston Coliseum — The card scheduled to mark the return of "big time boxing" to this aging downtown arena did little except leave a bad taste in everyone's mouth. Scheduled to start at 8:30 p.m., only a handful of fans (150 would be a generous estimate) were in the 10,000 seat building at that time; and after a 45-minute delay, the show's sponsors — we hesitate to refer to them as promoters since, apparently, very little promotion was done — were granted, reluctantly, permission by commission inspector Bob Simpson to postpone the action for two days. This postponement became an outright cancellation the next morning when all concerned felt that an additional 48 hours would not help the attendance.

The scheduled main even was to have featured world ranked Roberto Rubaldino vs. veteran Texas scrapper Calvin Shepard in a bantamweight ten. Rubaldino had drawn well here previously, and perhaps the sponsors were counting on his mere presence to pull in the fans. However, the prospective ticket buyers have to be advised that he's going to fight before they can come see him.

This reporter, and commission officials, are of the opinion that lack of attendance is not usually considered a valid reason for authorizing cancellation of a show. In this case, all of the boxers were willing to accept "expense money" in lieu of their purses, so there was actually no choice. We only hope that this does not lead to a bevy of poorly planned promotions with a sponsor being allowed to take the easy way out rather than absorb a loss.

▲ BEAUMONT — Civic Center — After a four month hiatus, due largely to the nationwide oil workers' strike which had adversely affected this area's economy, pro boxing returned to this southeast Texas city with Houston's Olympiad Promotions at the helm. Though the turnout wasn't what had been hoped for, the plans to continue here still are in force, and hopefully they will build the following necessary for a successful operation.

In the scheduled 10-round main event, John "Wolf" Morgan, 138, Dallas, made it three victories in a row here by halting Scotty Foreman, 138, New Orleans, in 2:50 of round two. Foreman was clobbered twice by Morgan's whistling overhand rights, the first one sending the Louisiana lad through the ropes and nearly on to the press table, and the second one dropping him for keeps in mid ring. Manuel Hernandez refereed. As usual, Morgan was clad in his peculiar white satin, shoe-top length, heavily fringed boxing trousers. After springing a major upset by stopping local favorite Bubba Busceme here last January, "Wolf" has been well received by the fans and expressed the desire to make this are his base of operations in the future.

The semi-final was as fast paced a heavyweight venture as we've seen in this area in some time, with Ernie "Big E" Smith, 220, Dallas, using a crisp left jab as his main weapon in gaining a 10-round split decision over local Vernon Johnston, 212. Fast paced action prevailed throughout by these two veteran toughies, but apparently Smith's more visible head-hunting attack carried more weight with the officials than did Vernon's body attack. After the fight, Johnston expressed the opinion that he had received a raw deal, while Smith reported that he had carried Vernon the last half of the bout. Perhaps a rematch is in order here.

Generally, Olympiad cards have been blessed with an exciting undercard; but, with the exception of a four-round opening bout, which saw Israel Ibarra, 135, Houston, win a close decision over Danny Molina, 137, Houston, that wasn't the case here tonight. Promoter Bill Meyer had apparently contracted with Little Rock, Arkansas, booking agent Buddy Holderfield to bring in three boxers by the names of McLennan, London, and Clarke to face local fighters George Graham, Butch Smith, and Eddie Gonzalez in six-round bouts. However, when Holderfield arrived in town, he was in the company of three gents who not only had no business in the ring whatsoever, but turned the evening's prelim card into an embarrassment to fans, victorious fighters, and promoters as well. As a normal rule, when covering fights in this region for *The Ring*, we try to emphasize the positive aspects of the sport. on the rare occasions when a negative comment is made (usually about one of our pet peeves, a promising youngster being fed a series of set-ups), it is with the intention of keeping the reader informed. Accordingly, the following summary of the pitiful exhibitions staged by the three Arkansans is submitted so that, hopefully, others won't get burned in the future.

At 6'4", 203, George Graham is perhaps the top heavyweight prospect in this part of the country. This evening, he was paired with a hefty fellow named Larry Jones, 242, Little Rock. Jones, whose physique resembles the better known as LeRoy Jones, entered the ring wearing swimming trunks a size or two too small, and purple tennis shoes. Following a minute or so off jigging around, being pelted with Graham's crisp jabs, Jones attempted to back up and began hopping around on one foot, shaking his left foot wildly, as if it was cramping. Graham, naturally, took advantage of this situation and dropped the poorly conditioned Jones for the count at 1:42 of round one. Former heavyweight boxer Terry Daniels refereed.

Jerry "Butch" Smith, 136½, Shreveport, entered into combat with one Joe Presley, 131, Little Rock. Presley, a second round TKO victim of Pat Duran in Oklahoma City only 14 days ealier, was hit with a classic one-two to the head by Smith (5'11") at 2:42 of the initial stanza. He was unconscious for some two minutes and needed considerable assitance from ringside physician Dr. Maxie Sprott before he could leave the ring. A perfect example of what can happen when ill-equipped "boxers" are thrown to the lions. Smith, formerly a top ranking U.S. amateur boxer, is now 5-0 as a pro.

Popular Eddie Gonzalez, 173, Houston, stepped in against Ramon Yera, 164, a Cuban referee now residing at Fort Chaffee, Arkansas. Ramon, undoubtedly the first of the newly arrived Cubans to enter into the punch-for-pay ranks, neither speaks nor understands English. When the ball rang for action to commence, Ramon began to circle quickly around the ring, zigging in and out, and pawing with a pitty-pat left jab. Shortly, Eddie found the range with a left hook to the skinny Cuban's ribs, which necessitated a change in tactics by Yera . . . he then lowered his head and began to charge at Eddie like a bull. Gonzalez the winner by knockout at 2:00 of the first round. Yera was later seen seated in the audience watching the two feature bouts intently, hopefully trying to pick up a few pointers before trying his luck again.

After the card, commission inspector Bob Simpson announced that the purses of the three losers would be withheld, and that Holderfield wouldn't be reimbursed for travel expenses. A step in the right direction, but is this enough? Shouldn't action be taken to prevent this agent from ever again bringing men like this into the state — or any other state, for that matter? Another case where a nationwide regulating body would have prevented this unpleasant happening.

Besides referees Daniels and Hernandez, Bill Yeager and Harvey Vaughn served as officials on this card. Fred McWilliams was timekeeper. Attendance (paid) was a somewhat disappointing 694.

▲ ODESSA — Friday night boxing returned to this northwest Texas city, with two of it's native sons winning state titles. Texas' first cruiserweight champ is Alvin Dominey, 178, Odessa, who defeated lanky Carl Ivy, 182, Tyler, by TKO at 1:22 of round seven in a scheduled 12-round clash.

Odessa's Ruben Munoz, 129, continued undefeated in the pro ranks by starching veteran Tony Sanchez, 134, Brownsville, at the 2:51 mark of round two in another match scheduled for 12. This was announced as being for the state junior lightweight title.

Cheto Ramos, 158, Odessa, won a unanimous decision in six rounds over Paul Stephens, 160½, Dallas.

Huge Mike Hamby, 258, Odessa, halted Paul Lawson, 226, Dallas, halfway through the first round in a setto scheduled for four.

Richard Lord, 130¼, Dallas, kayoed James Phillips, 133¾, Odessa, at the 2:32 interval of round two. This scheduled four-rounder marked the pro debut of Richard, a former amateur whiz who is the son of renowned Dallas manager Doug Lord.

James Cleveland, 130¼, Odessa, copped a unanimous four-round decision over Wilbur Lawson, 135, Dallas.

Steve W. Swan, 160¼, put the skids to undermanned Rou Flores, 151½, Odessa, 34 seconds into round two. A scheduled four-round affair.

Promoter — Fred Wilder.

▲ HOUSTON — Arena Mexico — The initial pro boxing presentation at this auditorium in Houston's north central barrio played to a near capacity, enthusiastic crowd. This facility is to be used in the future by Olympiad Promotions in place of Fiesta Palace; as the attendance at the former arena had slacked off in recent months, and the owners of same were reluctant to go into their share of the proceeds and turn on the air-conditioning — which made things nearly unbearable in the sweltering Houston summer months.

This evening's main event saw greatly improved Ezzard Charles Adams, 134½, Houstaon, stop Carlos Villacana, 135, Monterrey, at the 2:25 interval of the fifth round in a slugfest scheduled for 10 heats. Adams used a crushing right hand to drop the Mexican in each of the first two frames, and a wicked uppercut sent Villacana down for the count. If Adams could get in really top condition, he would pose a threat to any lightweight in this part of the country. Villacana is the brother of Gilberto Villacana, a bantamweight who has shown here in the past.

A trio of eight round bouts featured three of the area's brightest prospects. Freddy Jackson, 119, Houston, won easily over southpaw Pancho Vazquez, 118, Mexico. Freddy, who has as much raw talent as any lad we've seen in his weight class, stopped the thin Mexican at the 2:16 mark of round one. Vazquez didn't land a punch. Jackson, managed by Wilma Barnett and trained by the team of Willie Savannah and Tim Goodall, is now 10-0 with eight kayoes.

Eddie Gonzalez, 174, Houston, used a crackling left jab to score a sixth round TKO over bald-headed Carl Bradshaw, 176¼, New Orleans. After receiving what seemed to be 100 or more jabs square on the nose during the first five rounds, Bradshaw wasn't able to answer the bell for round six. Another good outing for Eddie, who would like nothing better than a chance for revenge against Grover Robinson, who put the lone blemish on his slate. If that can't be arranged, perhaps a setto against Alvin Dominey, who recently won the state's first cruiserweight title, is in the offing.

"Just what the doctor ordered," that's the consensus of opinion regarding promising Steve Hearon's hard fought decision victory over Rene Pagan, 154, Puerto Rico. Hearon, 153, Houston, has all the tools necessary to be a big success in the ring; but until tonight no one had seen whether or not he possessed that little something extra which separates the average boxer from those destined for something more. Despite a *badly* swollen area under his left eye, Steve reached down inside and rallied in the final round to pull out his victory and remain undefeated. Hearon and Adams are both trained by the popular Amon Peck, a former welterweight boxer in the late forties and early fifties.

In the six-round opening bout, Luis "Pony" Jiminez, made it two in a row over Javier De la Cerda, in a scrap between two 111-pound youngsters from Houston. A coupld of months back, these two got a standing ovation for their efforts, and tonight's bout was another waar, with each man staggered at least twice. Jiminez had a slightly faster start in this fine match, and that apparently gained him the duke. We could stand a lot more of this kind of action!

Promoter — Olympiad Boxing Club, Bill Meyer.
Matchmaker — Pete De los Santos & Hector Rocha.
Referees — Chris Jordan & Terry Daniels.
Judges — Bob Martin, Bill Yeager, and Bob McMillan.
Timekeeper — Virgil Reichart.
Knockdown Timer — W.W. "Woody" Meyers.
Physician — Victor Delgado, M.D.
Commission Inspector — Bob Simpson.
Attendance — (est.) 675

▲ HOUSTON — Whiskey Junction — What matchmaker Tony Gardner publicizes as "Las Vegas Style" boxing returned to the suburban Northshore community, and an appreciative SRO crowd was on hand. In the eight round main event, local favorite Billy Watkins, Jr., ran his unbeaten string to 17-0 with a hard fought decision over veteran Freddie "Stepper" Harris, Shreveport. This junior welterweight encounter featured lots of fine action, with Watkins' greater firepower determining the final outcome. If the 5'3" Harris had spent less time in the first two rounds doing the hootchie-koo and sticking his tongue at Billy, we might have seen a different outcome here tonight, as the local lad had to rally in the final two heats to seal his victory. We are also glad to see that Billy has taken a definite step up in his class of opposition. While Stepper has seen better days, he nevertheless offers a good test to most young pugilists in his weight class. This also served notice to those who thought Billy would be in trouble if he didn't halt his foe earl, he still had plenty left at the end of the fight, and should be stepping up to 10-round bouts soon.

The semi-final eight saw somewhat of a surprising result, as Eddie Gonzalez, 177, Houston, had to come on strong in the last round to cop a narrow duke over Larry Strogen, 175, Shreveport. Strogen, making only his second pro outing, tired in rounds seven and eight after more than holding his own early. Strogen will be heard from in the future. This was the third consecutive Tuesday night Eddie had fought, and perhaps this overwork was the reason he looked so bad here tonight. A lot of natural ability on Eddie's part, but he missed with twice as many blows as he landed against a somewhat stationary adversary. A rematch is planned here.

Mike "Streetfighter" Taylor, Northshore, more than lived up to his nickname, as he used elbows, shoulders, and a hard left hook to halt pudgy Junior Harris, Shreveport, at the 2:25 mark of the initial frame in a scheduled six-round bout. This was Mike's first action in some two years, and the large number of fans who cheered him on here tonight insured his appearance on future cards here. Middleweights, though no weights were announced.

Steve Hearon, 152, Houston landed a crushing left hook to the temple of Don Duncan, 160, Memphis, which stretched the visitor out for the count at the 2:00 mark of the initial heat in a scheduled four-round curtain raiser.

In addition to the boxing matches, an exhibition of karate skills was staged by several local fellows.

In a side note, this evening marked the debut of junior welterweight contender Termite Watkins as a ring announcer. Termite, who did a creditable job, was pressed into service when the scheduled announcer failed to show.

Promoter — Bill Meyer
Matchmaker — Tony Gardner
Referee — Chris Jordan, Terry Daniels
Judges — Bob Martin, Harvey Vaughn, Colleen Godsy (Ms. Godsy, the former Colleen O'Grady, is the older sister of lightweight contender Sean O'Grady.)
Timekeeper — Virgil Reichardt
Knockdown timer — Woody Meyers
Commission inspector — Bob Simpson
Attending physician — Dr. T. Ward
Attendance — 850 + (SRO)
Gate — (est.) $7,000

C.A. JACKSON

▲ SAN ANTONIO — Royal Palace Ballroom — Sammy Ayala stopped Norberto Rodriguez, Torreon, Mexico, at 2:16 of the second round.

Sammy's brother, Tony, Jr., made his pro debut stopping

Presciliano "Zip" Castillo, Corpus Christi, in 2:25 of round one. Felix Castillo won unanimous decision over Joel Loredo, Corpus Christi, six. Castillo is now 2-0.

Abel Herrera stopped Joaquin Rojas, Comfrot, at 1:56 of the first round.

Joe Perez TKO'd Ruben Chavarria. The latter failed to answer the bell for round four.

Norberto Castellano stopped Armando Loredo, Corpus Christi, at 2:57 of the first.

Torito Boxing Club.

FRANK R. JASSO

▲ SAN ANTONIO — Royal Palace Ballroom — Gaby Cantera, 126, San Antonio, avenged the defeat of his brother last year by knocking out Rigoberto Garcia, Monclovia, Mexico, in the fourth round of a scheduled 10-rounder.

Tony Ayala, Jr. 157½, San Antonio, kayoed German Marquez, Monterrey, Mexico, in 2:25 of the first round. Leonard Zuniga, referee. Ayala is now 2-0.

Ruben Mayet, 120, Cuba, TKO'd Juan Ortega, Nuevo Laredo, three. This was Mayet's pro debut.

Raul Trujillo won a split decision over Roberto Medrano, six junior welters.

Abel Herrera won unanimous decision over Rudy Guevara, six lightweights.

Attendance — 572.

JAMES P. NOLAND

WASHINGTON

▲ BELLINGHAM — Gord Racette, Nanaimo, knocked out Vic Gasway, Sacramento, in 0:26 of the first round of their heavyweight contest. Racette came out punching and caught the former California Golden Gloves champ with a flurry that put him on the canvas.

Young Joe Wade, Bellingham, climbed off the deck in the first round and came back to kayo Safia Sefo, Tonga, in the fourth. Gord Lawson and Bobby Howard, drew, six, welterweights. Joe Rayball, Seattle, outpointed Tom Rudolph. Billy Minnex, Seattle, TKO'd Bill Barnes, Burnaby, in the first round with three knockdowns.

Jack Kelly, promoter.

Attendance — 350.

JIM JOHNSTON

CANADA

BRITISH COLUMBIA

▲ NANAIMO — Gord Racette, Nanaimo, scored a one-round kayo over Earl McLeay, Calgary, in the feature heavyweight bout. Racette caught McLeay flush on the chin with a straight right to end the bout at 0:30.

Charles LeCour, Seattle, won a split decision over Bruce "The Mouse" Strauss, Omaha, in the semi-final eight-rounder. Strauss brought the crowd to its feet with a last round rally, but two of the three judges felt that LeCour's early lead was sufficient.

Young Joe Wade, Bellingham, flattened Mike Quincey, Vancouver, in the second, heavyweights. Bobby Howard, Seattle, and Gord Lawson, Vancouver, battled to a sizzling draw, six rounds, junior middleweights. Wally Johnson, Duncan, edged out Rob Johnson, Nanaimo, four, welters.

Attendance — 1,825.

JIM JOHNSTON

MEXICO

CAMPECHE

▲ CAMPECHE — Jorge Manuel Vera, 111, outpointed former WBA flyweight champion Alfonso Lopez, Panama, 10. Jose Gabriel Dzab, 112, stopped Arturo "Chamaco" Gonzalez, also 112, in seven. Manuel Hong, 119, TKO'd Pablo Ibarra, 120, in six. "Rayito" Gonzalez, 124, outscored Abraham Nunez, 125, 10. Transito "Cumbia Lopez, 135, TKO'd Roberto Canche, 134, in six.

DISTRICTO FEDERAL

▲ MEXICO CITY — Cenobio Nicolas, 125, won by a disqualification over Pablo Marquez, also 125, in three. Fidel Martinez, 124, outscored Carlos de la Paz, 125, 10. Miguel Reyes, 108, outpointed Daniel Cuanami, 109, eight. Roberto Martinez, 120, TKO'd Juan Arias, also 120, in five. Carlos Morales, 121, iced Odilon Salazar, 120, in the first.

▲ MEXICO CITY — Norberto Cabrera, 121, won an unpopular decision over Francisco Manzo, 120, 10. Jose Acosta, 112, and Arturo Gonzalez, 113, drew, 10. Victor Montero, 116, won the duke over Armando Terron, 115, six. Ramon Escalante, 108, outpointed Aaron Garcia, also 108, four.

▲ MEXICO CITY — Guillermo Vallejo, 116, TKO'd Manuel Luna, 117, in seven. Cas Hernandez, 128, TKO'd Pedro Lopez, 129, in five. Raul Morales, 134, TKO'd Juan Martinez, 133, in two. Julio Toral, 117, TKO'd Gerardo Vargas, also 117, in five. Roberto Arrendondo, 112, outscored Rafael Hernandez, 113, four.

▲ MEXICO CITY — Jorge "Martillo" Flores, 200, TKO'd Ismael Ruiz, 208, in nine to win the vacant Mexican heavyweight title. Jose Luis Tapia, 135, TKO'd Angel Mata, 134, in eight. Memin Barcenas, 124, got the decision over Juan Jimenez, also 124, eight. Rafael "Raton" Alonso, 111, TKO'd Victor Palma, 113, in three. Javier Saldana, 112, outpointed Jesus Becerra, 111, four.

▲ MEXICO CITY — Raul Decaro, 124, TKO'd Ausencio "Torito Melendez, 123, in three. Pablo Flores, 113, outpointed Heriberto Saavadra, 111, 10. Mauri Maranon, 116, TKO'd Efrain Zepeda, also 116, in six. Gil Garcia, 145, outpointed Moises Mendez, also 145, six. Alberto Garcia, 106, TKO'd Antonio Zamora, 108, in one.

▲ MEXICO CITY — Ignacio Espinal, 113, Dominican republic, outscored Samuel Machorro, 114, 10. Julio Cruz, 171, TKO'd Felipe Suarez, 173, in five. Mario Ochoa, 119, and Javier Esquivel, 121, drew, eight. Santos Rodriguez, 128, copped the decision over Jose Ruiz, 127, eight. Bonifacio Flores, 117, outscored Arturo "Manny" Canno, 118, four.

▲ MEXICO CITY — Juan "Monito" Diaz, 112, TKO'd Pepillo Herrera, also 112, in the 10th and final round. Marcos Villsana, 126, TKO'd Pablo Ramirez, 124, in one. Jose Luis Cisneros, 131, iced Juan "Coloradito" Robles, 135, in three. Efrain Pinto, 108, outscored Aragon Perez, 106, six. Nicolas Lopez, 113, outpointed Neftali Ramirez, also 113, four.

DURANGO

▲ DURANGO — Juan Paredes, 118, TKO'd Tereso "Olivaritos" Chaires, 117, in five.

GUERRERO

▲ ACAPULCO — Salvador "Raton" Estrada, 118, halted Victor "Costeno" Hernandez, also 118, in four. Jose Melo Sorrozo, 111, TKO'd Humberto Guillen, 110, in six.

▲ ACAPULCO — Javier Lucas, 111, outscored Mario Nava, also 111, 10. Felipe Rodriguez, 129, TKO'd Jose Juan Martinez, 128, in four.

JALISCO

▲ GUADALAJARA — Rodrigo "Rielero" Flores, 109, outscored Roberto Campos, also 109, 10.

▲ GUADALAJARA — Rocky Alonzo, 112, knocked out Ruben "Gato" Mancilla, 111, in the first.

MICHOACAN

▲ URUAPAN — Ramiro "Popeye" Garcia, 113, outpointed Kiko Bejinez, 114, 10.

▲ APATZINGAN — Cayetano Correa, 127, outpointed Emilio "Zurdo" Palacios, 125, 10. Antonio Marquez, 118, kayoed Carlos Urbano, 117, in three. Hipolito Hernandez, 112, kayoed Felix Palacios, 111, in two. Pedro Alonso, 112, kayoed Evencio Rojas, 111, in one.

NUEVO LEON

▲ MONTERREY — Pedro Flores, 111, outpointed Jose Gallegos, 112, 12, to win the Mexican flyweight title. Juan Carlos Montalvo 111, outscored Arturo Mujica, 112, 10.

OAXACA

▲ SALINA CRUZ — Herminio "Loba" Ramirez, 181, halted Roberto Najera, 188, in five. Juan Rodriguez, 139, outpointed Juan "Conejo" Vasquez, 140, 10.

SINALOA

▲ LOS MOCHIS — Betillo Gutierrez, 144, knocked out Ray Comayagua, 145, San Salvador, in two. Jose Luis Soto, 118, stopped Javier Amarillas, 117, in three. Joel Soto, 146, kayoed Kid Duncan, also 146, in five. Ray Mancilla, 114, iced Raymundo Garcia, 115, in four.

▲ LOS MOCHIS — Joaquin Acuna, 123, TKO'd Mauricio Beltran, 124, in four. Joel Rojas, 115, TKO'd Jose Osuna, 116, in four. Juan Castro, 119, TKO'd Ray Beltran, also 119, in two.

▲ CULIACAN — Jose Luis Cruz, 114, kayoed Baldo Gonzalez, 113, in six.

SONORA

▲ CIUDAD OBREGON — David "Maceton" Cabrera, 176, stopped Ariel Favela, 174, in one.

VERACRUZ

▲ VERACRUZ — Juan Javier Collin, 145, halted Carlos Figueroa, 146, in three. Emeterio Villanueva, 178, kayoed Jacobo "Tiburon" Padilla, 181, in one.

YUCATAN

▲ MERIDA — Lupe Madera, 108, easily outpointed favorite Candido Tellez, also 108, 10. Juan Herrera, 111, TKO'd Jimmy Fernandez, 110, in three. Paulino Canche, 118, TKO'd Jorge Zarate, also 118, in seven. Rafael Morales, 109, TKO'd Eduardo "Lalo" Acosta, also 109, in three.

▲ IZAMAL — Miguel "Pulgarcito" Leal, 108, shaded Diego Franco, also 108, 12, to win the Yucatan State junior flyweight title. Jose Esteban Quijano, 108, stopped "Chamaco' Cordoba, 112, in three. Ramon Concha, 112, TKO'd Luis Delgado, also 112, in three. Ramon Quintal, 109, TKO'd Alfredo Duran, 108, in three.

EDUARDO AMER G.

TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO

▲ PORT OF SPAIN — Jean Pierre Sports Complex — Dennis Dalrymple, 137½, Guyana, a sub, outpointed Cleophus James, 133, Trinidad and Tobago, another sub, eight rounds.

Victor Daly, 144, Trinidad and Tobago, outpointed Neil (Kid Dorset) Jules, 143½, Dominican Republic, a sub, eight.

David Noel, 151½, Trinidad and Tobago, a sub, outscored Maxie Sergeant, 146¼, Guyana, six.

Terrance Alli, 129¼, Guyana, a sub, 20, TKO'd Lloyd John, 124, Trinidad and Tobago, 40, at 1:59 fo the third round in a scheduled six. "Zurdo" Assam, referee.

The ridiculous card drew 169 spectators.

Euadne Gordon, promoter.

GEORGE C. BECKLES

SUBSCRIBE TO RING

CENTRAL AMERICA

BELIZE

▲ BELIZE CITY — Bird's Isle — Roberto Cruz, 175¼, Mexico, beat Carlos Marks, 165¼, Belize. Marks was disqualified for deliberately butting Cruz in round five of their scheduled 10-round encounter.

Marks toyed with Cruz for four rounds, and the latter made remarks which nettled Carlos. Punches were thrown after the bell ending the third round, and, in the fifth, Marks deliberately butted Cruz, who fell to the canvas in pain. Referee Simon Lucas hesitated a few seconds before awarding the bout to Cruz on a disqualification. Cruz was still groggy when he regained his feet and could not have continued.

The scores were 40-39, 39-38, and 39-37, all in favor of Marks, when the bout was stopped. Marks, who is usually a slow starter, will, no doubt, be disciplined by the Belize Boxing Board of Control for his unsavory action.

David Dakers, 169, Belize, TKO'd Charles Amos, 175, Guyana, in the ninth round of a scheduled 10-rounder.

Carlton Bowers, 147, Belize, won unanimous (79-74, 80-76, 79-74) decision over Henry Fever, 141½, Belize, eight.

Norman Oroscoe, 160, Belize, won a unanimous (39-38, 38-37, 38-36) decision over Simeon Castillo, 163¾, Belize, four. This was Oroscoe's first pro contest.

Double M. Promotions.

BARNEY MAHLER

PANAMA

▲ PANAMA CITY — Neco de la Guardia Gymnasium — Luis Jimenez, 116½, TKO'd Henry Urcuyo, 116, Nicaragua, in the first round of a scheduled eight-rounder.

Pascual Patterson, 128¼, and Victor Samudio, 125¼, drew, six.

Eric Perea, 144¼, kayoed Marino Alabarca, 145, two.

Aquilino Dimar Asprilla, 122, knocked out Domingo Castillo, 120¾, in the first round of a scheduled four-rounder.

Ernesto Arce, 122, kayoed Francisco Fernandez, 123, in the first round of a scheduled four.

Tomas Hineztroza, 114, outpointed Javier Afu, 116¾, four.

Panaprom S.A., promoter.

RAQUEL M. TOPPES

EUROPE

FRANCE

▲ PARIS — Salle Coubertin Hall — Loucif Hamani, France, outscored Melvin Dennis, U.S.A., 10.

Hamani, whose last fight was a kayo loss to Marvin Hagler, looked in fine form. He decked Dennis with a right hand counter for an eight-count in the fourth round. In the sixth, both countered at the same time, and Hamani went to the canvas. Dennis, however, was almost out on his feet.

In the 10th, behind on points, Dennis dropped Hamani with a right hook, but the bell sounded before Loucif could be counted out. Hamani won on points.

Ray Opokmu, Ghana, outscored Roberto Felicione, Italy. This was an upset, as Salvemini had recently knocked out Al Clay for his 19th straight win.

▲ DUNKIRK — Roland Zenon kayoed Fred Coranson, nine, to win the vacant French welterweight crown. Dan M Putu, Zaire, outscored Bingo Crooks, Great Britain, six.

LUXEMBOURG

▲ DIFFERDINGEN — European light heavyweight champion Rudi Koopmans, Holland, retained his crown, outscoring Fred Serres, Luxembourg, 12.

Serres proved himself a worthy challenger who knew how to hit and box. The first couple of rounds were even, but the third frame saw the champion in trouble. Koopmans took blows to the head and body and went down for an eight-count. In round four, Koopmans fought back like a champion, dropping Serres with a left-right combo for a count of eight. The last three sessions went to Koopmans, who landed more frequently.

British referee James Brimmel scored it 117-113, Koopmans. The judges also favored the champion, Dino Ambrosino of Italy scoring 118-114 and Knud Jensen of Denmark having it 120-114.

Koopmans will have to do better than he did against Serres to stand a chance against the likes of Eddie Mustafa Muhammad or Matthew Saad Muhammad. Koopmans obviously thought Serres would be an easy pay day, and he nearly paid the penalty.

SPAIN

▲ BARCELONA — European lightweight champion Francisco Leon, Spain, knocked out Georges Cotin, one, non-title.

▲ BARCELONA — Former European heavyweight champion Alfredo Evangelista, Spain, outpointed Winston Allen, Great Britain, eight. The latter took a standing eight-count in the final round.

JACK A. TREE

GREAT BRITAIN

LONDON, ENGLAND — It's not often that one sees the perfect knockout, but it happened when British welterweight champion Colin Jones, 147, disposed of Richard House, 148¼, U.S.A., in 2:27 of the opening round at Royal Albert Hall.

A right cross did the trick. The American didn't see it coming, and this reporter doubts whether he felt it land. House went to the canvas on his face, rolled around in an effort to get up, and collapsed again.

It was a minute or so before he came 'round and was helped back to his corner. A good heading for the story would be "House Demolished."

It was an excellent punch by Jones, one that his manager, Eddie Thomas, said he didn't see. "I had turned away for some reason or other, he declared. I told Eddie that the BBC-TV crew at the fight might do an action replay in slow motion if he asked them. He did, and the knockout was reshown on the TV monitor.

Commonwealth middleweight champion Tony Sibson, 161¼, Leicester, took his time in outpointing Marciano Bernardi, Puerto Rico, over 10 by 99-96½.

Bernardi put up a creditable performance, punching accurately and getting home with some crisp right crosses. Sibson was cut above and below the left eye.

The pace was hot throughout the contest, and the fans roared in appreciation. Sibson managed to keep his nose in front in most rounds, but was never able to relax.

British middleweight champion Pat Thomas, 155½, didn't lose a round in outpointing Fighting Jim Richards, also 155½, over eight by 80-76½.

Richards was decked in round six, but managed to keep going without further trouble. He'd been warned for persistent holding in the fifth.

It was not a fight to enthuse over, but Pat did his best against a taller opponent who was intent on survival.

Former British light middleweight champion Jimmy Batten, 155¾, gave notice that he's ready to tackle Thomas for the crown again by stopping Wayne Barker, 158, Manchester, in the fourth.

Barker entered the ring unbeaten in 11 bouts, and he started out like he meant business. Batten, however, took it all, kept cool, jabbed purposefully, and soon had Barker bruised by the left eye and bleeding from the nose.

Jimmy raised the pace in round three, putting Barker under pressure with a couple of stiff body shots and a right to the face. Wayne, however, took it until Batten crashed home a left to the body that took all the steam out of him. Barker sank to one knee, and the referee didn't even start a count.

The Manchester lad is game, though, and could develop into one of the top men in the division.

Former British welterweight champion Kirkland Laing, 147½, Nottingham, stopped Curtis Taylor, 153, U.S.A., in round seven. The American protested vigorously, stating he was able to continue.

Laing proved the harder puncher, and certainly landed more scoring blows than his opponent. But the American was stubborn, and wasn't inclined to give in easily.

Laing's accurate hooks were beginning to take their toll on the American, and a right hand sent him backwards over the middle strand. That was when the referee intervened, and some of the fans were also surprised at his action.

Stan McDermott, 222, Basildon, reversed a previous decision, stopping Ricky James, 199½, Rugby, in the fourth round after flooring him.

Debutant Dominic Bergonzi halted veteran George McGurk, 142½, Jarrow, in the second. The ref stepped in due to a cut by McGurk's left eye.

ENGLAND

▲ CRAMLINGTON — High Pit Social Club — Terry Mintus, 196, the Central Area heavyweight champion, outpointed Northern Area title holder George Scott, 224, by 98½-97½ in a 10-round official eliminator for a shot at the British title.

An excellent contest, with Scott starting well, and Mintus taking over after the halfway mark. Round six was an especially good frame for Terry, who shook George with quite a few hard punches, forcing him to cover up.

Scott received a slight cut by the left eye in the eighth, but punched it out with Mintus till the final bell. Terry's right was probably the deciding factor.

It was a good display by the 32-year-old Mintus, who still has a chance to get among the top in his division.

Joe Dean, 162, Huddersfield, stopped Paul Heatley, 170, Manchester, in the fourth round.

Norman Morton, 133, Newcastle, outpointed Selvin Bell, 129, Manchester, 60-57½ over six. Bell was decked in the first round.

Dave Ward, 143, Manchester, beat Brian Anderson, 150, Sheffield, who was disqualified in the fourth round for biting his opponent on the shoulder. It was Ward's first bout in over two years.

▲ LONDON — Merton Civic Hall — The fans did not take kindly to the verdict that Steve Lewin, 172, Morden, had outpointed Boyd Farrer, 169, Hayes, by 78½-78 over eight. There was booing — which made it difficult to hear the m.c.'s announcement, and coins were thrown into the ring as a mark of protest.

Lewin had stopped Anderson on cuts before, but this time it was so close that, whatever the decision, it would have been booed by the loser's fans. Perhaps a draw would have been more acceptable, but the official has to call 'em as he sees 'em.

It was a hectic scrap, with Lewin cut and bruised under both eyes and Farrer marked under the left optic.

Farrer finished strongly, with Lewin doing his best to fight back with limited vision.

Ivor Jones, 117, Holloway, outpointed Iggy Jano, 116, Kingston, eight 79½-76½. It was Jones' sixth victory in a row.

Martin Nee, 208, Paddington, confirmed a previous win by outscoring Ron McClean, 223, Paddington, eight, 79-78. McClean was cut near the left eye early in the contest, and the referee examined the injury in the fifth before allowing the bout to proceed.

Debutant Garry Kittle, 126, Cranleigh, outpointed Robert Hepburn, 125, Norwich, six, 59½-58. It was a good bout to watch, with both men bleeding from the nose and Kittle finishing strongly.

Gerry McGrath, 148½, Paddington, outpointed Shaun Jones, 144, Norwich, six rounds, by the narrow score of 59-58½. Some nobbins were tossed in after the contest.

Casley McAllum, 158, Croydon, TKO'd Steve Pearson, 153, Banstead. The bout was stopped at the end of round two with Pearson cut by the right eye.

▲ WOLVERTON — Civic Hall — British featherweight champion Pat Cowdell, 125¾, retained his crown by stopping Dave Needham, 126, Nottingham. The latter was retired by his corner after 12.

Needham didn't take too kindly to his corner's action, but he was a weary man and his tight eye was swollen. At 29, he's not the same force as when he was champion, and the 26-year-old Cowdell took full advantage.

After a slow start by Cowdell, which he said was due to Needham's not coming forward as usual, the former forged ahead, and Dave was marked around both eyes. His nose was red from Pat's accurate leads.

Needham was game and willing as they come. At times, he waded into the fray, both fists working. He had a particularly good fourth round, when he concentrated on the body.

Cowdell took it, though, and sent his opponent into the ropes when he counterattacked. Both men took hard punches, but the longer it went, the worse the situation looked for Needham.

Pat had now got his right hand on target, and, several times, blasted through his opponent's defenses in the eighth round. They didn't hear the bell, and referee Roland Dakin had to pry them apart.

Cowdell continued to box coolly, accurately jabbing, with Needham getting slower and, seemingly, not able to keep his opponent's blows from landing. He kept on his feet, however, and looked surprised when his corner retired him.

Mickey Baker, 137, Worcester, outpointed Ian Murray, 142, Birmingham, six. Baker is now 8-0.

Bingo Crooks, 135, Wolverhampton, who has been boxing for so long that it's difficult to remember when he started, scored the upset of the year by knocking out Paul Chance, 133½, Wednesbury, in the ninth.

Chance was defending his Midlands Area lightweight title for the last time. He'd been scheduled to meet Dave McCabe in an eliminator for the British crown, but what will happen now is anybody's guess.

To add insult to injury, Crooks came in as a sub for Des Gwilliam, from whom Chance had won the Area title seven months before.

Crooks used to be one of the best featherweights in the country. These days, he wins a few, loses a few, and has some close decisions go against him. Above all, however, he's a talented professional.

It was a close scrap up to that sensational ninth round, with Chance having, perhaps, a slight edge. Once or twice, Chance looked in trouble from Crooks' right, but shook it off.

This time, the right landed on the chin, and down went Chance! He was up at nine, groggy, and Crooks came swiftly in to administer the *coup de grace*.

Chance hit his head against the canvas, and took the full count in a half-sitting, half-lying position. He remained in the ring for minutes afterwards.

Cliff Gilpin, 146, Wolverhampton, stayed unbeated by stopping veteran Tommy Wright, 145, in the fifth round. Wright was cut on the scalp and bleeding from the mouth.

Danny Cope, 174, Tamworth, TKO'd Al Stevens, 175½, Birmingham, at 1:17 of the first round. Stevens had been on the canvas twice. It was hectic while it lasted.

▲ LIVERPOOL — Stadium — SUPPORTS TO CONTEH-DIXON: Robbie Robinson, 134¾, Liverpool, TKO'd George Metcalf in the sixth. Metcalf had been down twice in that round.

Tony Carroll, 140¼, Liverpool, outpointed Derek Nelson, Sunderland, eight, 79½-77½ in a hard contest.

Nigel Savory, 177¾, Leeds, outpointed John O'Neill, 178, Swansea, six. This reversed a previous defeat, but some didn't agree with the verdict.

Nobbins greeted the end of the last bout of the night, with Phil Lewis, 157, Liverpool, halting Kevin Quinn, 148, Manchester.The referee called a halt at the end of the sixth with Quinn cut by the left eye.

▲ PLYMOUTH — Guild Hall — Vernon Penprase, 128, Devonport, outpointed Paul Keers, also 128, Bradford, 10, 98½-97. This was Vernon's third win over Paul, and a comfortable one. The former had things well in hand at all times, scoring repeatedly with accurate left jabs.

Dennis Sullivan, 144½, Plymouth, outpointed Terry Petersen, 148, Leeds, eight, 80-78½. Dennis did well against a more experienced opponent, not losing a round.

Phil Duckworth, 146, Leeds, halted Dave (brother of Dennis) Sullivan. The referee intervened at the end of round three with Sullivan cut under the right eye. Phil was in front at that stage.

Debutant Tommy McCallum, 144, outpointed Paul Wetter, Newport, over six by 60-58½. Tommy, who didn't lose a round, is managed by former welterweight champion Eddie Thomas, who also promoted the show.

Julian Boustead, 141½, Torquay, outscored Mike Clemow, 143½, dix, 60-58½.

▲ LONDON — National Sporting Club — Ricky Beaumont, 139, Hull, decisively defeated Jeff Pritchard, 135½, Wales, the bout being stopped in round six after the latter had been down six or seven times, depending upon whether some punches were by blows or pushes.

Pritchard was very much on the receiving end, and it came as no surprise when the ref stopped the bout. Jeff, in fact, could have been forgiven if he'd packed it in before then, and his gameness earned him a share of the nobbins that were thrown in afterwards.

When they last met, more than three years before, Beaumont kayoed Pritchard in three. Jeff obviously thought he could do better this time, but he was quickly disillusioned when he was decked in the opening round. After that, it was all one-way traffic.

Colin Wake, 140, Hull, TKO'd Charlie Brown, 140½, Wales, in the eighth and final round. Brown protested strongly when the bout was stopped.

Bobby Welburn, 143¾, Hull, put Joe Mills, 143½, Tottenham, on the deck in round one, but couldn't keep him there and had to settle for a draw, six rounds. Mills finished strongly, overcoming a swollen left eye.

Steve Pollard, 128¼, Hull, outpointed Andy Thomas, 137½, Swansea, six, 59½-58½.

▲ AYLESBURY — Civic Center — New promoter Peter Shaw ran his second show at this venue within two months. He deserved a larger audience.

Only one bout went the distance, and it was an exciting card, especially the main event, in which Larry McDonald, 234, Hackney, got off the canvas in round two to kayo Manny Gabriel, 196, Wellingsborough, in the following session.

Having put his man down in that second round, Gabriel sought to finish things, but couldn't do it. McDonald came right back with long right swings, and things got so hectic that both were on the canvas as the bell ended the round.

Gabriel had put everyting into his attempt to land the finisher, and appeared weary. McDonald crashed home a right to the chin at the start of the third that put his man down on the canvas.

Gabriel rose at eight, but ran into a barrage that decked him again — this time for the full count.

David Fry, 217, Bournemouth, stopped Les Dunn, 232 Reading, who retired at the end of round five with a mouth injury. He later announced his retirement from the ring.

Fry had beaten Dunn on points three months before.

Fry's glove split in round three, and it took two and a half minutes to replace it. The reason for the split was a right hand that knocked Dunn's gumshield out of his mouth — bringing a tooth with it.

Even the replacement glove was affected by the constant contact with Dunn's teeth.

Mike Burton, 161, halted Muhammed Ali, also 161, Stonebridge. The ref stopped it in the third round when Ali's right eye had closed.

Unbeaten Clyde Ruan, 130, Slough, kayoed Robert Hepburn, 125½, Norwich, in the second with a right to the chin. Hepburn had been floored before that.

Tim Maloney, 138, Brighton, outpointed Tommy Thomas, 146, Tottenham, four, 40-38½.

▲ BIRMINGHAM — Top Rank Suite — Steve Early, 140, Coventry, outpointed Tony Martey, 142, Ghana, eight rounds, 80-76. Early won every round but it wasn't a walkover. Most of the frames were close, and Martey grimly contested every issue.

Don Aageson, 26, outscored Alec Irvine, 128, Leicester, eight, 79-78.

Trevor Catthouse, 175, Balham, outpointed Rupert Christie, 79-78½, eight. It was a very close decision. Christie was fighting his second pro bout.

Jimmy Smith, 145, Tottenham, outpointed Gary Newell, 146, Wolverhampton, 59½-58½, six.

▲ MORACAMBRE — Central Pier — Alan Lamb, 139, Manchester, TKO'd Kerry Collins, 138, Wales. The referee intervened in round six after Collins had been down twice and was cut by the right eye.

Robert Armstrong, 149, Doncaster, outpointed substitute Martin Bridge, the Central Area light welter champion, 79-78, eight. Bright was down once, for an eight-count.

Peter Gabbitus, 120, Doncaster, outscored George Bailey, 119, Bradford, 39½-38½, four.

Don Charles, 202, Stevenage, stopped Mike Creasey, 200, Blackpool, two. The contest was stopped with Creasey unable to defend himself.

Jeff Lee, 148, Millwall, outpointed Ian Murray, 153, Birmingham, 79-78, eight.

▲ CAMBRIDGE — Guild Hall — Jimmy Harrington, 166, Biggleswade, TKO'd Joe Lallyy, 164, Liverpool, in round three. The bout was stopped after the loser had been floored.

Danny Connolly, 129½, Stepney, stopped Dave Laxen, 130, Ruislip. The ref intervened in the seventh with Laxen cut by the left eye.

Adrian Clamp, 148, Mitcham, outpointed Steve Ward, 148¼, Nottingham, 60-58, six.

Tony Stanton, 146, Liverpool, outscored debutant Garry Brooks, 144¾, Stoke Newington, 59½-58½, six.

▲ LONDON — National Sporting Club — Roy Varden, 148½, Nuneaton, narrowly outscoredWelsh welter champion

BRITISH COMMONWEALTH RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion: John L. Gardner (E)
1. Trevor Berbick (C)
2. Ngozika Ekwelum (N)
3. Tommy Kiely (E)
4. Gordon Ferris (I)
5. Billy Aird (E)
6. Terry Mintus (E)
7. George Scott (E)
8. Tony Moore (E)
9. Steve Aczel (A)
10. Neville Meade (E)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion: Lotte Mwale (Z)
1. John Conteh (E)
2. Mustapha Wasajja (U)
3. Bunny Johnson (E)
4. Gary Summerhays (C)
5. Tony Mundine (A)
6. Eddie Melo (C)
7. Murray Sutherland (C)
8. David Conteh (E)
9. Ernie Barr (B)
10. Stan Bogovic (A)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion: Tony Sibson (E)
1. Alan Minter (E)
2. Ayub Kalule (U)
3. Kevin Finnegan (E)
4. Chisanda Mutti (Z)
5. Ralph Hollett (C)
6. Fernand Marcotte (C)
7. Roy Gumbs (E)
8. Frankie Lucas (St. Vin.)
9. Scorpion Ofosu (G)
10. Monty Betham (NZ)

LIGHT MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion: Kenny Bristol (Gu)
1. Maurice Hope (E)
2. Rocky Mattioli (A)
3. Pat Thomas (St. Kitts)
4. Jimmy Batten (E)
5. Eddie Marcelle (T)
6. Steve Hopkin (E)
7. Elisha Obed (B)
8. Charlie Malarkey (S)
9. Ross Eadie (A)
10. Herol Graham (E)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion: Clyde Gray (C)
1. Chris Clarke (C)
2. Dave Green (E)
3. Colin Jones (W)
4. Kirkland Laing (E)
5. Josef Nsubuga (U)
6. Frank Ropis (A)
7. Sakarai Ve (Fiji)
8. Lachie Austin (A)
9. Joey Singleton (E)
10. Peter Neal (E)

LIGHT WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion: Obisia Nwankpa (N)
1. Lennox Blackmoore (Gu)
2. Jeff Malcolm (A)
3. Clinton McKenzie (E)
4. Des Morrison (E)
5. Sylvester Mittee (St. Lucia)
6. Colin Power (E)
7. Mike Parsons (T)
8. Fitzroy Giuseppe (T)
9. Joey Gibilisco (A)
10. Steve Early (E)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion: Hogan Jimoh (N)
1. Jim Watt (S)
2. Charlie Nash (I)
3. Claude Noel (T)
4. Gaetan Hart (C)
5. Ray Cattouse (E)
6. Cornelius Boza-Edwards (U)
7. Nick Furlano (C)
8. John Muwunga (U)
9. Ken Buchanan (S)
10. Dave McCabe (S)

FEATHERWEIGHTS:
Champion: Eddie Ndukwu (N)
1. Pat Cowdell (E)
2. Patrick Ford (Gu)
3. David Kotey (G)
4. Charm Chitsule (Z)
5. Dave Needham (E)
6. Jimmy Flint (E)
7. Brian Roberts (A)
8. Roger Henry (A)
9. Henry Saddler (G)
10. Vernon Penprase (E)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion: Johnny Owen (W)
1. Paul Ferreri (A)
2. John Feeney (E)
3. Davy Larmour (I)
4. Dave Smith (E)
5. Mike Irunga (K)
6. Charlie Brown (A)
7. Wayne Mulholland (A)
8. Patrick Burns (A)
9. Gary Nickels (E)
10. Glenn Walsh (A)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion: Ray Amoo (N)
1. Charlie Magri (E)
2. Stephen Muchoki (K)
3. Steve Bell (A)
4. Pedro Solo (A)
5. Kelvin Smart (W)
6. John Hipwell (A)
7. Neil McLaughlin (I)
8. Dave George (W)
9. Joseph Adjei (G)
10. Attah Yeboah (G)

John Aba (Papua New Guinea) is the junior lightweight champion. Contenders: Kazeem Armah (N), Willi Tarika (Fiji), Big Jim West (A).

Legend: (An) Antigua; (A) Australia; (B) Bahamas; (C) Canada; (D) Dominica; (E) England; (Fiji) Fiji Islands; (G) Ghana; (Gu) Guyana; (In) India; (I) Ireland; (J) Jamaica; (K) Kenya; (M) Malta; (N) Nigeria; (NZ) New Zealand; (S) Scotland; (To) Tonga; (T) Trinidad; (U) Uganda; (W) Wales; (Z) Zambia.

Horace McKenzie, 149, 78½-78, eight rounds.

A lot of clinching marred this bout, but some fans still enjoyed it, and tossed in nobbins at the end. McKenzie had a particularly good fifth round, when it looked as if Varden was struggling for survival. But survive he did, and he was fortunate when a clash of heads (one of several) opened a cut near McKenzie's right eye.

Steve Cleak, 124½, Porthcawl, repeated a previous victory by outpointing Steve Henderson, 129½, Aylesbury, 79½-78. Cleak was the cleaner puncher and produced a strong finish.

Steve Henty, 149, Brighton, outpointed Bobby Welburn, 144, Hull, by the narrow margin of 59-58½, six.

Gerry McGrath, 149¼, Paddington, TKO'd Gary Petty, 148½, Hull. The bout was stopped in the first round with Petty unable to defend himself.

▲ **MANCHESTER — New Century Hall —** Dave Ward, 150½, Manchester, outpointed Nigel Thomas, 150, Swansea, 79-78, eight.

Peter Rassey, 165½, Manchester, avenged a previous defeat, outscoring Henry Cooper, 164, Scotland, by the narrow margin of 78½-78, eight. The decision was not greeted with unanimous approval, but Bassey had the greater workrate.

Peter Tidgwell, 177, Bradford, outpointed Tom Jones, 177½, Liverpool, 79-77½, eight.

Billy Ahearne, 151, Manchester, outscored Jeff Aspell, 150½, Swansea, 79-77½, eight.

Johnny Francis, 142, London, outpointed Mike Redden, 143¾, Swansea, 60-58½, six.

Joe Frater, 172, Grimsby, narrowly outpointed Joe Dean, Huddersfield, 59½-59, six.

John Vausman, 176, Manchester, won another close one over Steve Leonard, 176¾, Manchester, 39½-39, four.

▲ **BURSLEM — Adulte Ballroom —** Southern Area light heavyweight champion Dennis Andries, 175, halted Welsh champ Chris Lawson, also 175. The bout was stopped in the eighth and final round after Lawson had been decked.

Lawson had his best periods in the early rounds, Andries then stepped up the pace and was punishing his man freely when the end came.

Dave Allen, 147, Conisbrough, TKO'd Dennis Pryce, 152, Wolverhampton. Pryce was retired by his corner at the end of round five with a broken nose.

Clyde Ruan, 1127, Slough, outpointed Steve Simms, also 127, Newport, 59½-59, six. Tuan is now 6-0.

Tony Stanton, 145, Liverpool, outscored Paul Wetter, 150, Newport, 59½-59, six.

SCOTLAND

▲ **GLASGOW — Hamilton Academicals F.C. Social Club —** Dave Douglas, 145¾, Larkhall, won the vacant Scottish welter title with a ninth round TKO of Liam Linnen, 146½, Coatbridge. The bout was stopped when Linnen was cut by the right eye.

Linnen made a slow start, but he was getting back into it when the end came. He protested the stoppage.

Alex Gregal, 149¼, Glasgow, TKO'd debutant Francis McClay, 151. The referee steeped in when McClay was bleeding from the nose in round two. McClay was on the receiving end as well.

Steve McLeod, Lochaber, halted Shaun Bell,144, Ballyclare, in the first round. The ref stepped in at 0:35 of the session after Bell had been decked. Each was making his pro debut.

Another debutant bout saw Jim Harvey, 1127½, Glasgow, narrowly outscore Bill Hay, 128, Coastbridge, 40-39½, four.

▲ **GLASGOW — St. Andrews Sporting Club —** Dave McCabe, 138, Gartcosh, comfortably outpointed Derek Nelson, 140½, Sunderland, 80-77, eight.

Pat Mallon, 115½, Glasgow, TKO'd Tony Manson, 110½, Gainsborough. The ref intervened in round two after Manson had been floored.

Alex Gregal, 148, Glasgow, outpointed Joe McNamee, 145, Dundee, 40-39½, four.

WALES

▲ **NEWPORT — Tiffanys Ballroom —** Richard Avery, 146, Newport, outpointed Gary Pearce, 141¼, Newport, 99-98, in a 10-round eliminator for the Welsh welterweight title. Pearce was cut over the right eye in round six.

The 26-year-old Avery has been a pro for just over a year. He did well to keep up a cracking pace throughout.

Ray Pearce, 169, Newport, won a squeaker over Winston Barrett, 163, Cardiff, 59-58½, six. Pearce had been inactive for two years.

Steve Simms, 134½, Newport, outpointed Phil Morris, 142, Tredegar, 59½-58½, six.

Paul Wetter, 164, Newport, outscored Ronald Pearce, Newport, 59-58½, six.

RON OLVER

ORIENT

KOBAYASHI-MARUKI
OPBF Featherweight Title

NAGOYA, JAPAN—Royal Kobayashi, 125¾, at 2:38 of the sixth round in a scheduled 12-round bout at Aichi Prefectural Gymnasium.

Kobayashi, the former WBC junior featherweight champion, is still the best 126-pounder in the Orient. His fight with Maruki was a battle between strong left hookers, with Maruki, the slight favorite, trying to stay on the outside, The bobbing, weaving Kobayashi chased, and won the second round with flurries to the face. A left hook to the jaw knocked down Maruki in the fourth round, and he barely beat the count. Saved by the bell, Maruki scored well with his own hooks in the fifth round, taking the frame by a narrow margin.

Powerful right-left combinations in the sixth round had Maruki on the defensive, bleeding badly from the nose. The referee gave him a standing eight-count, and continued on to 10 when Maruki turned toward the corner post.

Kobayashi was ahead on all three cards, 50-47 and 49-48 (twice), at the time of the stoppage. It was Royal's fourth successful defense of the OPBF title.

Kobayashi would like to invade the junior lightweight class, but it's doubtful if Royal can handle taller men, like Hikaru Tomonari, who beat him in a non-title bout last year.

Ten-rounders: Shinji Suga, 110¾, outscored Manabu Irei, 112. Hirokazu Fukui, 125¾, outpointed Shogo Tabata, 125¼.

Eight-rounder: Masao Okada, 120½, knocked out Toshiya Kuromatsu, 121, in 2:09 of the second round.

Four-rounders: Takiro Okuyama, 116¾, outscored Osamu Kojima, 116½. Yoshiaki Takemoto, 121, outpointed Hideki Itsuta, also 121.

Tokoname Promotions. TV Asahi.

Attendance — 4,500.

JAPAN

▲ **TOKYO — Korakuen Hall —** Unbeaten Hiroyuki (Caeser) Sasaki, 153¼, Japan's top middleweight contender, finished southpaw Naohito Suzuki, 154, the JBC's second ranked junior middleweight, at 1:34 of the fourth round in a scheduled 10-round war.

There were *nine knockdowns* in the fight, including "ropedowns," keeping referee Takeo Ugo busy. Sasaki, a six-footer, had a three-inch height advantage, but making the 154-pound contract weight may have taken something out of him.

A sudden combo by Suzuki floored Sasaki for a mandatory eight-count in the first round, but Ceasar came back to win the second frame by mixing it up fiercely. The third round was about even, as the fighters fought in rallies all the way.

Sasaki hit the deck twice in the fourth round from Suzuki lefts. He still looked game in round five, but went down two more times from lefts to the midsection. It seemed only a matter of time before Sasaki would be sent down again for an automatic kayo, but the battered favorite launched windmill rallies, sending Suzuki to the ropes for a compulsory eight-count. Then the bell rang, ending a tremendous session.

The fatal sixth was furiously fought, Sasaki punishing Suzuki, forcing referee Ugo to call two standing eight-counts. Another two-fisted assault then forced the ref to halt proceedings, and the crowd went wild. What a fight!

Shigeyuki Otake, 135¾, the JBC's eighth-ranked junior lightweight, survived a second round knockdown and flattened Kazumi Nakao, 135½, with an overhand right in 2:01 of the fifth round in their scheduled 10-round bout.

Former amateur champ Hiroshi Gonohe won unanimous decision over Tadao Yamane, 125¾, six. Yamane was down in round two. It was Gonohe's second pro bout, and all three scoresheets were identical—60-55.

Lanky Motohiko Okayama, 134¼, halted Haruo Narita, also 134½, at 1:37 of the fourth round in a scheduled six-rounder.

Four-rounders: Koji Yamamoto, 129¼, won a shutout unanimous decision over Tsutomu Watanabe, 128¾. Taijiro Niiyama, 134¼, won a close unanimous decision over Tsunemitsu Nonomura, 134⅛. Kunio Takanami, 117½, halted Wasaku Tsubouchi, 118, at 1:03 of the first round. Joji Nogi, 106½, outscored Hiroyuki Hirai, 107¼, in the curtain raiser.

JRJ Kokusai Promotions. TBS Television.

▲ **NAGOYA — Aichi Prefectural Gymnasium —** The annual meeting of the Japanese and Korean Novice-King tournament winners took place here. The Korean team won in six classes; the Japanese team won in four. The results were as follows:

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHT — Chong-Chul Park, 107½, won a close unanimous decision over Katsuo Togashiki, 107¾, Japan, six. Park is ranked fourth by the KBC.

FLYWEIGHT — Southpaw Jiro Watanabe, 111½, won unanimous decision over Jin-Hyun Cho, 111¼, Korea, six. Watanabe, the JBC's eighth ranked flyweight, is 25 years old. He holds a black belt in karate. Jiro, now 8-0 with seven kayoes, won the Best Novice King Award.

BANTAMWEIGHT — Tsuguyuki Toma, 116, won a hairline unanimous decision over Sang-Yul An, 117, six, in a battle of

JAPANESE RATINGS BY THE JAPANESE BOXING COMMISSION (AS OF JULY 15, 1980)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion:
James Callaghan
1. Caesar Sasaki
2. Katsuo Esahi
3. Masahide Kitamura
4. Tsumoru Okamoto
5. Yukimi Murakami
6. Nessie Horiguchi
7. Cassius Naito

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion:
Michihiro Horihata
1. Kenji Shibata
2. Naoshito Suzuki
3. Tsutomu Hagusa
4. Minoru Ono
5. Shigeo Takagi
6. Warrior Hanada
7. Mamoru Hanada

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion:
Akio Kameda
1. Dynamite Matsuo
2. Tarzan Tobaru
3. Yohi Arai
4. Mitsuo Kushikino
5. Katsuhiro Sawada
6. Jyoken Narita
7. Kazumi Nakao
8. Kazunori Shiratori
9. Akira Isobe

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion:
Minoru Sugiya
1. Noboru Hatakeyama
2. Eiichi Fukumoto
3. Masahiro Yokai
4. Kirk Fujimoto
5. Fire Kaneda
6. Hayao Shiba

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion:
Battle Hawk Kazama
1. Tsuneshiro Fuchiwaki
2. Katsuhiro Okubo
3. Tadao Ishido
4. Mitsuo Ohashi
5. Gen Akutsu
6. Hirofumi Mochizuki
7. Tadashi Suginaga
8. Tatsuya Moriyasu
9. Takeshi Mine
10. Kaneto Yamamoto

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion:
Yasutsune Uehara
1. Masa Ito
2. Gen Tosa
3. Yoshitaka Ikehara
4. Blazer Okubo
5. Keizo Kurebayashi
6. Shigeyuki Otake
7. Ken Sogo
8. Yasuhide Takahashi
9. Norio Maruuchi
10. Hideyoshi Horinaga

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion:
Spider Nemoto
1. Tenyu Maruki
2. Koichi Matsushima
3. Syuzo Yoshida
4. Jonny Fujimoto
5. Namio Akamine
6. Katsuji Sano
7. Kiyoshi Nagashima
8. Kashi Keno
9. Isao Okahashi
10. Yoshimitsu Azato

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion:
Bunji Ando
1. Kenichi Ito
2. Hirojuki Iwamoto
3. Kanekatsu Daito
4. Yu Kasahara
5. Sanji Ito
6. Naoki Kobayashi
7. Jyo Tatsuki
8. Jyo Araki
9. Hirokazu Fukui
10. Kosei Kawaguchi

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion:
Hurricane Teru
1. Yuji Oka
2. Hitoshi Ishigaki
3. Jackal Maruyama
4. Ryu Takeshi
5. Kosei Anan
6. Hiroyuki Tanaka
7. Tsuguyuki Toma
8. Kenzo Takasugi
9. Takeshisa Nakajima
10. Katuyuki Ohashi

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Kazumasa Tamaki
1. Koichi Maki
2. Tsutomu Igarashi
3. Koki Ishii
4. Nobuyuki Watanabe
5. Jiro Watanabe
6. Shinji Suga
7. Ken Kasugai
8. Goichi Oshi
9. Toshihiro Okumoto
10. Koji Kobayashi

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Tadashi Tomori
1. Syuichi Hozumi
2. Kazunori Ten
3. Masaharu Inami
4. Guraman Ueda
5. Puma Koya
6. Phoenix Taniguchi
7. Keisuke Yuguchi
8. Kazuyoshi Funaki
9. Katsuo Tokashiki
10. Hiroyuki Tada

Japanese boxers holding OPBF titles: Tadashi Mihara (junior middleweight), Ryu Fukida (junior lightweight), Royal Kobayashi (featherweight), Eijiro Murata (bantamweight).

The Japanese Boxing Commission does not rate boxers currently rated by world boxing organizations.

lefthanders. Toma is now 9-0 with two kayoes. An is 5-1 with two knockouts.

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHT — Hideki Kobayashi, 121½, Japan, won a majority (59-57, 59-57, and 58-58) decision over Ki-Yung Chung, 120¾, Korea, six.

FEATHERWEIGHT — Hyun An, Korea, halted Akira Komori, 125, Japan, at 2:36 of the fourth round.

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHT — Southpaw Kyung-Soo Hong, 133¼, Korea, won unanimous (60-52 on all three cards) decision over Yoshide Sawano, 133¾, six.

LIGHTWEIGHT — Hon-Kyu Lim, 133½, Korea, kayoed Kaneatsu Yamamoto, also 133½, Japan, in 2:03 of the first round.

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT — Kirk Fujimoto, 138¾, won unanimous decision over Kyung-Hwan Chae, 138½, six.

WELTERWEIGHT — Jung-Sok Hwang, 145¼, knocked out Yasuji Myojin, 145½, in 0:51 of the second.

MIDDLEWEIGHT — Southpaw Soo-Han Lee, 157½, stopped Sachimi Murakami, 156¼, at 2:44 of round two. Lee, ranked third by the KBC, has a style very similar to that of former WBC junior welter champion Sang-Hyun Kim.

Chunichi Promotions.

Attendance — 3,000.

▲ **TOKYO — Korakuen Hall —** Koki Ishii, 112, recorded his fifth straight with a 10-round unanimous decision over Nobuyuki Watanabe, also 112, in a hard fought bout. Referee Sasaki and judges Tezaki and Yoshida all tabbed 99-98. Ishii had been rated number six in the flyweight division by the JBC. Watanabe had been rated number three.

Watanabe, 26, is now 14-7-2 with nine kayoes. Ishii, 25, turned pro after winning a Gold Medal in the Asian Amateur Games in 1978.

Tadashi Suginaga, 139¾, staged a sensational come-from-behind rally to halt Fire Kaneda, 140, at 1:54 of the ninth round in the 10-round semi-final.

Ikuyoshi Kuwabara, 126, knocked out Katsumi Chida, 125¾, with a wicked overhand right to the jaw in 1:31 of the fourth round in a scheduled six-rounder.

Four-rounders: Kenzo Ishibashi, 124¾, halted Yuminori Katsura, 124¾, at 2:31 of the first round after knocking him down twice. Akira Shimizu, 117¼, knocked out Katsunori Kinoshita, 118, in 1:46 of the second. Tishitsugu Konishi, 131¾, outpointed Haruki Kato, also 131¾. Hideyuki Kameda, 133½, and Hayao Nakahara, 134¾, drew. Shiro Miyajima, 126, kayoed Taketsugu Kusaka, 124¾, in 2:54 of the first round in the curtain raiser.

Nitto Promotions. Televised in Tokyo by TBS TV.

Attendance — 1,800.

▲ **TOKYO — Korakuen Hall —** Shigemitsu (Spider) Nemoto, 126, retained his Japanese national featherweight title with a unanimous decision over Isao Okahashi, also 126, 10. Okahashi was the JBC's ninth ranked contender.

Referee Yoshida had it 99-94, while judges Sasaki and Tezaki both scored 100-92, all in Spider's favor. The 5'1" champ swarmed over his taller challenger, bombarding him with body shots.

Nemoto, 29, is now 35-8-2 with nine kayoes. Okahashi, 23, is 13-11-1 with 11 knockouts.

Koichi Matsushima, 126, the JBC's third ranked featherweight, KO'd Yasuhide Takahashi, 125½, the JBC's seventh ranked junior lightweight, at 0:39 of the ninth round. Takahashi was dropped in round one and again in round nine, when referee Uchida stopped the bout. Matsushima is now 14-4-2 with nine kayoes. Takahashi is 12-8 with eight wins inside the distance.

Katsuji Kudo, 126, won a majority (59-58, 59-58, 59-59) decision over Keiichi Yamamoto, 125¼, six.

Four-rounders: Masatoshi Sato, 115¾, outpointed Yutaka Iijima 115½. Keiji Koizumi, 121¾, and Mitsuru Kawasaki, 122, drew. Kimiaki Kamata, 105½, and Tsuguo Imai, 108¼, drew. Kasutaka Oka, 111¼, knocked out Masanori Inaba, 110¼, in 1:07 of the third round. Shigeru Kawasaka, 137½, stopped Tatsuo Kimura, 136½, at 0:38 of the second. Masao Ohara, 111¼, outscored Noritetsu Kato, 111¾, Taiji Zenkochi, 117¼, outpointed Shigeru Iwaki, 117½, in the curtain raiser.

Soka Arisawa Promotions. Fuji TV of Tokyo.

Attendance — 2,000.

▲ **OSAKA — Prefectural Gymnasium —** Tomio Nakamura, 128¼, demolished Takeshi Fukui, 130, at 2:18 of the third round in a scheduled 10-round bout.

Nakamura dropped Fukui in the first round and continued throwing one-two combos at the shorter, slower loser, who sank from a sharp right hand in the third round and did not beat the count.

Nakamura, who lost to Spider Nemoto in what experts castigated as a mismatch, is now 15-9 with six kayoes. Fukui is 4-6-1 with two knockouts.

Former Japanese national bantamweight king Joe Araki, 123½, knocked out Kaoru Yoshioka, 121¼, in a scheduled eight-rounder. Referee Kashiwagi counted Yoshioka out. Araki is now 29-10-3 with 11 kayoes. Yoshioka is 7-5-1 with six knockouts.

Four-rounders: Koshiro Yamamoto, 118¼, kayoed Masayuki Yokoyama, 120, in 2:12 of the fourth round. Kazuo Katsuma, 117¾, knocked out Shigemi Osako, 117, in 2:05 of the first. (Osako is now 0-4.) Ryoji Fukumoto, 126, outpointed Toshiyuki Okuda, 125½. (The latter was making his pro debut.) Nobuyuki Yanagi, 142½, halted Katsuhiro Yamasaki, 146, at 0:55 of the third round in the curtain raiser.

Kambayashi Promotions.

Attendance — 1,200.

▲ **TOKYO — Korakuen Hall —** Three six-rounders and eight four-round preliminaries made up the card.

Six-rounders: Eiji Amino, 120¼, outscored Tsunehiro Tokisaki, 122. Masakuni Nakasone, 107¼, outpointed Katsumi Sato, 103½. Kiyomi Sato (Katsumi's twin brother), 106¼, outscored Yoshiaki Kanda, 107½.

Four-rounders: Keiji Ono, 121½, stopped Koji Hayakawa, 122, at 2:23 of the fourth. Kazuaki Yukawa, 133¼, and Hidenari Adachi, 135, drew. Ksao Kimura, 101¼, and Takaaki Miyata, 106¾, drew. Masato Fujii, 107¼, outpointed Isamu Machida, 103¼. Koichi Hamahata, 132, outpointed Masato Hakuro, 126¾. Haruhiko Ooka, 134, stopped Katsumi Motoki, also 134, at 1:26 of the first round. Masaharu Owada, 128¼, halted Teruichi Ishida, 128¾, at 0:34 of the first round.

Kadoebi Promotions.

Attendance — 1,000.

▲ NOTES . . . The Lupe Pintor-Eijiro Murata WBC bantamweight title bout garnered 23.5% of the Japanese television audience, according to Nielsen Video Research.

KOREA

▲ **SEOUL — Munhwa Gymnasium —** Chung-Jae Hwang retained his OPBF welterweight title, knocking out Vicente Mawas, Philippines, in 2:14 of the first round. A beautiful short right counter did the trick.

Hwang, 21, is now 10-0 with eight kayoes. Mawas is now 8-1 with eight knockouts.

▲ **TAEJON —** Chung Il Choi, the OPBF's top rated junior lightweight, won unanimous decision over southpaw Yoshitaka Ikehara, Japan, 10. Choi had won all seven of his previous contests with kayoes. He floored Ikahara in the fifth and sixth rounds, but the latter's speed enabled him to last the distance.

Yung-Sae Oh knocked out Danny Royer, Ghana, in 2:44 of the fifth round in the eight-round semi-final. It was Oh's second pro bout; he's a former Korean amateur lightweight champion. Royer had fought as Royal Umeno in Japan.

▲ **SEOUL — Munhwa Gymnasium —** Seung-Hun Lee won a controversial split decision over former junior flyweight champion Sung-Jun Kim, 10. Lee had lost to Venezuela's Rafael Orono in a bout for the WBC's new super bantamweight in February.

Kim was on the aggressive from the start, dominating the first and third rounds, while Lee, who has good footwork, responded with fast combos as the bout progressed. Lee caught the fading Kim with sharp one-two in the eighth, opening a gash near his right eyelid. The last two rounds were fought on fairly even terms. The decision could have gone either way. Kim is scheduled to face Shoji Oguma for the latter's WBC world flyweight title.

▲ **KWANGJOO CITY —** Former top amateur flyweight ringman Kwang-Sup Kim, brother of ex-junior welterweight contender Kwang-Min Kim, made his pro debut by winning a unanimous decision over Phenix Taniguchi, Japan, eight. (This was the semi-final to the Kwang-Min Kin-Boy Reyes bout, in which Kwang-Min won by a sixth round TKO.)

PHILIPPINES

▲ **MANILA — Rizal Memorial Coliseum —** Nene Jun, 129¼, won the Filipino junior lightweight title with a unanimous decision over Nilo Acid, 129½, 10.

Ric Diamale, 118¼, the Philippines' junior featherweight champion, won unanimous decision over Fred Ebon, 10 rounds, non-title.

Rico Villorente, 117, outscored veteran Julius Gonzaga, 119½, 10. Gonzaga was the Philippines' Games and Amusements Board's ninth ranked bantamweight contender.

Berlin Olivetti, 116½, stopped Rudy Canasa, 116¾, in the 10th and final round.

Oscar Gonzalez, Jr., 111½, the GAB's 10th ranked flyweight, won unanimous decision over Joe Gaviola, 110½, in the first 10-round bout.

Agustin Garcia, promoter.

▲ **MANILA — Rizal Memorial Coliseum —** Diego de Villa, 114¾, the Filipino national junior bantamweight champion, retained his crown with a split draw against Little Aguilar, 114¼, 12. It was an extremely close fight.

Arnel Arrozal, 115, won unanimous decision over former Korean flyweight champ Hak-Yung Kim, also 115, 12.

Veteran Fernando Cabanela, 128, won a technical decision over Woon-Chul Shin, also 128, Korea, 10.

William Develos, 115, the GAB's second ranked junior bantamweight, eked out a split decision over Jimmy Boy, 114¼, 10.

Brigildo Canada, 110, TKO'd Eduardo Baltar, also 110, in the ninth round. Canada was chosen the GAB's Boxer of the Month based on this effort.

Galorde Promotions.

▲ **CAG. DE ORO CITY —** Bill Abrogar, 123, won unanimous decision over Divino Inocian, 120½, 10.

Robinson Abato, 122, the GAB's seventh ranked bantamweight, won unanimous decision over Winnie Ampong, 120½, 10.

Mac Espanola, 112½, the Board's top rated flyweight, dropped a unanimous decision to Jun Garcia, 111, and unranked by the GAB before the contest, 10. Garcia was given Honorable Mention for Boxer of the Month honors and ranked eighth in the next ratings.

Florentino Uba, promoter.

▲ **MANILA —** Rizal Memorial Coliseum—Willie Makitoki, 139½, won majority decision over Danilo Limpahan, 139, 10.

Alberto Cruz, 147, won unanimous decision over Jimmy Gonzales, 145, 10.

Pablo Pepito, 114½, TKO'd Jocie Cels, also 114½, in the eighth round.

Tomasa Pamilosa, promoter.

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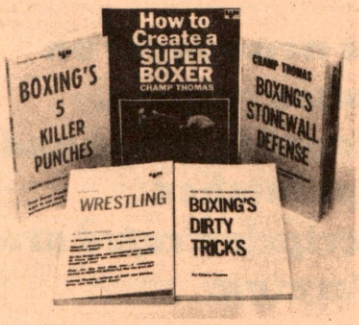

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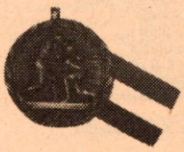

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WORLD RATINGS
(AS OF AUGUST 1, 1980)

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Title Vacant
1. Britt Van Buskirk, California
2. Julie Mullen, Nevada
3. Dulce Lucas, Puerto Rico
4. Carol McAllister, New York
5. Gladys (Bam Bam) Smith, N.J.
6. Gwen Gemini, New York
7. Fumiki Takasuki, Japan
8. Toni (Leatherneck) Tucker, N.Y.
9. Blanca Rodriguez, Texas
10. Tina Oreily, Florida

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champion
Title Vacant
1. Marian (Lady Tiger) Trimiar, N.Y.
2. Yvonne Barkley, New York
3. Carlotta Lee, California
4. Sue Carlson, Minnesota
5. Cathy Davis, New York
6. Sandra Peck, Tennessee
7. Page Croyder, Maryland
8. Flory "Non-Stop" Goldberg, N.Y.
9. Brenda Kidd, Arkansas
10. Linda Hammons, Tennessee

SUPER FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Title Vacant
1. Cora (White Sugar) Webber-Long, Fla.
2. Lydia (Squeaky) Bayardo, California
3. Ernestine Jones, Illinois
4. Donna (Tammy) Jensen, Washington
5. Lori (Loveable) Harmon, Minnesota
6. Dee Dee Dowton, Australia
7. Georgia Gant, Tennessee
8. Sylvia Ruiz, Texas
9. Cecelia McCain, Mississippi
10. Karen Irons, Nebraska

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Title Vacant
1. Marion Bermudez, Arizona
2. Lili Rodriguez, California
3. Toni Lear Rodriguez, Texas
4. Ana Pascal, Panama
5. Belinda Buckley, Ohio
6. Judy James, Nevada
7. Miyako Shima, Japan
8. Debra (Cha Cha) Wright, California
9. Margo Walls, Illinois
10. Amy Winn, Arizona

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champion
Zebra Girl Tucker, California
1. Graceila Casillas, California
2. Debbie (Ginger) Kaufman, Minn.
3. Karen Bennett, Nevada
4. Cheryl Loudd, California
5. Laurie Ferris, California
6. Denise Coleman, California
7. Linda Lawson, Indiana
8. Denise Morehead, California
9. Kathy McDonald
10. Gumdrop Miller, North Carolina

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Rosi Reed, California
1. Bonnie Prestwood, Indiana
2. Nancy Thompson, California
3. Louise "Frisco Kid" Loo, Calif.
4. Ginate Troy, California
5. Paula Trichel, California
6. Amy Levitt, California
7. Rochelle Ragsdale, California
8. Kathy Franklin, Michigan

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▲ **MINDORO — San Jose Gymnasium —** Rene Cruz, Jr., 120, outscored Ruben Aravelo, also 120, 10.
Teo Montejo, 102, the GAB's ninth ranked junior flyweight, won unanimous decision over Elmer Lozarito, 105, 10.
Felimon Vasquez, promoter.

▲ **GEN. SANTOS CITY —** Billy Abato, 118, the GAB's third ranked bantamweight, was held to a split draw by Sammy Insular, also 118, 10.
Eren Nazal, promoter.

▲ **CAG. DE ORO CITY —** Bill Abrogar, 120, TKO'd Renato Paulino, 119, in the ninth round.
Florentino Uba, promoter.

▲ **BATAAN — Orani Gymnasium—** Orland Cruz, 130, TKO'd Boy Margaloo, also 130, in the second.
Ruben Rodriguez, promoter.

▲ **SAN PABLO CITY —** Fred Sta. Igresia, 114½, the GAB's fourth ranked junior bantamweight, was held to a majority draw by Tito Vilmar, also 114½, 10.
Rene Busayong, 112½, TKO'd Salvador Perez, 113, midway in the second round.
Catalino Cruz, Jr., promoter.

THAILAND

▲ **KONKAN PROVINCE —** Vichit Muangroi-et, 123, kayoed former Thai featherweight champion Kolynyuth Punyuth Surakhorsang, 124, in the fourth round. Muangroi-et is the WBA's third ranked junior featherweight, but he'd been inactive for a long time prior to his kayo over Surakhorsang.

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium —** Phichitsuk Koru-sayarm, 112, the TBC's second ranked flyweight, outscored Daonoi Sithsaneh, 114, six.

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium —** Ratanachai Punvit, 112, won unanimous decision over Sangsung Sithvuthakas, also 112, six.

▲ **BANGKOK — Lumpinee Stadium —** Southpaw Monsayarm H. Mahachai, 118, halted Kongchai Sithgunpai, also 118, in the second.

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium —** Monsaneh Sukothai, 110, brother of veteran junior featherweight Thanomchi Sukothai.

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium —** Nasai Chalermchai-gym kayoed Monsaneh Sukothai, 110, in the first round. The latter is a brother of veteran junior featherweight Thanomchi Sukothai. It was an amazing upset.

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium —** Thai featherweight champion Nugprachun Kiatkumjye, 128, won a close decision over Pliannoi Thongthew, also 128, in an eight-round non-title bout.

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium —** Alibaba Looklongtun, 115, won unanimous decision over Noom S. Phayathai, 116, six.

▲ **BANGKOK — Lumpinee Stadium —** Dedkak Kiathunyong, the TBC's top featherweight contender, kayoed Dorn Sornsakdisith, the number two contender, in the seventh round to win the Lumpinee Stadium featherweight title. Dedkad, a southpaw, should now challenge Nugprachun Kiatkumjye for the national title. He also floored Dorn in the third and fifth cantos.

▲ **BANGKOK — Rahadamnern Stadium —** Chukthep Chuvatana, 108, retained his Thai national flyweight title with a unanimous decision over Srithanya Sithsaneh, also 108, 10.

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium —** Phichitsuk Koru-sayarm, 114, the TBC's third ranked flyweight contender, stopped less experienced Therdsak Pornthavee, 116, in the third round.

▲ **BANGKOK — Lumpinee Stadium —** Phongphan S. Phayathai, 121, knocked out Vuthichai Singhrungraung, 119, in the first round.

▲ **BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium —** Komlek S. Thanikul, 112, halted Kanokkun Sithsaneh, 114, in the second.

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium —** Veteran Kwanjai S. Pengphis, 109, outscored Ratanachai Punvit, 112, six. Punvit, the TBC's second ranked flyweight, had been undefeated, and Pengphis had not even been rated by the Commission. This was a real upset.

▲ **BANGKOK — Lumpinee Stadium —** Dech-Umnauy Singthanongsakdi, 118, halted Kerdmanee Singhsuwan, also 118, in the first round.

▲ **BANGKOK — Rajadamnern Stadium —** Noom S. Payathai, 116, the TBC's fourth ranked junior bantamweight, won a split decision over Chairit Petchakasem, 115, the Commission's 10th ranked flyweight, six.

With thanks to the Korean Boxing Commission (headquarters of the Oriental & Pacific Boxing Federation), the Games and Amusements Board of the Philippines, the Thai Boxing Commission, and the Japanese Boxing Commission for their kind cooperation.

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

PAN PACIFIC

AUSTRALIA

NEW SOUTH WALES

▲ **WOLLONGONG — Ironworkers Club —** Australian junior welterweight champion Jeff Malcolm defended his title for the second time in a month when he knocked out Speedo Duke in the third round of a scheduled 12 with a perfectly timed left rip to the body. Jeff was in charge from the first bell, but a one-punch K.O. did not seem likely until that deadly left to Speedo's solar plexus.

Duke went down in a heap. He lay on his side with knees drawn up, his face contorted in agony. As referee, your correspondent counted to 10. He could have counted to 20.

"That was the hardest punch I ever took in my 64 fights," said Duke.

Two eight-rounders supported. Wayne Mulholland, 120, outpointed Buddy Clare, 128, for the third time. He had to contend with a cut eye this time, however, and the bout was a thriller. Patrick Purns, 124, outscored Billy Doyles, 128.

▲ **MT. PRITCHARD — Community Club —** Former Australian junior lightweight champion Big Jim West, 130, didn't have to get out of first gear to stop Billy Facer, 135. Referee Trevor Christian called a halt after round four due to a cut eye suffered by Facer. West was vastly superior, however, and would have halted Facer without the cut sooner or later.

▲ **ROZELLE — Balmain Sports Club —** Australian middleweight champion Wally Carr, 166, stopped South Australian light heavyweight king Terry Fox, 168, late in the fifth round. Referee Trevor Christian administered a standing eight count to Fox earlier in that frame. Fox put up a brave fight, but had no counter to Carr's left hooks.

Australian amateur featherweight champion Garry Williams, 128, made his pro debut. He outscored Kirk Blair, 130, eight.

Patrick Burns, 121, and Billy Doyles, also 121, drew, six.

▲ **KINGSFORD — South Sydney Junior Leagues Club —** Clint Brown, 147, scored a comfortable points win over Bobby Scott, also 147, in the eight-round main event.

Six-rounders: Jeff Perkins, 121, outpointed Sparrow Freeman, 120. Wilson Jones, 180, stopped Hughie Taggart, 199, on a cut eye in two.

▲ **KINGSFORD — South Sydney Junior Leagues Club —** Ken Salisbury, 154, won a technical decision over Buddy Nixon, also 154, in the fifth round of a scheduled eight-rounder. Nixon had a cut eye due to an accidental clash of heads and, as Salisbury was ahead, he won the fight — on points.

Six-rounders: Andy Mann, 140, outscored Buddy Clare, 134. Wilson Jones, 182, stopped Eric King, 172, four. Con O'Connor, 160, halted Willie Mixon, 162. five.

▲ **BROOKVALE — Manly-Warrington Leagues Club —** Jeff Perkins, 128, outpointed Sparrow Freeman, 126, in a rough, drag-'em-out eight-round contest.

Clint Brown, 152, outpointed Ceddy McGrady, 154, six. Roy Hughes, 134, stopped David Garland, 133, in the sixth and final round. Steve Saxon, 124, halted Roger Walker, 122, in the fifth.

▲ **CANLEY VALE — Cabravele Diggers Club —** Jamie Lewis, 147, outpointed Tom Roberts, 145, in a good 10-round bout.

Six-rounders: Mick Thompson, 148, and Frank Gauci, 152, drw. Patric Burns, 118, outscored Buddy Clare, 128.

Alf Benvenuti, 135, knocked out Paul Talbot in the third round of a scheduled four-rounder.

QUEENSLAND

▲ **BRISBANE — Festival Hall —** Greg Liesegang, 133, got on top of Billy Facer, 135, in the second round, and referee Alan Moore stopped it at the end of the session to crown Liesengang. It was scheduled for 10.

Queensland State amateur champion Brian Janssen, 137, made his pro debut in the eight-round semi-final against Ritchie Aubrey, 135. Janssen won by K.O. in the second round. He is only 17, and appears to have a bright future.

Six-rounders: Rod Christsen, 192, and Errol Simpson, 217, drew. Arnold Murray, 182, outpointed Young Stone, 170. Ralmo Brown, 168, halted Acki Puncher, 162, in the third round.

▲ **GYMPIE —** Billy Facer, 135, halted Arthur "Bullet" Bradley, 138, in the ninth round of a scheduled 10-rounder billed for the vacant Queensland State junior welterweight title.

Arnold Murray stopped Frank Malone in the second round of the 10-round heavyweight semi-final.

▲ **NANANGO —** Kerry Bell, 147, knocked out Gary Tomlinson, 153, in the ninth round of a scheduled 10-round bout to win the Queensland State junior middleweight title.

Arnold Murray outscored Errol Simpson, 10, heavyweights. Dally Law stopped Fred Douglas in the second round of a scheduled six. Acki Puncher halted Billy Blair in the fourth round of another scheduled six-rounder. Derek Willmott, 126, outpointed Benny Hopkins, 114, four.

▲ **BRISBANE — Festival Hall —** Kerry Bell, 144, outpointed Robert Colley, 144½, 10, to win the vacant Queensland State welterweight title. It was a good fight, with Bell a clear 100-95 winner on the card of referee Alan Moore, the only official.

Brian Janssen, 138, iced Bill Isaacs, 139, at 1:05 of the first round in a scheduled eight-rounder. Dave Sarago, 148, outpointed Bobby Scott, also 148, eight.

FIJI

▲ **LAUCALA BAY —** Silio Tiko, Fiji, outscored junior middleweight Neil Pattel, Queensland, Australia, 10.

NEW ZEALAND

▲ **AUCKLAND —** Former British Commonwealth middleweight champion Monty Betham, 158, New Zealand, clearly outpointed Ross Eadie, 154, 12. Eadie is the leading contender for the vacant Australian junior middleweight title.

Alex Sua, 175, outpointed Johnny Layton, also 175, Australia, 10. Fred Tafua, 154, outscored Australian Lou Cruz, also 154, six.

▲ **DANNEVIRKE —** Jeff Smith TKO'd Chris Bennett, Australia, in the fourth round of a scheduled 10-rounder. A cut mouth stopped the contest.

RAY MITCHELL

ORIENTAL & PACIFIC RATINGS
BY THE ORIENTAL & PACIFIC BOXING FEDERATION
(AS OF JULY 1, 1980)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Chong-Pal Park (K)
1. James Callaghan (J)
2. Byun-Grae Yuh (K)
3. Ceasar Sasaki (J)
4. Rocky Joe (I)
5. Ramon Dionisio (P)
6. Torkano Marcos (A)
7. Katsuo Esahi (J)
8. Phil Davies (A)
9. Masahide Kitamura (J)
10. Cassius Naito (J)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Sang-Mo Koo (K)
1. Petchyam Petcharoy (T)
2. Al Cordero (P)
3. Minoru Sugiya (J)
4. Dong-Bok Lee (K)
5. Thomas Americo (I)
6. Edward Heneral (P)
7. Noboru Hatakeyama (J)
8. Heung-Sok Yuh (K)
9. Sperling Pangaribuan (I)
10. Thom Singthanongsakdi (T)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Royal Kobayashi (J)
1. Tae-Hwan Lee (K)
2. Nuguprachan Kiatkunyai (T)
3. Lulu Villaverde (P)
4. Tenyu Maruki (J)
5. Dedkad Kiathunyong (T)
6. Gunawan Komara (I)
7. Sok-Tae Yun (K)
8. Dorn Sornsakdisith
9. Joe Francisco (P)
10. Shuzo Yoshida (J)

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Yung-Shik Kim (K)
1. Saifa Phayathai (T)
2. Jiro Takada (J)
3. Diego de Villa (P)
4. Il-Sung Choi (K)
5. Hitoshi Ishiaki (J)
6. Danilo Inocian (P)
7. Yung-Hwan Kim (K)
8. Thai Singchevung (T)
9. Chul-Ho Kim (K)
10. William Develos (P)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Tadashi Mihara (J)
1. Acquilano Nicolas, Jr. (P)
2. Sang-Ho Lee (K)
3. Kenji Shibata (J)
4. Wally Carr (A)
5. Michihiro Horihata (J)
6. Alberto Cruz (P)
7. Jae-Hyung Yuh (K)
8. Naosito Suzuki (J)
9. Tae-Hwan Oh (K)
10. Chung-Shik Kim (K)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Yung-Ho Oh (K)
1. Tony Flores (P)
2. Jenrub Muangsurin (T)
3. Ki-Hoon Kwak (K)
4. Tsuneshiro Fuchiwaki (J)
5. Lito Pena (P)
6. Katsuhiro Okubo (J)
7. Dony Soriano (P)
8. Barry Michael (A)
9. Jimmy Sinantan (I)
10. Sang-Hyun Baek (K)

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Soo-Hyun Chung (K)
1. Ric Diamale (P)
2. Chong-Wo Baek (K)
3. Hiroyuki Iwamoto (J)
4. Neptali Alamag (P)
5. Dejavarin Hollywood (T)
6. Brian Roberts (A)
7. Sang-Yun Cha (K)
8. Morkasakdi Muangsurin (T)
9. Rene Cruz, Jr. (P)
10. Kenichi Ito (J)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Hong-Soo Yang (K)
1. Kazumasa Tamaki (J)
2. Kap-Chul Shin (K)
3. Frank Cedeno (P)
4. Dan Pisalchai (T)
5. Koichi Maki (J)
6. Monsayarm H. Mahachai (T)
7. Mac Espanola (P)
8. Tsutomu Igarashi (J)
9. Lo Wong (I)
10. Melchor Degsi (P)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Chung-Jae Hwang (K)
1. Steve Dennis (A)
2. Mike de Guzman (P)
3. Satania S. Pratip (T)
4. Dynamite Matsuo (J)
5. Lino Bernadas (P)
6. Kwang-Yul Oh (K)
7. Tarzan Tobaru (J)
8. Eddie (Boy) Oposa (P)
9. Eddie Buttons (A)
10. Thanimthong Singsamang (T)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Ryu Fukida (J)
1. Tae-Jin Munh (K)
2. Nene Jun (P)
3. Masa Ito (J)
4. Johnny Mangi (I)
5. Johnny Sato (P)
6. Gen Tosa (J)
7. Sok-Yu Park (K)
8. Larry Valesini (A)
9. Nick Caputol (P)
10. Boy Reyes (P)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Eijiro Murata (J)
1. Ronald Sumalis (P)
2. Myung-Gan Mun (K)
3. Venice Borkorsor (T)
4. Hurricane Teru (J)
5. Fred Ebon (P)
6. Chong-Soo Lee (K)
7. Paul Ferreri (A)
8. Charnok U. Yuthanakarn (T)
9. Sang-Bong Lee (K)
10. Bobby Berna (P)

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Yong-Hyun Kim (K)
1. Sung-Nam Kim (K)
2. Tadashi Tomori (J)
3. Siony Carupo (P)
4. Chukthep Chuvatana (T)
5. Junior Thompson (A)
6. Shuchi Hozumi (J)
7. Komleg Sorthanikul (T)
8. Brigildo Canada (P)
9. In-Hwan Hwang (K)
10. Kazunori Tenryu (J)

Legend: (A) Australia; (I) Indonesia; (J) Japan; (K) Korea; (P) Philippines; (T) Thailand.
Note: The Oriental & Pacific Boxing Federation does not rate boxers currently rated by world boxing organizations.

Worldwide fight results

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Randall (Tex) Cobb stopped Earnie Shavers, 8
Tony Tubbs halted Jerry Hunter, 4
Earl Tripp beat Leroy Caldwell, 10
Jeff Podgurski decisioned Ron Draper, 6
Bill Connell outpointed Pedro Soto, 8
Tim Weatherspoon halted Charles Cox, 5
Mike Schiebelhood beat Baker Tinsley, 6
George Graham iced Larry Jones, 1
Ernie Smith beat Vernon Johnston, 10
Pat Duncan outpointed Fred Muhammad Grogan, 10
Harvey Steichen stopped Joe Garcia, 3
Mark Lee kayoed Don P. Ohotto, 3
David Starkey halted Woody Starr, 3

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Matthew Saad Muhammad stopped Yaqui Lopez, 14
(Retained World Title)
Mustafa Muhammad Eddie kayoed Jerry Martin, 10
(Retained WBA Title)
Michael Spinks halted Dave Conteh, 9
Rudi Koopmans beat Fred Serris, 12
Lee Burkey stopped Roger Phillips, 5
Mike Rossman outpointed Don Addison, 10
Willie Taylor halted Ramon Ronquillo, 3
Tony Mesoraca kayoed Dave Bird, 8
J.C. Moody knocked out Gene Maldron, 3
John Davis outpointed Tony Greene, 6
Ron Huston iced Tommy Butts, 1
Trevor Kerr halted Ian Glenn, 2
Eddie Gonzales iced Ramon Yera, 1
Eddie Gonzales halted Cary Bradshaw, 6
Alvin Dominey kayoed Carl Ivey, 7
Byron Campbell beat Paddy Wilson, 10
Lee Burkey stopped Karl Hess, 4
Leon McDonald kayoed Anthony Phillips, 3

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Fulgencio Obel stopped Clifford Wills, 3
Randy McGrady halted Guy Kennedy, 4
Johnny Heard kayoed Mark Hughes, 2
Bobby Czyz stopped Bruce Strauss, 4
Bobby Patterson outpointed Ben Serrano, 8
Norberto Sabater kayoed Dan Snyder, 5
Skipper Jones decisioned Richi Bennett, 10
Carlton Swift knocked out Leroy Danford, 3
Jamal Abubakar stopped Elwood Miller, 5
Tim Harris iced Antonio Correa, 1
Jesse Lara halted Antonio Munoz, 2
Tony Foreman kayoed Rocky Fabrizzio, 4

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Maurice Hope halted Rocky Mattioli, 11
(Retained WBC Title)
Andoni Amana stopping Dum Dum Pacheco, 9
Wilfred Benitez halted Tony Chiaverini, 8
Mike Herron and Mike Picciotti drew, 10
Gonzalo Montez stopped Leon McCullum, 6
Steve Hearon beat Rene Pagan, 8
Mario Rafael Ramos decisioned Jose Pichardo Ortiz, 10
Harlen Holden kayoed Charles Peterson, 2
Alex Temelkov stopped Joe Mario, 7
Claude Longmeir iced Larry Spasser, 1
Humberto De Los Rios halted Tony Flickman, 5
Fred Hutchins knocked out Juan Huerta, 6
Ceferino Morales outpointed Fernando Escalera, 8
Miguel Hernandez beat Earl Liburd, 6
Alfred Aguayo decisioned Eric Bonilla, 6

WELTERWEIGHTS
Thomas Hearns kayoed Pipino Cuevas, 2
(Won WBA Title)
Nino Gonzales stopped Winston Noel, 2
Victor Martinez kayoed Aundra Love, 9
Greg Stephes beat Pepe Dominguez, 12
Bruce Finch halted Javier Ayala, 3
Clint Brown outpointed Dawsie Kelly, 8
Ken Davis Jr. kayoed Phillip Leonin, 2
Chico Salinas stopped Dario DeJesus, 5
Jorge Dario De Asa knocked out A.W. Muhammed, 2
Beaver Longmeir halted Robert Spencer, 2
Juan Merlo kayoed Arnoldo Santiago, 3

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Aaron Pryor knocked out Antonio Cervantes, 4
(Won World Title)
Sal Lopez halted Jimmy Heair, 5
Jeff Malcolm beat Graham Bell, 12
Tony Baltazar iced Ruben Martinez, 1
Ray Mancini destroyed Leon Smith, 1
Curtis Harris kayoed Martin Parham, 5
Gino Perez stopped Dave Bolden, 7
Mike Blunt knocked out Johnny Copeland, 3
Felipe Canela halted Henry Gill, 5
Sal Dragone kayoed Joseph Gazzo, 2
John Morgan stopped Scottie Foreman, 2

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Sean O'Grady decisioned Gonzallo Montellano, 12
(Retained USBA Title)
Norman Goins stopped Jan Graciano, 4
Jorge Morales halted Jerry Vinzor, 3
John Montes Jr. knocked out Gary Vinet, 3
Manuel Abedoy knocked out Miguel Hernandez, 4
Manuel Lira and Perico Fernandez were declared no contest
Butch Lewis iced Joe Presley, 1
Blaine Dickson decisioned Roberto Garcia, 10
Ricardo Jimenez halted Danny Patino, 2
Ruben Munoz stopped Tony Sanchez, 2
Ezzard Charles Adams kayoed Carlos Villicana, 5
Fidel Fraijo and Rodrigo Aguirre fought to a technical draw

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Eusebio Pedroza knocked out Sa-Wang Kim, 8
(Retained WBA Title)
Rocky Lockridge halted Alfonso Evans, 5
Sergio Reyes kayoed Otto Archer, 4
Daniel Cruz stopped Pat Cardenas, 2
Homelo Gonzales iced Roberto Sandoval, 1
Gaby Cantera halted Rigoberto Garcia, 4

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Yasutsune Uehara knocked out Samuel Serrano, 6
(Won World Title)
Lionel Harney beat Jose L. Pino Lara, 10
Johnny Sato decisioned Antonio Becerra, 10
Vito Romero stopped Mauro Fuentes, 4
Daniel Cruz iced Sergio Fierro, 1
Arturo Frias outpointed Juan Sanchez, 10
Gary Spencer destroyed Francisco Velez, 1
Eddie Ballaran beat Fili Ramirez, 10
Sylvester Price beat Carlos Serrano, 10

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Javier Flores decisioned Ricardo Varela, 12
Armando Ugalde stopped Johnny Jackson, 2
Isaac Vega knocked out Marshall Villa, 7

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Jeff Chandler kayoed Gilberto Villicana, 4
Jeff Chandler stopped Gustavo Martinez, 8
Freddie Jackson iced Piedrita Vasquez, 1
Jose "Gaby" Canizales halted Jose Salas, 2
Marcelo Camacho kayoed Cristobal Gutierrez, 2
Diego Rosario stopped Don Nisivoccia, 4

FLYWEIGHTS
Shoji Oguma outpointed Sung-Jun Kim, 15
(Retained World Title)
Hilario Zapata decisioned Hector Rey Melendez, 15
(Retained WBC Junior Flyweight Title)
Mario Savala halted Mario Cortez, 2
Mark Pacheco beat Panterito Chavez, 10
Steve Whetstone kayoed Rafael Duran, 3
Luis Jimenez decisioned Javier de la Cerda, 6

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SAOUL MAMBY THE CHAMP NOBODY KNOWS.

By MICHAEL KATZ

He had been around the world twice when the dream suddenly came true with the quickness of a straight right hand to the chin. Now Saoul Mamby is a world champion and he is on the road again.

Some day, said the 33-year-old World Boxing Council super lightweight champion, he would like to fight at home. Mamby was born, bred and bar mitzvahed in the Bronx.

"My dream is to fight in Yankee Stadium," he said. "I walk by there, ever since I was a six-round fighter, and I'll hear the crowd of the baseball people and think, that's for me."

Instead, he is still "Saoul Who?" His manager did not even accompany him to Seoul, South Korea, when Mamby won the championship with a 14-round knockout of Kim-Sang-Hyun.

He is a baby-faced black Jewish man who learned to fight and survive in the Bronx but has been a virtual outcast from New York rings. His defensive style earned him the nickname "Sweet Saoul" and that soured customers, who demanded more action.

Mamby has seen enough action. He fought for a year in Vietnam and says he was outraged "by gung-ho sergeants and soldiers who would waste a village just so they could go back home and brag about what they did in the war."

When he finally won the title, he feared for his life and needed police protection to take him from the Korean ring that was being showered with bottles.

He had managers "who ripped me off," and there were times he could not get a fight, other times he had to "fight the best for peanuts." He fought Duran for $3,000 and six months later met Antonio Cervantes, the World Boxing Association's ex-140-pound champion, for $3,500.

Since turning pro in 1969, he has crossed into the lightweight and welterweight divisions and met them all: Benny Huertas, Edwin Viruet, Victor Ortiz, Harold Weston, and he has usually met them on their home grounds. His won-lost-draw record is 28-12-5 in a career that has taken him from the Caribbean to Korea, from Paris to Thailand.

For a few days after they returned from Korea, reported his 19-year-old fiancee, Yolanda Montgomery, "the phone didn't stop ringing, but Saoul said 'later for those people, they never wrote about me before.' "

He said he should have won the title in 1977 when he was outpointed over 15 rounds by Saensak Muangsurin in Thailand.

"When they took the title from me in Thailand," he said, "I figured it was God's way of telling me I wasn't ready for it yet. I said to myself, 'I know I want it, I know I can do it, but maybe I just can't hack what comes with it.' I would have wasted a lot of money on loose women and big cars."

He has not lost since the Muangsurin fight, but he was not expected to beat Kim. His latest manager, Carl King, the 23-year-old son of Don King, the promoter, did not even to go Korea. Mamby did not invite him, either.

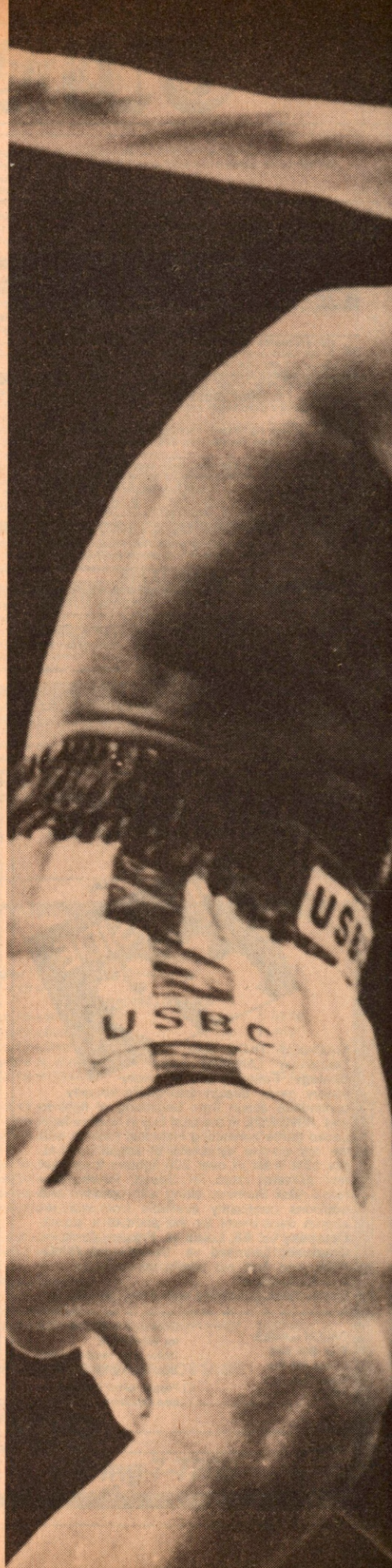
Carl King, who describes himself as "the twig on the family tree," said Mamby had "a bad attitude toward managers; he wants to do everything himself." He still does; with his longtime trainer, Al Smith, and an assistant trainer, Lee Black.

The Korean promoter sent Mamby plane tickets to bring along only three persons. He chose Smith, Black and Yolanda, "people close to me."

Saoul and Yolanda met four years ago on their elevator. She lived on the 38th floor, he on the 17th of the Tracy Towers in the West Bronx. She was 15 years old then, Mamby 29.

They started dating a year ago. On one of their first dates, Mamby took Yolanda to see his good friend, Larry Holmes, defend his W.B.C. heavyweight title against Mike Weaver at Madison Square Garden.

Larry Holmes means a lot to Mamby. They met 12 years ago when both were training at the old Gleason's Gym in the Bronx. Both had to struggle to reach the top.



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"Sometimes he'd see I was broke, and he was broke, too, but if Larry had $3, he'd give me $2," said Mamby. "Whatever he had, he would share it with me. He told me to stick with Don King, that King maybe had a thousand and one things on his mind, but that I was one of those things. King would loan me money, too, and when I went to pay him back, he would just say, 'go ahead, keep it.' "

Mamby washed windows and drove a gypsy cab before taking what he called his "biggest gamble" and dropping everything to concentrate on boxing.

His mother, a native Spaniard, and his father, a Jamaican, converted to Judaism when Mamby was 4.

"I had to fight every day," he said, "especially on the Sabbath coming home from temple. Kids would follow me down the street and I'd have to tell them to wait a minute until I changed clothes. Then I'd come outside and we'd fight."

Yolanda, a Catholic, cooks kosher food for him, but he has never exploited his religion. He refused, for example, to wear a Star of David on his boxing trunks. "Christian fighters," he said, "don't wear crosses, do they?" It might have helped his career, but Mamby says he has to do things his way.

"It hasn't been all that bad," he said. "I've been around the world and seen cultures I never would have had the chance to do otherwise. I've met kings, queens. That much I've gotten out of boxing."

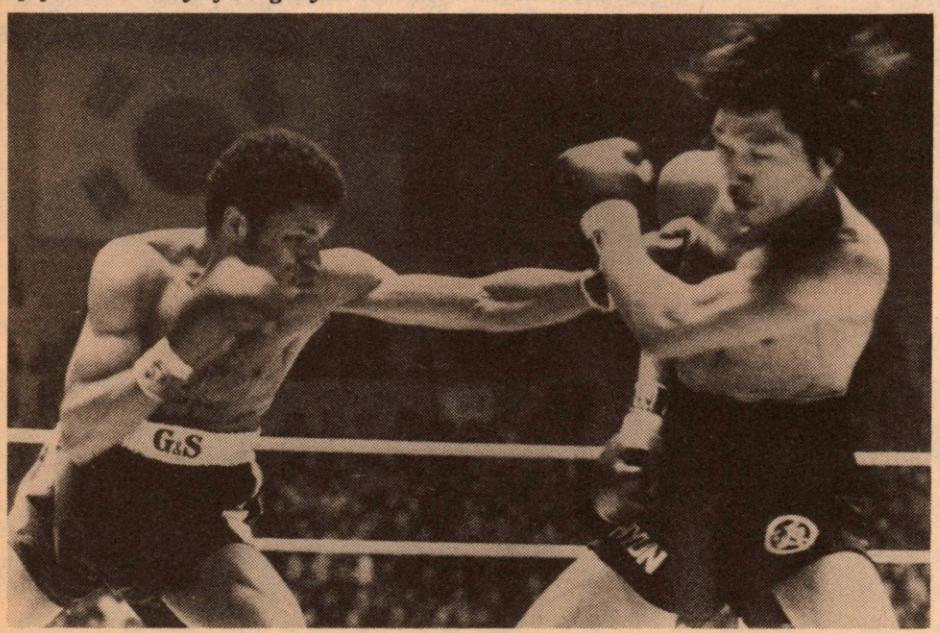
SAOUL MAMBY

Height: 5'8½" **Reach:** 70"
Weight: 140 pounds
Born: June 4, 1947, Bronx, New York

1969

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Sept. 13	Roy Goss	Kingston, Jamaica	W 6

(Above) Mamby lands a right to the nose of Saensak Muangsurin. (Below) A straight left finds the body of Sang-Hyun Kim in the second round.



1970

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
June 2	Henry Ocasio	New York City	W 6
June 22	Doc McClendon	Freeport, New York	W 6
July 27	Doc McClendon	Freeport, New York	W 6
Aug. 17	Ivelaw Eastman	Freeport, New York	KO 5
Sept. 7	Freytes Caban	New York City	D 6
Nov. 10	Jose Toro	New York City	W 6
Dec. 16	Ivelaw Eastman	New York City	KO 6

1971

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 23	Johnny Harp	Syracuse, New York	D 8
March 31	Jose Peterson	New York City	L 8
June 7	Willie Daniels	Philadelphia	W 8
July 14	Benny Huertas	New York City	D 10
Aug. 17	Doc McClendon	New York City	W 8
Nov. 5	Benny Huertas	New York City	W 10
Dec. 3	Edwin Viruet	New York City	D 10

1972

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
April 24	Hector Matta	New York City	L 10
June 16	Frank Jones	Thomasville	KO 8
Oct. 24	Miguel Morales	New York City	KO 4
Nov. 14	Victor Ortiz	San Juan, P.R.	L 10

1973

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
April 29	Victor Ortiz	San Juan, P.R.	L 10
June 14	Hector Matta	San Juan P.R.	L 10
July 17	Angel Robinson Garcia	Miami Beach	W 10
Aug. 7	Miguel Morales	Miami Beach	KO 7
Oct. 15	Chris Fernandez	New York City	L 10

1974

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
May 27	Chris Fernandez	New York City	L 10
Oct. 29	John Hayward	Boston, Mass.	KO 5
Dec. 3	Jose Resto	Quebec City	W 8

1975

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
June 17	Tim Walker	Largo, Md.	L 8
Aug. 14	Chuck Wilburn	St. Paul, Minn.	KO 3
Sept. 13	Percy Hayles	Kingston, Jamaica	KO 8

1976

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 6	Harold Weston, Jr.	New York City	D 10
May 4	Roberto Duran	Miami Beach	L 10
June 8	Nani Marrero	Miami Beach	W 10
Nov. 13	Antonio Cervantes	Maracay	L 10

1977

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
April 2	Mike Everett	San Antonio	W 10
May 31	Nani Marrero	Santo Domingo	L 10
Oct. 22	Saensak Muangsurin (For WBC Junior Welterweight Title)	Korat, Thailand	L 15

1978

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 27	Jean Baptiste Piedvache	Paris, France	W 10
June 2	Leon Gillyard	Curacao	KO 2
Sept. 1	Miguel Betruz	Curacao	KO 4

1979

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
March 9	Norman Goins	New York City	W 10
July 8	Marion Thomas	New York City	KO 4

1980

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Jan. 12	Tom Tarantino	Atlantic City	KO 1
Feb. 23	Sang-Hyun Kim (Won WBC Junior Welterweight Title)	Seoul, Korea	KO 14
July 7	Esteban DeJesus (Retained WBC Junior Welterweight Title)	Bloomington	KO 13

Summary

BOUTS	WINS	LOSSES	DRAWS	KO'S
45	28	12	5	14

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a true story by John B. Haikey

Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it for a small amount of **borrowed** money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise offered what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount. (Today, only $2,588 starts a Duraclean dealership, and the company will finance the balance of the $7,895 cash investment over 45 months). I could work it as a one-man business to start, and operate from my home. No office or shop or other overhead, no salaries to pay. Equipment would fit in my car trunk. (I bought the truck later, out of profits). Best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And I could build little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible —I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it *lifts out* the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

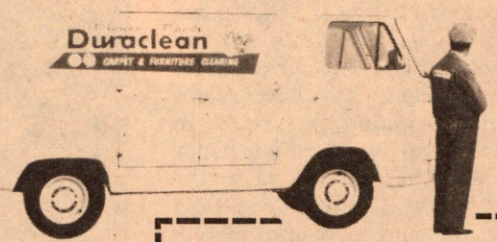
"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist signed a contract for over $40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start with such a small investment. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

Would you like to taste the freedom and independence enjoyed by Mr. Haikey? You can. Let us send you the facts. Mail the coupon, and you'll receive all the details, absolutely without obligation. No salesman will ever call on you. When you receive our illustrated booklet, you'll learn how we show you STEP BY STEP how to get customers; and how to have your customers get you more customers from their recommendations.

With no obligation, we'll mail you a 24-page brochure explaining the business. Then you, and you alone, in the privacy of your home, can decide. Don't delay. Get the facts before your location is taken by someone else. Mail the coupon, now.

DURACLEAN INTERNATIONAL
0-790 Duraclean Bldg., Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015



send name for full facts

DURACLEAN INTERNATIONAL
0-790 Duraclean Building
Deerfield, Illinois 60015

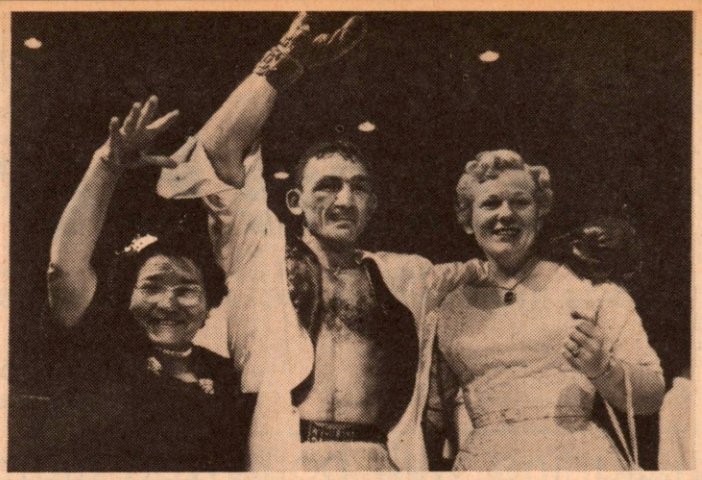
WITHOUT OBLIGATION mail letter and 24-page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership. No salesman is to call on me.

(Print)
Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

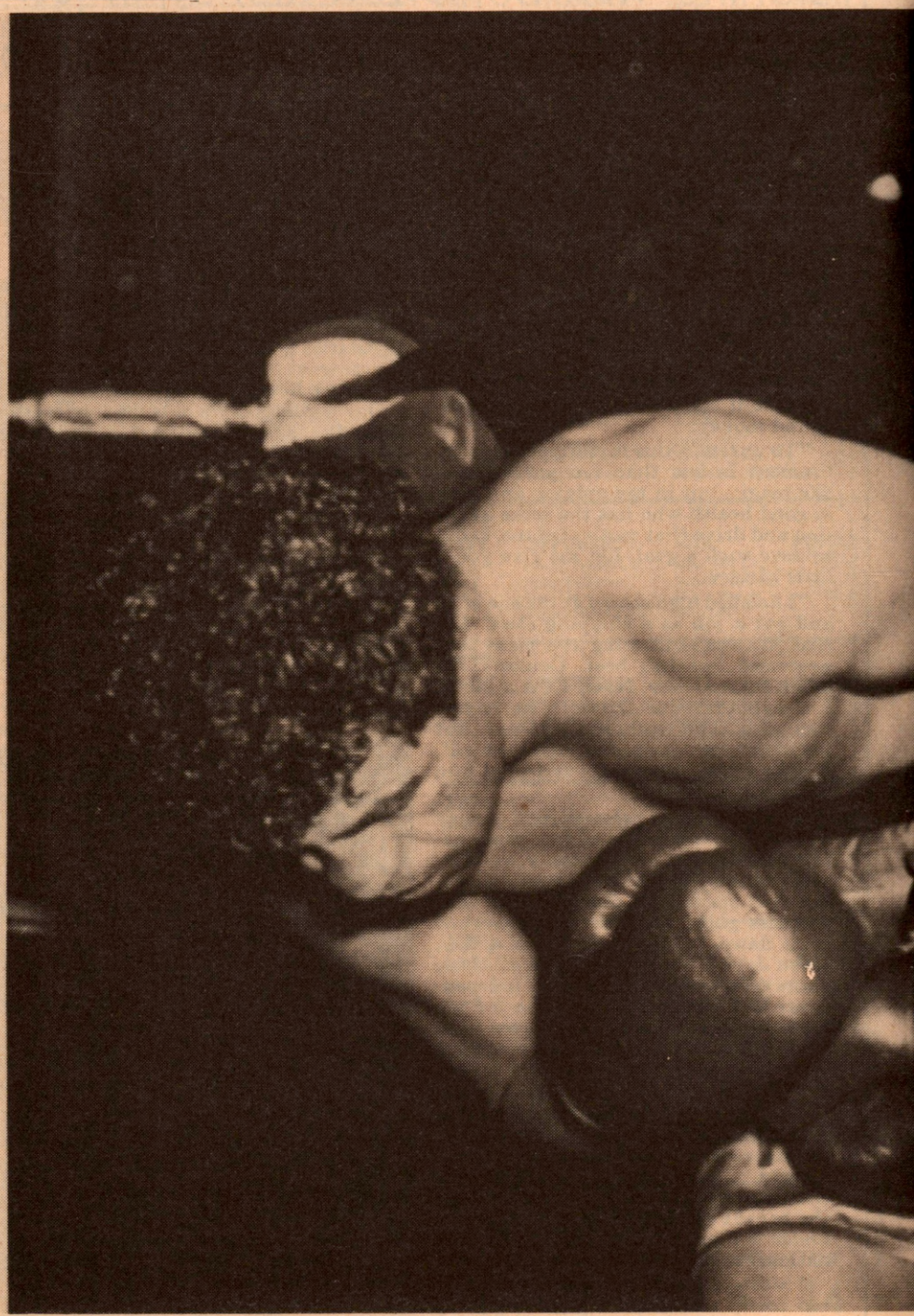


Who made them serfs of the soil? Why should they eat their sixty acres, when man is condemned to eat only his peck of dirt? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? They have got to live a man's life, pushing all these things before them, and get on as well as they can.
Henry David Thoreau, Walden

THERE IS A STRETCH OF NARROW blacktop road that runs northwest out of Canastota, New York, and it had remained in my memory for twenty-one years. Whenever I would see his name in print or hear it or he would otherwise come to mind, I would remember the road, straight and raised above the flat black fields that reach toward the horizon on either side. The fields, known as the Muckland, had been reclaimed from swampland many years before, and had been planted ever since in corn and potatoes, but mostly in onions. Each year, during the growing season, the families of workers would move out of town to live in the two-story square, weathered-gray shacks spotted every hundred yards or so along the road.

"Everybody worked — my father, my mother, all of us kids, everybody," he had told me, when he had driven me slowly along that road for the first time more than two decades before. "In the spring we'd plant by hand. It would be wet and cold, and my ma would take our old inner tubes and sew patches on the knees of our overalls so they wouldn't get soaked. In the hot summer we'd weed on our hands and knees. We'd get up at five in the morning and work till nine. Then we'd start again at 3:30 and work until nine at night.

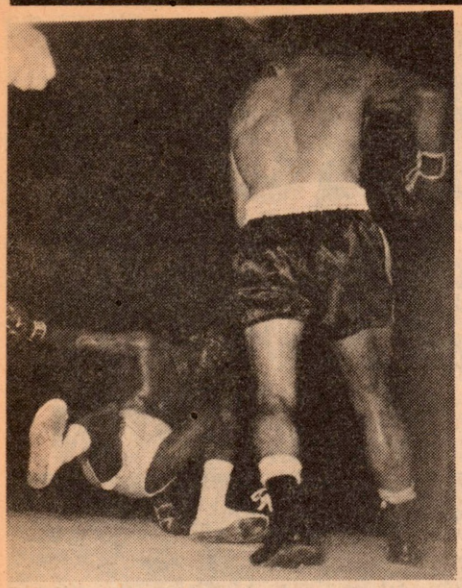
"In the fields we used to talk what we called 'wish-talk.' We'd see a kid go by on a bike, and one of us would say, 'I wish I had a bike.' Then we'd imagine where we'd go if we had bikes. Sometimes tourists would stop their cars on the road and look at us. It was something they'd never seen before — a whole family of people,



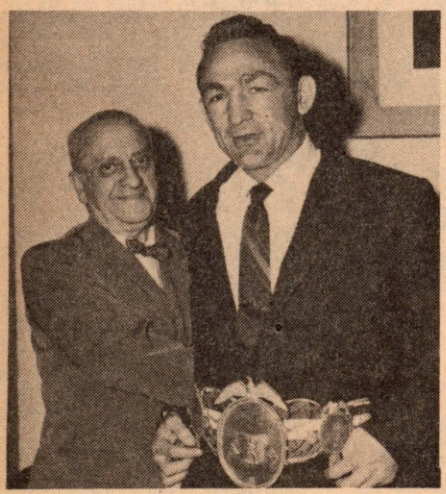
CARMEN BASILIO: A HARD-HITTING ONION FARMER

BY W.C. HEINZ,

LOOK AT A HARD-HITTING CHAMPION



Kid Gavilan goes to the canvas in Syracuse. Basilio lost this fight via unanimous decision.



Nat Fleischer, founder of **The Ring**, *presents middleweight king Basilio with a world championship belt in 1957.*

Basilio kneels in prayer after the split decision in his favor over Robinson was announced.

little kids and all, on their hands and knees in the hot sun. One of us would say, 'I wish I had a car.'

"One day," he had said, and this I shall never forget, "I'd had enough. I stood up, and I had a handful of onions and I threw them on the ground. 'Hey!' my pa shouted. 'What do you think you're doin'? I said, 'I'm tellin' you, Pa, I'm all done workin' on onions.' So he said, 'So then what you gonna do?' I said, 'I'm gonna fight professional.' He said, 'And you gonna get plenty lickin's.' And I said, 'Sure, and I'll give plenty too.' "

And he did. Of the fighters who won titles in my time, none took more punishment while delivering more than Carmen Basilio, who twice won the welterweight championship and beat Ray Robinson for the first of their two brutal fights. He walked into the guns to bring his own into range, fearless and ferocious, and over his career of seventy-nine fights they sewed more than two hundred stitches into his face. His fights were described as blood-lettings and all-out wars, and I still see them as not action flowing, but as a succession of still photos snapped in a thousandth of a second by the mind, of head punches landing, faces distorted, necks strained, the spray of sweat and sponge water flying off the heads and shining under the overhead lights, and his own eyes slits between swellings above and below. Most of our fighters came out of the poverty of our ghettos, but this one fought to escape the imprisonment of the Muckland of mid-New York State.

LeMoyne College is on the eastern outskirts of Syracuse, and it was started by the Jesuits in 1946. It is co-educational, with an enrollment of about 2,000, and it stands on a hill, its red brick, flat-roofed buildings still devoid of the patina and ivy of age, overlooking the Athletic Center and the playing fields below. He has been an instructor on the athletic staff there since September 1961, four months after he lost a fifteen-round decision to Paul Pender in a third attempt to regain the middleweight crown.

Wait till I get my schedule," he had said on the phone, and then, "Let's see. I'm off at noon, but if there's a game — like today I watched the soccer — I'll be there. I think they've got a baseball game scheduled that afternoon, but whatever it is, I watch them all. I love it, and you'll find me somewhere around."

It was early October, but across the black asphalt parking lot between the Athletic Center there was a baseball game under way between LeMoyne and Cortland State. There were about a hundred students and others in the low wooden bleachers along the third base line, and I recognized him — the Roman nose, the heavy brows, but the narrowed eyes now behind metallic-rimmed glasses, and the face a little fuller. He was sitting on the top row, wearing a dark green windjacket, watching the game but turning to talk with a dark-haired young man standing behind the low seats.

"Hey, how are you?" he said. "Come on around and watch this game. It's all tied up, 3-3."

I climbed up the half dozen rows and sat down.

"Excuse me, Carmen," someone said. It was a middle-aged man standing behind the bleachers, and Basilio turned and shook hands and they talked for a minute or so and then the other left.

"He's from Chittenango," Basilio said. "It's for St. Patrick's Church, and he wants me to show films. I'll show one that I won."

"Because those are the only ones you have," I said.

"No," he said. "I brought a couple of losses, too."

"Tell me," I said, "how you became associated with the college here."

"In a second," he said, and LeMoyne was at bat in the fifth inning with a runner on first. "Watch this kid steal now. He's a great base-runner."

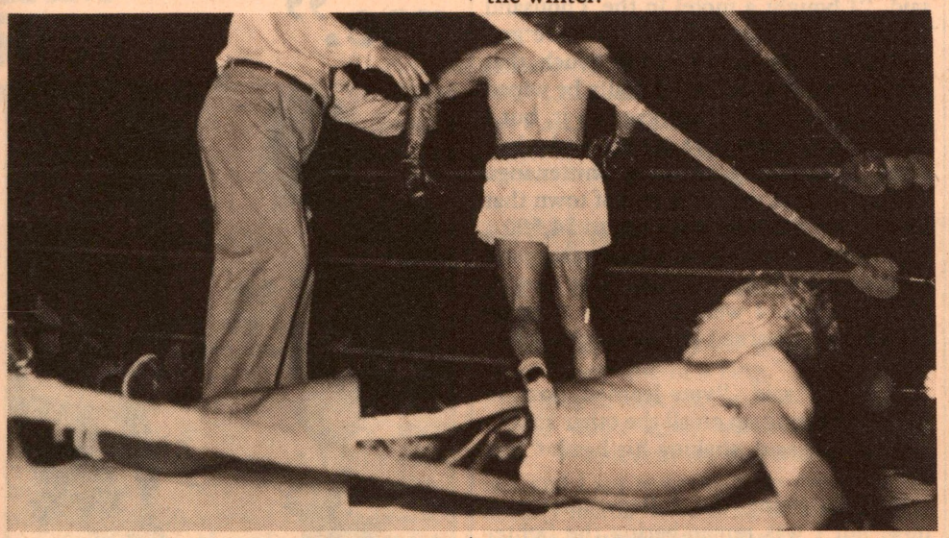
The runner was leading off first, feinting and hazing the pitcher. When he took off on the next pitch the catcher's throw was on a line, and he was out sliding.

"He got a bad start, but he can really run," Basilio said. "About the college, I always knew a lot of priests. I made a lot of appearances for charity and at breakfasts and things, so after I fought Pender and retired they talked to me about coming here. It's a great college, and when a kid walks out with a degree from LeMoyne he doesn't have trouble getting a job."

He himself had quit high school before his eighteenth birthday to enlist in the Marines in March of 1945, but when I had first heard of his association with the college it had not surprised me. As ruthless as he was in the ring, as rough on his sparring partners and opponents, he was as compassionate outside it. I knew that while he was fighting he had appeared often for charity, had spoken at the graduation breakfast of the Canastota High School, was an assistant scoutmaster and the sponsor of a Little League team, and that on a visit to the Syracuse Cerebral Palsy Clinic he had been unable to fight back the tears. To me he had always represented the ambivalence I had found in some of the roughest fighters I had known.

"What are your duties here?" I asked him now.

Most of our fighters came out of the poverty of our ghettos, but this one fought to escape the imprisonment of the Muckland of mid-New York State.



Basilio is led to a neutral corner after dropping Tony DeMarco in round 10 of their first contest. Carmen won the welter crown by stopping Tony in the 12th.

"I've got ten physical fitness classes," he said, "and it's compulsory for freshmen. They can't graduate unless they complete it. We use the Marine Corps physical fitness test as a barometer, and if they score over 325, they're over the average. The most you can get is five hundred points, and we have a few kids around four hundred. The only kids I have are 325 and down, in other words, average or below average. They get four cuts a year, and I tell them, 'Don't use your cuts in this good weather. Save 'em until the weather is cold and snowing, and you don't want to walk down that hill.' "

"You'd know about that," I said, "from when you used to do your roadwork in the winter."

"Right," he said. "I used to wake up mornings and I'd look out the window and it'd be snowin'. It's zero or five above, and I'd think maybe I shouldn't run this morning. Then I'd think of that other guy down there where the weather is better, so I'd better run. I'd talk myself into it.

"Then I'm in charge of the intramural program," he said. "We've got football for seven weeks, soccer for four weeks, and basketball lasts from December to the end of March. I'm also Athletic Physical Fitness Co-ordinator, and I pre-condition all the athletic teams before their season starts. I give them push-ups, run, stop, backwards, sideways. I teach a lot of them, basketball players particularly, to skip rope. It strengthens the ankles and builds up the cardio system. Ten minutes of good rope skipping is equal to thirty minutes of jogging at a good pace. It's in a medical report, and you can look it up."

We left the ball game at the end of the seventh with the score 4-4. As we walked toward the parking lot, he noticed two small boys wrestling on the grass about twenty yards behind the backstop.

"The kids here worry me," he said. "I'm always afraid one of them is gonna get hit on the head with a foul tip."

While he went into the Athletic Center to call his wife, Kay, I waited in the parking lot, watching the frantic flow of an intramural touch football game on a field just beyond, the players lining up, then dispersing in crisscross patterns, arms waving, and the ball arching through the air and bounding off hands. He had told me that his wife worked afternoons and into some evenings in the office of an automobile agency, and I had asked him to see if she could join us at dinner.

"She can't make it," he said. "She hasn't been too well and I was supposed to clean the house, and now she's mad at me because I didn't do it. She's a hell of a person, I'll tell you that. She got an ulcer while I was fighting, and when I quit she got rid of it. Anything that had to be done to better me, she was for it."

I remembered it well. They had met while she was a waitress in the Kirk Hotel in Syracuse, and been married early in 1950. They had moved into a three-room apartment in a two-family house on the south side of Syracuse, and there they had battled a series of misfortunes together.

"One weekend early in 1951," he had told me years before, "we had exactly thirty-nine cents between us. She wanted to sell her engagement ring, but I wouldn't let her because I'd sold my ten-year-old car to buy it for her. I'd broken the first metacarpal bone in my left hand when I fought Vic Cardell, and I had a cast on my wrist. There was a big snow storm in Syracuse, and they put out a call for snow shovelers. It paid a dollar an hour, and I shoveled for three nights from eleven o'clock until seven the next morning, with the temperature around zero."

Not he, but someone else, had told me that on one of those nights a friend, who was later to become his accountant, had happened along and had seen him. He had offered to lend him eight hundred dollars, but Basilio had refused it.

"When I got the twenty-four bucks for shoveling," Basilio had told me, "I thought I had a million dollars. I paid ten dollars on our rent and five dollars on a bill we owed."

I remembered, too, how weeks before his fights, his wife would get up with him at five o'clock each morning to follow him in the car while he ran on the hilly Chittenango Falls road. Afterward, when he came home with his face swollen or cut and with bursitis paining his left shoulder, she would apply the ice bag and hot packs until the early hours of the morning.

"I'm sorry she hasn't been well," I said as we got into his car, a two-year old orange compact Oldsmobile Omega. "I

seem to recall that she had a hearing problem."

"That's right," he said. "Otosclerosis. In the inner ear the windows were completely plagued with calcium. They opened them up and put in a metal plate and then covered it with flesh from the ear lobe. I think they call it fenestration. Something like that."

"It means to make a window, or opening."

"Fenestration of the stapes," he said, driving out of the parking lot. "Now she hears through walls. She hears me think, but that was twenty years ago. In 1972 she had two heart attacks. The second one she was in the hospital on the monitor, and when that went flat, in twenty seconds there were two nurses and a doctor right there. They put her on that electric thing, and they were pounding on her chest and rubbing her ankles, and the doctor said she was out two minutes, and in one more minute she'd of been gone. That's when they called it a real cardiac arrest, and that was a fabulous guy who brought her back and we've got a great internist, too, and I'm forever grateful to them."

"Which is why I make doctors more important than writers or fighters."

"You can say that again," he said. "Now she's all right, but she's got all these pills she takes and she pops those nitroglycerins like they're candy, God bless her, and then she takes all that bull I put out while I'm runnin' around trying to make ends meet.

"What do you do while college is out during the summers?"

"Public relations for the Genesee Brewing Company. I travel with the salesmen full time, so I'm away a lot."

It is a small Italian restaurant with the bar on the left. As a waitress led us back to a table near the kitchen, several at the other tables waved or nodded to him. When he was fighting he was, of course, lionized locally. Two years before he won his first title, the members of the Knistestota Club, a men's social organization in Canastota, staged a testimonial dinner for him, hoping to raise enough money to present him with a traveling bag. In two hours they collected enough to buy him a new car. After he won the welterweight title, his followers gave him a $3,900 convertible, but it seemed to me that the ultimate unique proof of his popularity was demonstrated when, in several hours at the Schisa meat markets in Syracuse, he autographed 2,000 photographs of himself, and attracted 7,000 entries in a drawing for boxing loges and other prizes while the markets sole 49,510 pounds of meat, 26 per cent more than they had ever sold on any day in their ten-year history.

"They still remember you here," I said now, as we sat down. "What about the kids at the college?"

"They were too young," he said, 'but their fathers remember. Just today one kid said, "My father remembers you. He used to watch you fight all the time."

"Drinks, Carmen?" the waitress said. "Would you gentlemen like a cocktail?"

"An orange juice for me," he said, and after she had taken my order and left, "Would you believe I got an ulcer? I found out two weeks ago."

"The stress of modern living," I said. "Now you have to follow the diet and learn to relax."

"Yeah, but I have to scramble, too," he said. "I bought a motel in the Thousand Islands, and I lost $70,000 up there and that wiped me out. I didn't touch that property we live on, or I'd really be wiped out. I almost took a mortgage on it, but I changed my mind. I've got ten-and-a-half acres, all building land, in Chittenango and six acres at the other end of town that I own, but the taxes are close to $4,500 a year. The biggest rap is school taxes, and they keep building on them like they're country clubs. I went to a little nothing school, and I learned just as much as they do."

"Yes," I said, "you learned how to fight by beating up on all the other kids."

"No," he said, shaking his head. "Not me."

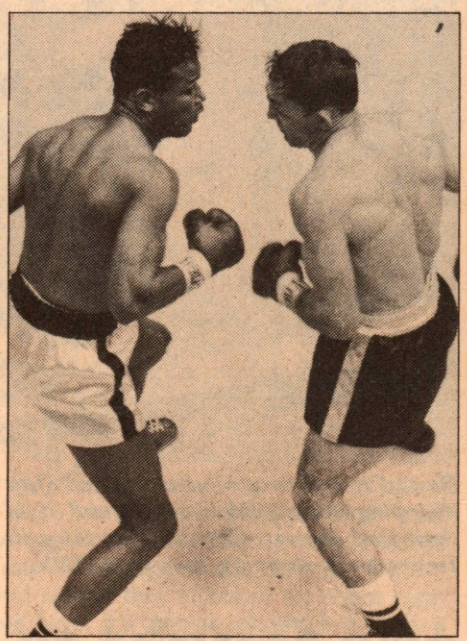
He was being the college instructor now, but I was remembering the fighter with whom toughness had been an obsession from childhood on. He had told me once how he had had a fight every day he had gone to school.

"I used to go home for lunch period," he had said, "and I used to think, 'Now, who am I gonna have a fight with?' Then I'd go back and bother somebody. I'd push him down or shove him. Then the other guy would swing, and we'd fight. Sometimes I'm ashamed when I think of it now. I had no pity because I had to prove my toughness."

"Come on, Carmen," I said now. "You were a terror in school when you were a little kid."

"Yeah," he said. "There was one kid I gave a lickin' to once a week from kindergarten through the eighth grade; but it wasn't my doin'. He'd say, 'Come on, you Wop. I'm gonna kick your tail for you.' He lives in Oneida, New York now, and I run into him and he's got a good job. He'd come into my house and he loved spaghetti and meat balls, and whenever you came into my house my ma always had to feed you. She's still the same way, and this kid would sit down and we'd eat, and then he'd go home and we'd

"I don't dislike Sugar Ray. What I really believe is he was afraid of me."



A camera mounted in the lights above the ring caught Sugar Ray Robinson and Carmen about to exchange punches. Basilio won the middleweight title in this bout.

have that one fight a week."

"When did you first think that some day you'd be champion of the world?"

"When I was little," he said. "You know who my idol was? Jim Braddock."

"A wonderful guy, I said. "During the Depression when he got laid off on the docks he had to go on relief. After he won the heavyweight title he paid that money back. I don't know anyone who didn't admire and like him."

"I had just started reading the sports pages," he said, "When he won the championship from . . . uh . . ."

"Max Baer."

"Right, and my pa had this rule that you had to be in bed by 8:30. Braddock was fightin' Louis, and they had the fights then on the Adam Hats radio program. I said, 'Pa, let us stay up.' My two brothers and me, we sat on the floor, and when Braddock got knocked out in the eighth round I walked up the stairs cryin' and sayin', 'Someday I'm gonna be a fighter, and get big and lick Joe Louis.'

Now I'm fightin' in Syracuse and I'm working for the Autolite Company, assembling parts for radios and things. The guy next to me says, 'You fight a lot?' I said, 'Yeah.' He said, 'What do you think you're gonna do fightin'?' I said, 'I'm gonna be champion of the world some day.' He looked at me, dropped the tools and walked away. We got laid off then, and after a couple of weeks I came back, but he wasn't there. I often wondered what he thought when I became champion of the world, He walked away as if to say, 'This sonofabitch is crazy.' "

"Man has to dream," I said. "It's like your 'wish-talk,' and sometimes his dreams come true."

"When you stop dreaming you're done," he said. "Who else are you going to talk to for this book?"

"Fighters?" I said. "Among those you fought, well, Lew Jenkins, and . . ."

"Lew Jenkins?" he said. "Every time I pick up something he's knocking the stuff out of me. He says I couldn't fight enough to keep warm. He calls me a bum. What's wrong with him?"

The two fought in Syracuse on March 6, 1950. Basilio was twenty-three, and a future champion on the way up. Jenkins was thirty-four, and a former champion on the way out. After he lost that ten-round decision to Basilio, Jenkins was knocked out by Beau Jack in Washington, and then he enlisted in the Army for his second war. He went to Korea where, his general told me later, he was a great combat sergeant, and where he won the Silver Star.

"I don't know what he's got against you," I said, "but he came out of the cotton fields of Texas just like you came out of the onion fields around here, and you two should really like each other."

"Who else are you going to see?"

"Someone you dislike. Ray Robinson."

After he beat Robinson in that bloody combat in Yankee Stadium in 1957, when he was thirty and Robinson thirty-seven, Robinson regained the middleweight title with a split decision over him the next year in Chicago in another savage battle. Then the two went head-to-head over the terms for a third fight, which never came about.

"I don't dislike him," he said now. "What I really believe is he was afraid of me. In that second fight I fought seven rounds with one eye. The referee gave me the decision and the two judges voted for him, but I walked to the dressing room and they had to carry him. He had a $600,000 guarantee for the next fight, and I'd of got $300,000. At that time it was the hottest match in the world, so he lost his title to Paul Pender for $65,000."

"At his peak he was a great one," I said, wanting to go beyond that, for Robinson was the greatest I ever saw.

"The greatest I ever saw," Basilio said as if he had read my mind, "was Willie Pep."

"He was certainly the greatest creative artist I ever saw in a ring," I said, "and I'm going to look him up, too."

"He won't agree with you," Basilio said. "Whenever I see him and we start to talk and I say something, he says, 'no.' It doesn't matter what it is, he always says, 'no.' Why would he do that?"

"I have no idea."

"The smartest guy I ever fought was Billy Graham."

It was his two fights with Graham in 1953 in Syracuse that started Basilio on his way to his titles. Norm Rothschild was trying to build boxing in the area, and Ray Arcel was trying to build an audience for his Saturday night fights on TV, and they talked the New York State Athletic Commission into recognizing the fights as deciding the New York State welterweight title. Basilio won the first, and the second was declared a draw.

"I'll see Billy, too," I said. "I once spent three weeks with him in camp."

"He couldn't break an egg, but I learned more in three fights with him than from anybody I ever fought. I hit him with punches that would knock other guys dead. I fought him in Chicago, and he said, "You hit me a punch, and I went back to the corner and my feet were tinglin'. In Chicago I was coming off mononucleosis, but I got him back in Syracuse."

"Whenever you think back on your career," I said, "do you ever fasten on one moment as the grandest?"

"There's nothing like winning a world championship," he said. "That has to be the greatest moment, but there was one key bout. In 1956, March 14 in Chicago, when I had the title and I fought Johnny Saxton. I had him hurt, and in his corner they took a razor blade and cut his glove and held up the fight. They gave him the decision, and they made the fight back in Syracuse. Now, if I don't win the welterweight title back, I never fight for the middleweight championship, and after I beat him I was cryin', it meant so much to me."

"In the ninth round," he said, "I come out and I hit him a right hand and he staggered into the ropes. Instead of going for his head, I hit him a left hook to the solar plexus, and his knee came up and I knew I had him hurt bad. He went into the ropes again, and I was gonna hit him a right hand and Al Berl grabbed my hand. I hollered, 'Let me go! I wanna flatten the sonofabitch!' Then in my corner I was crying and I said,'I finally got him. I finally got him."

"Now, after the Ali-Norton fight in the Yankee Stadium I was in Ali's dressing room, and Saxton was there. He was big as a horse. He said, 'Hey, Carmen, how you doin?' I said, 'All right. You still with that youth program in Harlem?' 'No,' he said. 'I'm not workin'.' I felt sorry for the guy, and I'd like to send him a thousand, but I haven't got that kind of money."

I, too, had often felt sorry for Saxton, for he suffered from Robinson's syndrome. As every great artist in any field acquires a host of imitators, so did Sugar Ray and, just before him, Henry Armstrong. When Armstrong held three titles at the same time — the only man ever to do so — you could walk into the Uptown Gym on 116th Street in Harlem and see a dozen Armstrongs. Then came Robinson, and the gym was filled with young Robinsons.

One afternoon I got to the gym early, and over in a big corner, in the half light, I saw Robinson working on the big bag. I stood there and marveled at his natural grace, the speed and fluidity with which he turned on his variety of combinations. It seemed to me that at the age of thirty he looked better than ever, and then he stopped and turned around. It was Johnny Saxton, and a week or so later, I watched him box Joe Miceli at the St. Nicholas Arena. For the first five rounds he did his best to look like Robinson, and he took a beating. After the fifth round they sent him out to fight his own fight, and he knocked Miceli down and managed to pull out the decision, but I knew his problem after that night.

Saxton went on to win the welterweight title, not once but twice. But it was my

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opinion that he never became the fighter he should have been because of Robinson. I once expressed this to Sugar Ray.

"That's right, and it's too bad," he said. "I used to work with the boy when he was first starting. I showed him a lot, but there's things you do that you can't show another man. You do them in a fight, and you don't know why you do them. You do them without thinking. You do them because you have to, and you can't explain that."

While we were eating I asked about the two boys Basilio and his wife adopted. They are the sons of his wife's sister, and one was five and the other five months old when the Basilios became their foster parents.

"They're fine," he said. "The one is twenty-four and manages a marina up in Cape Vincent, and he's married and has a boy and a girl. The other is twenty-nine and works for an electronics firm in Marysville, California, and is married and has two daughters. I love them like my own, and I told them, 'I made a lot of mistakes and I lost a lot of money, but if you need anything just call on me.' "

"You mentioned your mother . . ."

"She's eighty-three now, and my pa died a few years ago. He was eighty-eight, and the nicest man in the world. He'd give you the shirt off his back. We were ten kids, and he'd do without to be sure we had shoes on our feet, clothes on our backs."

I recalled how, when Basilio was six years old, his father had driven a truckload of onions into Albany, and returned with a set of four boxing gloves. Basilio had told me, "When he opened that box, it was like seeing gold. We kids boxed for three hours that night. Then my old man used to have friends in, and we'd box for them in the living room. My older brother, Armando, would make me cry, and I'd make Paulie cry. The old man would say, 'O.K., rest period.' Then they'd give us a hand. That was their TV."

"What a sweetheart he was," he said now. "I didn't know a person who didn't like him. When he died in that little town, the undertaker said it was the biggest funeral he ever had, the most people that ever came to a wake."

"It's good to have that to remember."

"It's a hell of a thing to brag about," he said.

"Excuse me," someone said, and when we looked up he was standing at the table, his dark hair starting to gray. "I don't like to interrupt."

"That's all right," I said.

"Carmen Basilio," he said, offering his hand, "You're my hero."

"Thank you," Basilio said, taking the hand, "but . . ."

"You don't understand," he said, stepping back, and then to both of us, "Jimmy Lombardo. For twenty years I want to meet Carmen Basilio. To me he's just a great man. I have this friend Frank, and he eats here. Last week he tells me that sometimes Carmen Basilio comes in to eat here, too. I said, 'Do you think I could meet him, Carmen Basilio?' He said, 'Sure.' "

"Now listen to this," he said. "He told me, 'Now next Wednesday I'll meet you at this restaurant, and we'll have veal scallopini and maybe we'll see Carmen Basilio.' So Wednesday is tomorrow, and we're supposed to meet here, and what happened? He just called me up and he said, 'I'm here and I'm having veal scallopini, and Carmen Basilio is here. Come quick.' It was supposed to be tomorrow."

"And he called you," Basilio said, "and you came over?"

"Of course. And I never thought that today, after all these years, I would meet you, a great man, and here I am and I shake your hand."

I was watching Basilio. He had taken his glasses off and placed them on the table, and with his forefingers he was rubbing his eyes.

"What's the matter?" the other said, looking at him. "What happened?"

"Carmen Basilio is crying," I said.

"You made me cry," Basilio said, blinking his eyes, and trying to smile.

"I'm sorry," the other said. "I didn't mean to make you cry."

When I drove into the campus the next morning and parked by the Athletic Center and got out, a pale sun was shining between white, fleecy clouds. A light breeze was blowing out of the south and the air was fresh and warm, and a workman on a garden tractor with a rotary cutter beneath it was mowing the playing field where the touch football game had been under way the afternoon before.

In the lobby of the Athletic Center I stopped by the trophy case. In the middle of it, behind the glass, there is an oil portrait of Basilio, gloved and wearing boxing trunks and in a fighting pose. On either side are trophies for the Queens-Iona Relays . . . the Canisius College Run . . . the Harpur Invitational Golf Tournament . . . the basket from LeMoyne's 300th win on February 24, 1971, when they beat Cortland 72-70 . . . another with LeMoyne's individual college scoring records painted on it in white . . .

The coaches' office is down a hallway to the left of the main gym, and Basilio was sitting at one of the four desks. He introduced me to Dick Rockwell, the baseball coach, Tom Mooney, who coaches basketball, and Whitey Anderson, the sports information director, and when he came out of his private office, to Tom Niland, the Athletic Director.

"That ball game yesterday," Basilio said. "We won it 5-4 in the ninth when that kid I told you about, who was thrown out at second, stole home on a double steal. I told you he can run."

"Very good," I said.

"Hey!" he said, looking at his wristwatch. "I've got my class."

He was wearing his instructor's uniform, gray trousers with a dark green stripe down the legs and a gray top. He picked up his attendance book at his desk and walked out to where, just inside the doorway of the main gym, five of them in dark green shorts, white tops, sneakers and socks were waiting for him.

"How many here?" he said. "Five? Wow, there's supposed to be eight. You guys do your five laps? Good, so let's go."

He followed them across the hall to a square, almost barren room next to the weight room. With his attendance book in hand, he called off the names.

"O'Reilly here? Tiberio not here? Okay, who's gonna tell me why we do these silly little exercises? To stretch out? What? To loosen up the muscles? Right, so we don't get muscle spasms. Okay, let's start off with some jumping jacks . . . one, two, three four . . . one, two three four . . ."

He put them through toe-punches, waist twists, running in place, and squats. On the push-ups, after the first half dozen or so, most of them started faking it, skipping a count and then two counts and not going all the way down.

"Okay,' he said. "You know you're going to have to do thirty. If you don't do them here, you'll never do them on the test, so when you're here playin' basketball or whatever, come in here and work because this half house isn't enough. Okay, now the sit-ups, and four guys hook their feet under that bar over there and I'll hold this one on the mat here. . . . C'mon . . . one, two, three, four, five, six . . . Bounce off that mat . . . eight, nine, twenty-four, twenty-five . . . only nine more to go . . . thirty-four, thirty-five . . . Okay, now go out in the gym and do ten laps and sprint the last one, and a couple of months from now you guys will be tigers."

That's a pretty stiff set of exercises you put these kids through," I said. "Ages ago in college we didn't have anything like this."

"It started with the Kennedy fitness program," he said. "It's amazing how these kids will improve in three or four months, and in the fifteen years I've been here, there haven't been two or three kids

CARMEN BASILIO TITLE BOUTS

Height: 5'6½"
Weight: 145-160 pounds
Born: April 2, 1927, Canastota, New York

1953

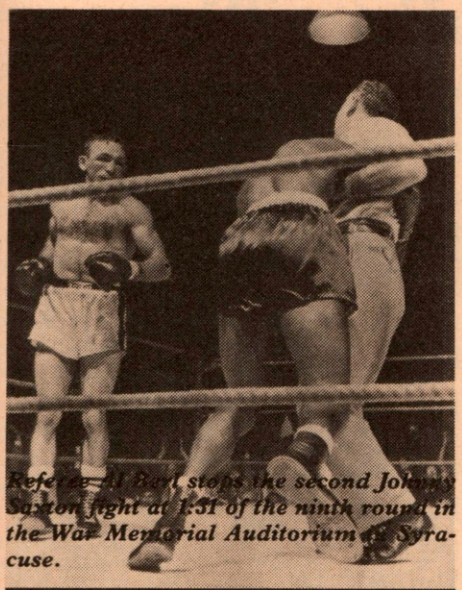
DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Sept. 18	Kid Gavilan (For World Welterweight Title)	Syracuse, N.Y.	L 15

1955

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
June 10	Tony DeMarco (Won World Welterweight Title)	Syracuse, N.Y.	KO 12
Nov. 30	Tony DeMarco (Retained World Welterweight Title)	Boston, Mass.	KO 12

1956

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
March 14	Johnny Saxton (Lost World Welterweight Title)	Chicago, Ill.	L 15
Sept. 12	Johnny Saxton (Regained World Welterweight Title)	Syracuse, N.Y.	KO 9



Referee Al Berl stops the second Johnny Saxton fight at 1:51 of the ninth round in the War Memorial Auditorium of Syracuse.

1957

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Feb. 22	Johnny Saxton (Retained World Welterweight Title)	Cleveland, Ohio	KO 2
Sept. 23	Ray Robinson (Won World Middleweight Title)	New York City, N.Y.	W 15

1958

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
March 25	Ray Robinson (Lost World Middleweight Title)	Chicago, Ill.	L 15

1959

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
Aug. 28	Gene Fullmer (For Vacant NBA World Middleweight Title)	San Francisco	KO by 14

1960

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
June 29	Gene Fullmer (For NBA World Middleweight Title)	Salt Lake City	KO by 12

1961

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	RESULT
April 22	Paul Pender (For World Middleweight Title)	Boston, Mass.	L 15

from THE RING RECORD BOOK

I didn't like. You know what's gratifying in this job? Next May a lot of these kids will come and say, 'Thanks a lot, Carm. I never thought I could be above average.' Some guys who graduated ten years ago say, 'You were a tough bastard, but you helped me.' "

"You had better help this kid," I said.

One of them had come off the floor to our right, gasping for air, his face contorted, and he was bent over now, an arm and his head against the wall.

"You'll be all right," Basilio said, getting up and walking over and putting an arm around the young man's shoulders. "Here. Sit down. No, put your head down between your knees. Take short, fast breaths. That's right. Good."

The others were finishing their ten laps now, strung out, the last two unable to sprint. Basilio got up and saw that the one on the bench was sitting up now, still breathing heavily but his face starting to relax.

"Okay, he said to the others. "If you need clean towels, remember I can't give you a clean one if you don't hand in a dirty one."

From behind the counter in the equipment room he handed out the clean towels, and we walked back to the coaches' office. Whitey Anderson was sitting at his desk and he looked up.

"Here comes the matchmaker," he said.

"The what?" Basilio said.

"The matchmaker," Anderson said. "Didn't you tell him about Chuck Davey?"

During the early 1950s, Chuck Davey was the darling of the college-cultured who, through him, discovered boxing on television for the first time. A lithe, blond graduate of Michigan State, with his masters in physical education and his boyish looks, he attracted to the sport a whole new audience, women as well as men. With his flitting, in-and-out, spring-kneed southpaw style he confused and defeated a succession of opponents until he flunked his doctorate trying for the welterweight title against Kid Gavilan. Basilio fought Davey twice, first in May of 1951 in Syracuse, where the fight was called a draw, and two months later in Chicago, where although he opened deep cuts on Davey's left cheek and over his right eye, Davey was declared the winner.

"Chuck Davey?" Basilio said now. "He's doing all right. He's on the boxing commission out there, and he's making a mint in the insurance business, and he's married and got kids. In Chicago I put him in the hospital, and while he was there he met this nurse and he married her. Two years ago I went down to Philadelphia where all the champions boxed each other — we did it for expenses and made $35,000 for cerebral palsy — and Chuck was there with two of his boys. I said to them, 'If it wasn't for me you wouldn't be here.' Chuck said, 'Hey, he's right."

He had no classes that afternoon, and I had asked him if he would drive me out again to that road raised above the Muckland from which he had fought to escape so many years before. We stopped for roast-beef sandwiches in one of those gaudy, plastic, however immaculate fast-food eateries that one finds among the gas stations, laundromats, drive-in banks, and furniture outlets on the outskirts of our cities. As we ate in the small booth, I could look over his shoulder and see, across the parking space, an automobile muffler shop with three lifts and a mechanic in uniform working under a car raised on one of them.

"Have you had to get a new muffler lately," I said as we walked toward his car, "and discovered what they rap you for one now?"

"You're telling me?" he said. "I need one and I saw this ad for mufflers for $16.85. I went and got one, and then the guy who was gonna install it said it wasn't just the muffler but the piece of pipe, and you couldn't just buy that piece but you had to buy the whole assembly. Then he ripped me off on the labor — $28 for forty minutes — and the whole thing came to $98.75 when it was finished."

As we approached the car I noticed for the first time his New York license plate: KO 1.

"I knew the fellow who had Massachusetts KO 1," I said. "Rocky Marciano."

"I've had that since 1955," he said, "but it wasn't my idea. After I won the welterweight title they gave me that car, and Norm Rothschild and an assemblyman who's dead now got me this plate."

"They used to give you cars," I said, "and now when you want to buy a muffler they give you a going-over."

"I don't want anything for nothing," he said, "but I don't like to get rolled."

The blacktop road from Syracuse to Chittenango is bordered on the left in places by the Erie Canal which, a century and a half ago, linked the Hudson River to the Great Lakes and tied the industrial Northeast to the agricultural Midwest. It was one of America's life lines, and now, along here, the tow path on the far side has been converted into a bicycle path, and we could see an occasional rider and sometimes two or three, with the pale sunlight glinting off the brightwork of their bikes.

"I'll just whip in here for a second," he said, turning right up a driveway on the outskirts of Chittenango, "and you can

see where we live."

It is a two-storied house, with weathered shingles and white trim, standing on a slope that rises behind it. It is hidden from the road and the house next to it by trees and bushes, and there was a car in the driveway.

"My wife's still here," he said, backing around, "so I guess she's not feeling too good. She has a hard time mornings and afternoons, or I'd take you in. Also four years ago I moved the furniture from the fourteen-room house in Alexandria Bay into these nine rooms, and I've got stuff piled up all over the place. I gotta have a garage sale, and she said, 'Don't bring anybody in this house. It's a mess.' She's a sweetheart, though. When I had a fight coming up and I'd start to get edgy, I'd take it out on her. I'd start snappin' at her and she'd say, 'I know you're ready.' Twenty-six-and-a-half years we're married, and we've had our ins and outs and our little spats now and then, but I still love that gal."

We drove through Chittenango and from there to Canastota, towns that, like their couterparts all over America with populations of about 5,000 or less that are still apart from the mainstream of commerce, do not change much over the years. On the main street the places of business are low and flat-roofed, only their modernized facades and their signs differing from the fronts in the old photographs of three quarters of a century and more ago.

The road itself had not changed much either since the last time I had been there, the straight blacktop running northwest toward Oneida Lake and raised several feet above the flat fields of black soil on both sides. Where the onions had been harvested more than a month before and the ground retilled, it looked the same, but I had not remembered that there had been so much corn, the stalks standing golden brown in the October afternoon sun.

"You're right," he said. "There's a lot more corn now where there used to be onions. The onion business is dying because the families don't work like they used to, and the growers can't meet the labor costs. There's still some, but they're growing them now in Florida and Texas and California."

"Do you still have the scars on your hand?" I said, remembering that he had told me how, before the harvest, his father would sharpen the knives until he could shave the hair off his arms with them. During the haste of the harvest their hands bled each day, and he had shown me the fingers of his right hand crisscrossed with small white scars.

"Oh, yeah," he said, and he had turned off on a gravel road, "But I'm not the only one. Pop, everyone of the kids had them, so I'm not feeling sorry for myself. You see along here? This was my pa's land, ten acres, and while I was still fighting I bought it from him. It was all onions, and now look at it."

It was covered with scrub growth, mostly box elders. A few of them were fifteen or twenty feet tall and a foot or more in diameter, and others had fallen in wind and ice storms.

"Some of that could be cut for fireplace wood," I said.

"I know," he said. "I told some people who have fireplaces, 'You want wood? Help yourself' They said, 'Sure.' Then they don't do it. They want you to cut the wood for them, too. You see where that one big tree is standing now? We used to have our house right there. It was only four miles from town, but in those days it was like a hundred miles and the idea was you could get up in the morning and walk right out the door and start working. You see this stream here? Sullivan Creek."

He had stopped on a narrow, steel-framed bridge. The stream, about fifteen feet wide, it's banks overgrown, was almost still, its waters an olive green.

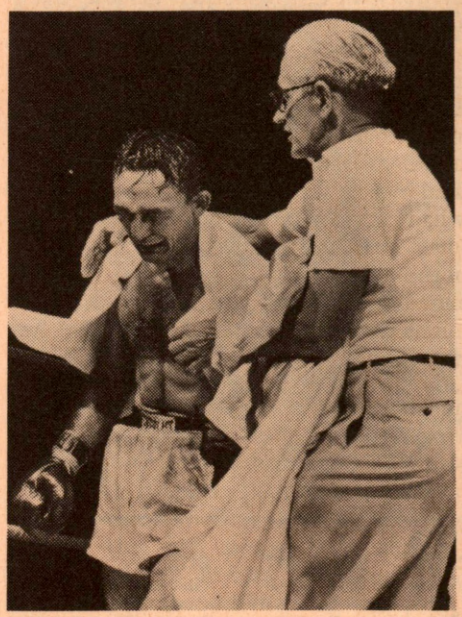
"Right there," he said, pointing, "is where we used to go in at the end of the day. My pa would give us soap, and we'd soap ourselves and jump in. One day I was just a little kid, and I'm standing up to my waist in the water right there and all of a sudden I let out a yelp. I hollered, 'Hey, Pa! A fish just bit my pecker!" Everybody just howled. I was such a little kid but I still remember it, and this was the only place we could get clean."

"When I was writing about ballplayers and fighters," I said, "I used to wonder if the people who went to the events ever conceived of the athletes as being other than as they then saw them. I mean, the ballplayers weren't born with a glove and a bat and a ball in their hands and wearing Yankee pinstripes, and the fighters didn't come into the world wearing white trunks and 8-ounce gloves. I'm thinking of that now, as you describe yourself as a kid bathing in this creek here."

"That's right," he said. "Who the hell ever heard of an onion farmer comin' out and fighting in Yankee Stadium?"

He drove back to the blacktop and back into town. The houses on North Main Street are modest, standing on small pieces of ground with well-kept lawns between them and the sidewalk. He stopped in front of one on the right, narrow and two-storied with new dark green shingles and with white trim that looked like it had just been repainted. On the small patch of grass between it and the sidewalk, a young man was sawing a

"Who the hell ever heard of an onion farmer comin' out and fighting in Yankee Stadium?"



Carmen bursts into tears as trainer Mike Slattery leads him back to his corner after he stopped Saxton to regain the welter title.

piece of 8X4 plywood that was resting on two saw horses.

"Two eleven North Main Street, Canastota," Basilio said. "I was born in that house. Six of us out of the ten were born in that house. You see where that bay window is downstairs? When my mother was ready, my father would move the bedroom in there. It was a bigger room for the doctor to operate on her."

Near the center of town he turned right and drove down the street and pulled into the parking lot in front of a flat-roofed blue-and-white-sided buiding. A woman in a ground floor window in the house next door was peering between the white curtains.

"Carmen Basilio's Hot and Sweet Sausage," he said, and he got out and tried the door and came back. "They're delivering now, Paul and Armando. They also make frozen meat balls, and we're going to start canning sausage with sauce and meat balls with sauce, and ship it around the country. We'll see if my ma is home."

Down the street he pulled into the driveway next to another narrow two-storied house, this one white-shingled with white trim. I remembered his mother, a short woman, only 4 feet 10, who also had told me what it was like in the cotton fields. For three years, beginning in 1934, Basilio's father had been invalided by sciatica, and the rest of the family had had to work the farm without him. Some years a blight, caused by early morning fogs and burning sun, had ruined the crop. Other years the price of onions had dropped to a point where the growers had decided to hold out and, finally, to dump their crops rather than sell.

"You take the gamble and you lose," she had said. "You can smell the onions decay, and you think, 'A whole summer's work for the whole family, and the seed and the fertilizer, too.' "

"Raising a family through all those hard years in the onion fields," I had asked her, "what dreams did you have for your children?"

"We had no dreams," she had said. "None. We just tried to bring up our children to be good."

There is an enclosed porch at the right of the house, and when Basilio opened the door and we walked in, she came out of the kitchen to the left. She seemed even smaller than I had remembered, bespectacled and wearing a black dress. We shook hands, and she led us, moving slowly, into the kitchen. In the front room, off the kitchen, a television was on.

"How are you feeling?" Basilio said.

"All right," she said, sitting down at the kitchen table with us. "With the arthritis I can't do so much, but I'm all right. I don't see you, though, for a long time."

"I know, Ma," he said, "but I'm busy. I gotta keep hustling."

"I know," she said.

"She's eighty-three now," Basilio said to me. "She came here when she was four. In 1914 she and my pa went back to Italy to see his family, and they drafted him and he fought in the Italian Army. They didn't get back here until 1921, and my sister Matilda and my sister Anna were born in Italy, in Veroli, north of Rome, where my pa came from."

"We didn't go where I came from," she said.

She had got up from the table. While they talked about the family I watched her. She had taken a jar of tomato sauce and two pork chops out of the refrigerator, and she had filled a pot with water and carried it to the range.

"She's starting to cook," I said to Basilio.

"What did I tell you?" Basilio said, nodding. "I said you can't come into the house without her feeding you."

"We can't eat now, I said. "We just had lunch."

"Ma, we just ate," Basilio said.

"So eat again," she said. "You should have something to eat."

"We can't, Ma," he said. "We just ate lunch. Really."

"No?" she said and, moving slowly, she put the chops and the jar of sauce back in the refrigerator, and sat down at the table with us again.

"Mrs. Basilio," I said, "I remember you the night that Carmen won the welterweight title in Syracuse from Tony DeMarco.

This was a television first, long before presidential candidates paraded their families through campaigns and capped their acceptance speeches and concession statements with connubial kisses. After Harry Kessler, the referee, had stopped the fight wth DeMarco helpless in the twelfth round, more than 32 million viewers had seen Basilio drop to his knees, cross himself and pray. When he arose, they saw his wife standing on the ring apron and they watched him embrace her. Then this small semi-stout woman in a black dress and an aging, bald man — Basilio's parents — had been been helped into the ring from the other side. For weeks after that Basilio received mail from strangers throughout the country who had been moved by the scene. When he went to New York, others stopped him on the street to talk about it, and when he appeared on Ed Sullivan's TV show, Sullivan commented on it. What the television audience had sensed without completely understanding was all the family hardship that had gone into the making of that moment.

"I remember you in the ring," I said now, "and how many people throughout the country were impressed by that."

"Yes," she said. "Many people saw it, but it is getting to be a long time ago."

As we drove back toward Syracuse, we talked about some of his fights, the two late in his career with Gene Fullmer that had been halted by the referee in the late rounds and how he had protested, he was saying now, because he had never been stopped and it was a matter of pride. In his last fight. the one with Paul Pender, his final attempt to regain the middleweight title, he had fought with a torn cartilege in his left shoulder, suffered in training. It had deprived him of his best punch, the left hook, and he had lost the fifteen-round decision.

"I should have had a couple of cortisone shots," he said, "but I didn't know then. I only learned now, sitting around the field house and hearing those guys with degrees talk."

"How much do you miss it?" I said. "I mean, an athlete always knows it's going to end some day and yet, when that day comes, he will never again be able to do that which expresses him best and fulfills him the most. How often do you think back?"

"I really don't have the time," he said. "Sometimes I go back and eat my heart out about fights I lost that I shouldn't have lost, like the Pender fight, but you can't live that way. I see fights now, and it makes my heart sick. The good trainers are gone. They don't know how to set up, how to hook off the jab. I wasn't what you call a clever fighter, but I could put combinations together, but that's all gone."

We were in the outskirts of Syracuse again now. The late afternoon truck traffic was heavy, with an ambulance, its red roof light turning and its siren going, trying to get through, and in the stretches between the traffic lights, the drivers of the passenger cars cutting back and forth between lanes.

"So much is gone," I said. "You buy a muffler and the ad misleads you. Then they phony the labor cost and rip you off. The kids today, they don't want to work like you did. I don't mean in the onion fields, because that should never be again, but how many of them would work and sacrifice like you did to succeed?"

"Some of it we don't like," he said, "but some of it I do. The kids go around with long hair and all that, but they just want to be one with the crowd. They're really good kids, and I believe in them. Speaking of hair, though, my wife said this morning, 'And don't come home without getting a haircut today.' " □

GREAT KO'S

ALI-WILLIAMS: THE NIGHT MUHAMMAD DECLAWED "THE CAT"

ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1966, two men out of Houston were making headlines around the world: Capt. James Lovell and Major Buzz Aldrin aboard the Gemini 12 spacecraft passing over the United States for the fourth time. But the eyes of the boxing world were focused instead on two other men that night in Houston: Heavyweight champion Muhammad Ali (Aka Cassius Clay) and challenger Cleveland Williams fighting a 15-round title bout in the Astrodome.

The fight was Ali's seventh in defense of his crown, but only his first on American soil since he had made his famous "I ain't got no quarrel with them Viet Congs" remark earlier in the year. Caught in the patriotic backlash of angered politicians, Ali had been literally a man without a country, defending his title in Toronto, London and Frankfort, but not in the United States. This was to be, in effect, his "homecoming," albeit not a very popular one.

But Ali, who had once credited part of his success on the fact that he had stolen a page from the promotional guidebook of Gorgeous George ("I saw 15,000 people coming to see this man get beat. And his talking did it. And, I said, 'This ia a g-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-d idea.' "), paid the boos and jeers no never mind, certain they would be attended by warm bodies who would pay to see him get beat.

And they did pay, whether it was to get "whupped" by their local hometown favorite, Cleveland "Big Cat" Williams, or merely to see the first prizefight in what had been ballyhooed as the Eighth Wonder of the World, the Houston Astrodome — 35,460 strong, setting a new indoor record that had stood uneclipsed for 25 years, and paying in a near-record $461,290.

When Ali entered the ring, the boos could be heard from all the way up to the $5 seats near the top of the ballpark's plastic crust down to the $100 ringside seats perched somewhere on the Astroturf infield. And they were cheering, in one voice, for his opponent, challenger Cleveland Williams, who came into the ring weighing 212 pounds, a fraction of which was a .357 magnum slug still lodged in his body, courtesy of a Texas State trooper who, two years before, had taken umbrage of something "The Cat" had said and now sat in the audience to root for the man who carried the souvenir of his handiwork.

But if Williams carried a slug into the ring with him that night, he also carried an awesome record into the ring as well — the winner of 65 of 71 fights, 51 by knockout, 15 in the first round. His punching power was reputed to be the equal of any heavyweight in boxing — past or present — and there were those who believed that "The Cat" would triumph, including his voluble manager, Hugh Benbow, who said, "The Cat and me will take care of Clay in three."

But if Williams' punching power — compared to that of Liston and Bob Satterfield — was thought to be enough to turn the 5-1 underdog into a winner, on a percentage basis, Ali's was even better. Whereas Williams was batting .717, with his 51 KO's in 71 fights, Ali was hitting .808, with 21 knockouts in 26 times at bat. Comparisons aside, one thing was sure: this fight would not go to a decision.

Ali-Clay, who came into the fight at 213½, the second heaviest of his career — up until that point — started off the fight in his usual manner, moving away from the ever-pursuing Cat, hands at his sides, daring the 33 — going on 40 — year-old Williams to "come and get him." Almost a minute passed as the two combatants went through their middle-of-the-ring charade. Finally, Williams threw a left at the ever-retreating Ali, but by the time it got there, the champ was gone, only to return scant seconds later to throw a flurry of punches off his left jab.

Encouraged by his success, Ali shot a left to the body followed by three lefts to the head. Williams seems paralyzed and unable to find his elusive tormentor, steadfastly standing like a tree while the champion flits around him, picking his spots. Finally Williams gets off first, cutting the ring off on Ali and landing a stiff left to the head. It was a mistake, as Ali moves out of harm's way and on his way throws a flurry of six punches, all landing to Williams' guarded, but still unprotectd head.

Williams, unable to find any gear but straight ahead, comes in again and for his trouble receives a volley of eight more shots to the head, all landing. A trickle of blood can be seen on Williams' face as Ali begins to play the role of a finger painter, smearing it across the whole of Williams' face with jab, straight right, a hook and a right. The bell rings and a still fresh Ali skips to his corner while Williams wearily trudges back to his.

"The Cat" comes out of his corner for round two, the words of Benbow still ringing in his ear, "jab . . . jab . . . jab." But jab at what? The will o' the wisp, who was in front of him just a second ago, is long gone by the time he loads up and when he repositions himself he is met by yet another volley of punches. Williams tries to put together a combination, landing a left to the body of the bobbing champion, but missing with his vaunted right to the head. He catches Ali-Clay with a left hook. And then it happens. Preceeded by an accentuated five-step in-place tango manuever he calls "The Ali Shuffle," the champion throws a left and then a right reminicent of the one he caught the incoming Sonny Liston with at Lewiston. Williams hangs in mid-air momentarily and then falls to the canvas.

Painfully regaining his footing at the count of six — as referee Harry Kessler tolls off the mandatory eight — Williams is more like a lamb than a cat going back to the slaughter. A barrage of lefts and rights sends Williams spinning to the canvas again. This time he is up at five, but Kessler keeps tolling the mandatory eight-count.

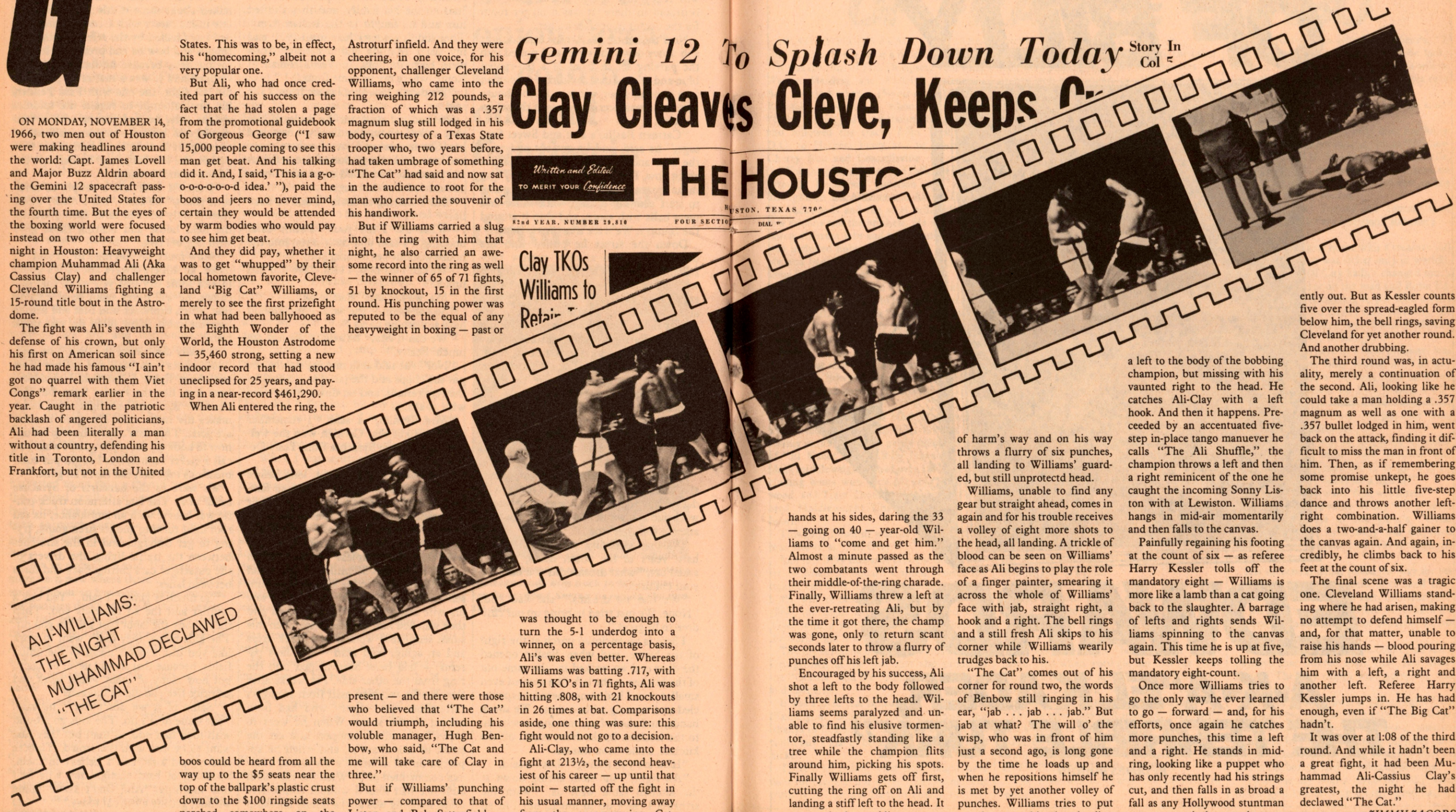
Once more Williams tries to go the only way he ever learned to go — forward — and, for his efforts, once again he catches more punches, this time a left and a right. He stands in mid-ring, looking like a puppet who has only recently had his strings cut, and then falls in as broad a fall as any Hollywood stuntman ever managed, down and apparently out. But as Kessler counts five over the spread-eagled form below him, the bell rings, saving Cleveland for yet another round. And another drubbing.

The third round was, in actuality, merely a continuation of the second. Ali, looking like he could take a man holding a .357 magnum as well as one with a .357 bullet lodged in him, went back on the attack, finding it difficult to miss the man in front of him. Then, as if remembering some promise unkept, he goes back into his little five-step dance and throws another left-right combination. Williams does a two-and-a-half gainer to the canvas again. And again, incredibly, he climbs back to his feet at the count of six.

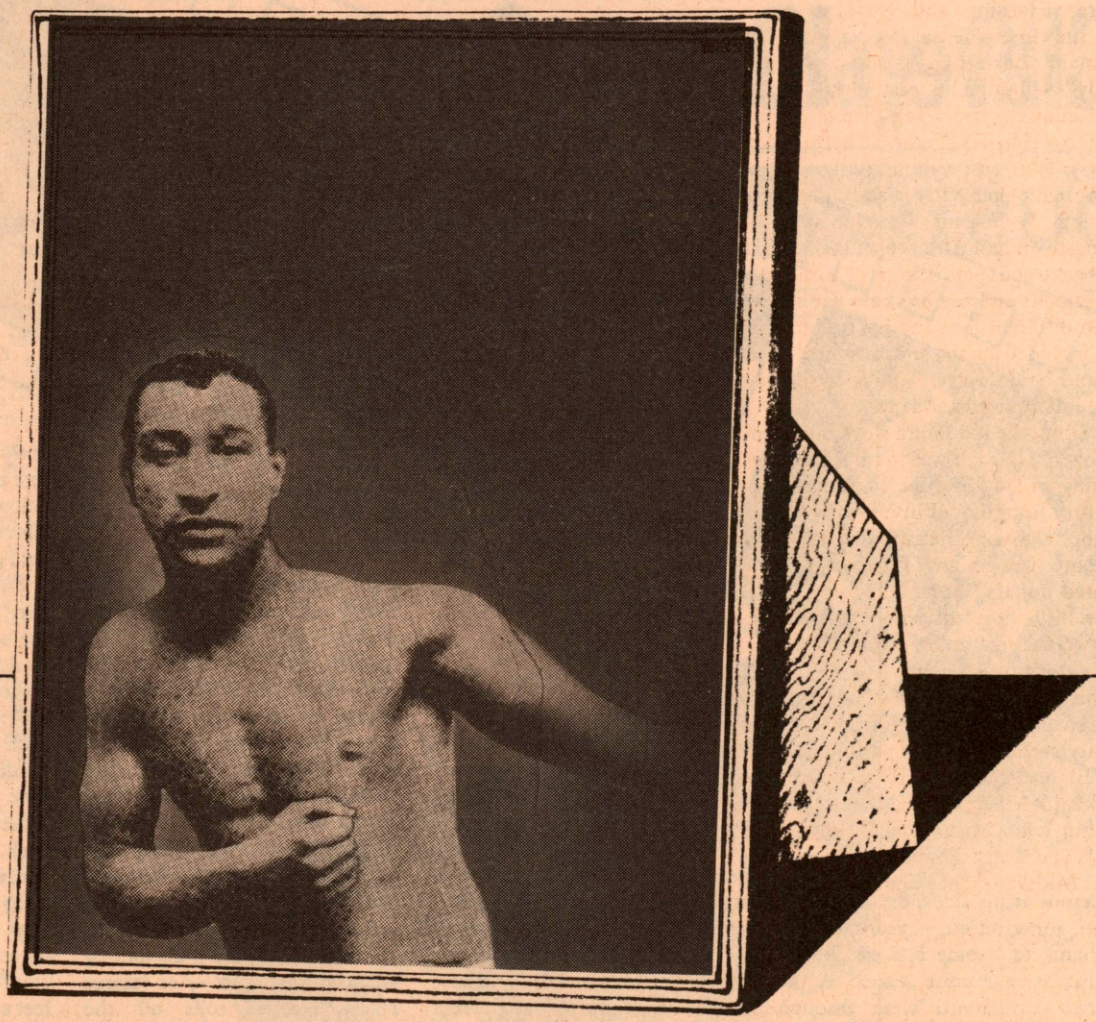
The final scene was a tragic one. Cleveland Williams standing where he had arisen, making no attempt to defend himself — and, for that matter, unable to raise his hands — blood pouring from his nose while Ali savages him with a left, a right and another left. Referee Harry Kessler jumps in. He has had enough, even if "The Big Cat" hadn't.

It was over at 1:08 of the third round. And while it hadn't been a great fight, it had been Muhammad Ali-Cassius Clay's greatest, the night he had declawed "The Cat."

JIMMY JACOBS



THE STORY OF BILLY



EDWARDS

A-K-A "EL KADER, THE TERRIBLE TURK"

By JAMES BOGGIO

BOXER, TRAINER, MANAGER AND FRIEND OF FRANKIE CARBO

MY STORY BEGINS AS ALL STORIES BEgin . . . with "Once upon a time".

It was the time of Jack Dempsey, Tom Mix, Warren Harding and Rudolph Valentino. And the time when a 15-year-old kid named Reginald Edwards — whom they called "Billy" — hopped a westbound freight train and followed the tracks from Washington D.C. to Harpers Ferry and to places like Cherry Run and Connellsville. He crossed the Youghiogheny River and rode the B & O through Rockwood Junction and on to Youngstown and Alliance and Akron. He saw the backwoods and the steel mills; the skid row saloons and the brothels. He worked at a dozen different jobs and his friends along the way included hobos and hustlers, street-people and banjo players—guys at the gym and some folks like you and me.

In Ohio, the kid found work in a carnival as a "boxer". His job was to lure volunteers into the ring with a $15 offer "for anyone who can go three rounds." Billy says sometimes he fought "eight or nine guys in a day."

Before we go any further, it should be pointed out that boxing history registers another Billy Edwards who was a British-born lightweight champion from 1868-1872. But let's not confuse the two.

This is the story of a black middleweight who boxed professionally from 1922 to 1931, mainly in the South and partly under the alias of "El Kader". This Billy Edwards — the black middleweight — had over 125 fights, including bouts with Jack McVey, Joe Smallwood, and Tiger Thomas, and won the "Colored Middleweight Championship of The South."

This Billy Edwards was the close friend of a man known as "Mr. Gray."

And this Billy Edwards brought Bobby Foster to Madison Square Garden; Foster the fighter and Billy the trainer-manager. Boxing buffs will remember that night, May 24, 1968, the night Billy's fighter nailed Dick Tiger with a picture-perfect left to capture the world light heavyweight title.

The life & legend of Billy Edwards began in Georgetown in the year that also produced the "Gorilla" and the "Ambling Alp" (Jones and Carnera).

It was a good year because the "hometeam" Washington Senators did not finish last (thanks to Boston) . . . and in those days, you could buy a loaf of bread with an Indian-head nickel.

There's no telling what Billy might have done (or become) if it weren't for boxing. The truth is . . . he was born to boxing the way Satchmo Armstrong was born to music.

He became a boxer when most of the other kids were playing stick-ball in the streets . . . or hawking newspapers or shining shoes or going to school. He can't remember when he started hanging-out at the gym because it happened automatically and from the very beginning.

He knows for sure he began boxing *for money* at age 13 when he and his uncle became partners.

The uncle boasted, "There's not a kid in D.C. who can whip my nephew!"

The bets were placed and Billy boxed.

It was 1921 when the kid ran away from home to join the carnival. Billy was one of seven children born to Bob and Rosie Edwards . . . and when Billy's father passed away, Rosie became the sole provider.

There were too many mouths to feed on a housekeeper's salary, so Billy left.

At the carnival, the young boxer saved up enough money to purchase train fare to Pittsburgh. And when he arrived there, he found a gym before he found a job.

At the Wilmerding YMCA, Edwards caught the attention of a local hustler named Sonny Horne (who never became as well known as his daughter, Lena). But Sonny had good ideas.

Sonny and a sidekick, Woogie Harris, insisted that Billy could be a champion, and they offered their boxing expertise and managerial services. But when they learned that Billy was still a kid, their offer was retracted

Instead, Edwards found a job in a downtown foundry. And when the whistle blew, the kid removed his hardhat and goggles and jogged through the streets of Pittsburgh.

Night after night, the Ohio River reflected the setting sun and the shadow of a young man jogging to a gym.

The kid worked hard at the Wilmerding YMCA and one day he entered an amateur boxing tournament and captured the title, "Middleweight Champion of Western Pennsylvania".

By now, the Fight Game was in Billy's blood. And when word got out that the great Gene Tunney had agreed to meet unbeaten Tommy Loughran in Philly, Edwards climbed aboard a boxcar and headed east.

On the afternoon of August 24, 1922, Billy and a dozen buddies congregated about one-hundred feet from the stadium entrance, beneath a large banner which said, "MAIN EVENT: TUNNEY-LOUGHRAN".

The Plan was to charge the turnstile *en masse.*

Billy promised his new-found friends, "If we rush the gate all at once, they'll be lucky to catch two or three of us. Most of us will be through the gate before that ticket-taker realizes what's happening!"

Someone yelled, "Charge!", and the stampede was on.

And to this very day, Billy does not know *who* or *how many* got caught, 'cause Billy never looked back. He had hurdled the turnstile, pushed through the crowd, and he kept on running until he found a vacant seat in the general admission section.

After all that, Tunney and Tommy went eight rounds to a "No Decision" stalemate.

The kid returned home with a treasure full of memories...but was richer only in worldliness. The Capital City hadn't changed much during Billy's year on the road and Rosie Edwards was still struggling to put food on the table. Billy needed money and, naturally, the first place he looked was Frankie Mann's Gym in downtown Washington.

As luck would have it, a local promoter was at the gym when Billy walked in. The guy was trying to fill a weekend fight card and needed an opponent for Kid Woody, a 6'2" middleweight who had either kayoed or scared off nearly every 160-pounder from Washington to Baltimore.

The promotor was so desperate he cried: "Someone here must know *someone* who needs a payday! Come on, ya mugs...I'm offering twenty-five bucks for a fighter!"

Billy stepped forward. And was hired.

Although the Edwards-Woody bout is never mentioned as one of the game's "Great Upsets", it *was*! Even Billy was surprised when his arm was raised midway through the tenth round.

His successful debut paved the way for yet another payday, two weeks later...and then another...and another. In fact, Edwards posted six straight victories before he realized his success in the ring was not reflected in his billfold.

He needed a manager who could find some paydays that offered more than just meal-money. The way things were going, he was going nowhere!

Between bouts, Edwards played third base for a semi-pro baseball team called the *Georgetown Badcats.* And before he knew it, another year went by . . . and he had spent more time in the batter's box swatting baseballs than he had in the boxing ring swatting opponents.

Then one day after a ballgame, Billy went to the gym to loosen up on the speed bag, as

he often did nearly every afternoon. He jumped rope and shadow-boxed mainly out of habit — always ready to step in as a substitute at the next boxing show.

But this day was different; because, this time, Angie Geron was watching.

Billy had found his rhythm and the pear-shaped ball was making music. For thirty seconds straight Billy pounded-out the tune, never missing a beat, until, finally, his concentration was broken by Angie's stare.

Geron was a fight fan. He made his living selling antiques, but every fight night he was there, two or three rows from ringside. He worshipped guys like Jack Kearns and Suey Welch, and more than anything, he wanted to manage a champion. In his previous attempt at managing, he brought over some palooka from Paris who spent more time on the canvas than did the painter, Pierre Renoir. But Geron was not giving up!

Billy needed a manager and Geron needed a fighter. And then and there, at Frankie Mann's gym, an alliance was formed and the groundwork was laid for El Kader, "The Terrible Turk".

Actually, the idea was Angie's.

He had arranged a fight for Billy at Roanoke, Virginia, against a black heavyweight named Sailor Smith. It was their first stop on a swing through Dixie.

But, after planning the barnstorming trip, Geron learned that most southern towns prohibited "mixed" prizefights; bouts between black and white boxers. There was nothing to block the Sailor Smith bout — Edwards also being black — however, Edwards' future was severely delimited by his skin color thereafter.

At the time, there was a wrestler who went by the moniker of "Youseff Mahmout, The Terrible Turk". And possibly — although not even Billy knows — Angie pilfered that tag from the 'rassler.

The important thing, though, is that it worked.

Billy was the product of three black grandparents and a white grandmother. Therefore, his complexion is the hue of rich cavendish pipe tobacco. He is not as dark as Jack Johnson was, but his coloration is more like that of a Reggie Jackson or an O.J. Simpson.

Could he pass for a Turk?

Today, probably not. But in 1923, he did!

Billy Edwards — wearing a turban and introduced as El Kader, "The Terrible Turk" — went 10 rounds in Roanoake and was awarded the newspaper decision (which was the way bets were won in those no-decision days when a bout went the distance) over Sailor Smith. Finally, the career of Billy Edwards (alias "El Kader") seemed to be in front of him, all systems — as they would say four decades hence — "go".

However, that career was shortened by a freak accident which happened in 1930.

It happened one day as Edwards was doing his daily roadwork, jogging through Monroe Park in Georgetown. It was barely dawn and the boxer's breath made clouds of frost as he huffed and puffed through the quiet April sunrise.

He ran part way along a footpath then cut-across a treelined hilly area, lifting his knees waist-high as he climbed the elevated terrain. The only sounds which could be heard that morning were the thump-thump-thump of Billy's feet and the heaviness of his breathing.

He was running through a clump of trees when, suddenly, it happened! It came from out of the darkness — like a sucker-punch.

His right eye scraped against a branch with such force that the impact buckled Billy's knees. And from that time on his eye was useless.

Partially blind, Billy picked up a few bucks during the summer by working as a sparring partner for George Godfrey as Godfrey prepared for Primo Carnera. (And Billy says he was there, on the eve of the fight, when a thug named Phil Smith showed up at the camp and persuaded Godfrey to take a dive. Whether he did or didn't is mere speculation, but *The Ring Record Book* shows Carnera the winner.)

A few months later, Edwards used his one good eye to find the jaw of Ricardo Ellis, and he flattened the Spaniard in three. But the writing was on the wall and at age 24 the Terrible Turk retired as a boxer to become a boxing trainer.

In the years after Billy's retirement, The ex-Turk bought a cab, joined the National Guard, and scraped up enough money to pay the first month's rent on a vacant storefront near the corner of 13th & U streets in Washington's northwest quadrant. Although Billy's gym and the White House would share the same Sanitation Dept., 13th & U was a long way from Pennsylvania Avenue.

In those days and in that part of D.C. — Washington's Harlem, where golf courses and tennis courts did not exist — Harry Wills was everyone's hero and the so-called Noble Art offered hope.

Right from the start, Billy's gym was a popular place. And Edwards recalls that the first fighters to train at his gym included Bee Bee Washington, Billy Banks, Georgie Abrams — and a few white kids like the current editor of *Ring*.

By the end of '33, the Fight Game was flourishing in the nation's capital. And soon, Edwards formed a working agreement with Joe Turner, who had converted an abandoned garage at 14th & W St. N.W., into a 3,000-seat fight club. They called the place "Turner's Arena" and Billy was to provide the fighters for Turner. Together they put on shows there every Monday night, the gate receipts usually turning a profit.

However, the big shows in D.C. were put on by Bo Bregman, whom Washingtonians like to call, "The Daddy of Boxing", and whose financial assistance helped make Mike Jacobs one of the game's most successful promoters. By the mid-30s, Jacobs had risen from "ticket scalper" to "main man" (and founder) of the *Twentieth Century Sporting Club* . . . the enterprise that arranged fight cards for Madison Square Garden.

In the years that followed, Mike Jacobs promoted his Carnival of Champions, Bobby Foster was born in Albuquerque, Frankie Carbo and Bugsy Siegel were arrested for the gangland slaying of Harry "Big Greenie" Greenberg, the International Boxing Club was introduced by James Norris, the Gillette Safety Razor Company began TV sponsorship of the *Friday Night Fights*, and Billy Edwards married Goldy, the statuesque daughter of a Baptist preacher.

These were the days when Washington D.C. was known as a "fight town". Boxing shows were scheduled every Monday night — either at Turner's arena or at the ballpark, Griffith Stadium — and Billy was always at ringside.

In 1941, when Joe Louis successfully defended his title against Buddy Baer, Edwards carried the bucket for the Brown Bomber's trainer, Jack Blackburn. In 1943, Billy worked in Jackie Wilson's corner when the former featherweight champ kayoed Danny Petro. In 1944, when the great Willie Pep decisioned Pedro Hernandez, Billy was in Pep's corner, assisting Bill Gore. On other nights, Edwards worked in the corner *against* Bob Olin, Harry Jeffra, Virgil Akins, Ezzard Charles, Fred Apostoli, Joey Archibald, Henry Armstrong and Sugar Ray Robinson.

At times The Turk was recognized as "head trainer" for some of the game's most successful gladiators: champions like Ken Overlin and Chalky Wright.

Frankie Carbo — reputed to be the underworld king of boxing and often described as "one of the nicest killers you could ever meet" — ran into Billy Edwards on the first day of June in 1948.

Carbo's criminal record would eventually show at least 17 arrests, including five for murder. Other arrests ranged from gambling to bootlegging to illegal matchmaking in the fight game.

His background included an alleged association with the infamous "Murder Inc.", the lethal arm of the Bugs & Meyer Mob (viz., Bugsy Siegel and Meyer Lansky). However, only once did he serve time for a killing. That was in 1928, after he shot a taxicab driver in a Bronx poolroom. Police said he was trying to extort money when he killed the cabbie, but Frankie pleaded self-defense and he served only 20 months in the pen, convicted of manslaughter.

Carbo met Billy during a boxing show at

Griffith Stadium. The main event that day pitted Carbo's boxer, Jake LaMotta, against Ken Stribling.

Carbo's fighter would soon be middleweight champion, but LaMotta had taken a dive in his previous bout — against Blinky Palermo's fighter, Billy Fox — and the tankjob was so obvious that the New York State Boxing Commission had Jake suspended. So this was the Raging Bull's return to the ring, following his "vacation".

Billy was working in Stribling's corner, but The Turk's advice could not alter the outcome. LaMotta landed a left hook followed by a right cross and it was all over in round number five.

After the bout, Edwards took Carbo down to the black neighborhood, and they ended up at Jelly Roll Morton's speakeasy. There, the two men drank bourbon and rye and listened to some "live" entertainment, featuring a young singer named Pearl Bailey.

The following afternoon, Frankie climbed into Billy's taxi cab . . . and they drove out to Maryland, to the Laurel racetrack.

Despite his reputation as a "tough guy", Frankie Carbo usually appeared quiet and soft-spoken. He had a stocky build and wavy grey hair and — to quote the *New York Times* — "he dressed at least as conservatively as the district attorneys, boxing commissioners, police chiefs and other protectors of the public domain who tried frequently to put him out of business." He was known to all as "Mr. Gray," a nickname which bespoke respect — and fear.

The trip to the racetrack was a $20 fare. However, when they got there, Frankie made Billy an offer he could not refuse.

"Billy, I can pay you right now what your cab meter says, or, if you prefer, I'll give you 10 percent of whatever I win today. It's your choice."

Edwards answered, "I'll take the 10 percent."

"What?" yelled Carbo. "Are you crazy?"

"I've heard about you," Billy said. "You never lose at the track. So I'll take the 10 percent."

Later that afternoon, Carbo paid Edwards 300 bucks. And Billy wondered if the gossip was true. Is this the guy who pals around with gangsters like Frank Costello, Albert Anastasia, Blinky Palermo, Bugsy Siegel and Mickey Cohen?

Hollywood, Fla., is sandwiched between Fort Lauderdale, the ocean, North Miami Beach and The Everglades. It's the home of the Gulfstream Park racetrack . . . and for many years, its best known resident was Paul John Carbo, sometimes known as "Frankie" and sometimes "Mr. Gray".

Although most of his business was conducted "up north" — 300 miles "up north", at Madison Square Garden — Carbo came here — to 2637 Taft Street — when he wanted to get away. And now he wanted to get away.

It was snowing outside when the phone rang.

"Hello. Billy's Cab Company. Billy speaking."

"Hey Billy!" Let's go to Hollywood."

"Who is this? Frankie?"

"This ain't Winston Churchill! He's not dumb enough to hire your fuckin' taxicab."

Billy smiled when he recognized the voice. "Mr. Gray, where ya calling from?"

"New York. Now listen . . . you and I are getting the hell outta this cold son'abitch! We're goin' to Hollywood."

Hollywood? I understand there's a young welterweight out there named Art Aragon, the Golden Boy. They say he's the biggest draw at that Hollywood Legion Stadium since . . ."

"Billy! Cut the shit! Listen, I ain't talkin' about California . . . I'm talkin' about Florida. You and me . . . we're goin' to Hollywood, Florida."

"Hey Frankie, are you shitin' me?"

"Billy, this telephone call is costing me a fortune! Believe me, that's where we're going. Now tell Goldy you've got business to tend to . . . and get your butt over here!"

The Turk got up at five, the next morning. By ten to six he was on his way to the Big Apple. By nine, he was there.

"Mr. Grey, we better check the tires on my cab before we leave town. They should hold up, but I don't wanna take any chances."

"Billy, can you drive a Lincoln Continental?"

Sure. I can drive anything."

"Good. I bought one, yesterday. Here's the keys."

Billy helped Frank carry his luggage to the car, and then, he transferred his own bags from the cab to the Contintental.

Carbo lit up a White Owl cigar, the size of an axe handle and climbed in. Billy got behind the wheel, started up the engine, and pointed the Lincoln due south.

Washington Square, Yankee Stadium and the George Washington Bridge got smaller and smaller as The Turk and Mr. Grey crossed the Hudson River and followed the interstate through Newark, Trenton, Camden and Philly.

When they reached Baltimore, Carbo told Billy he wanted to stop in D.C.

"Billy, I wanna say 'hi' to your wife. Goldy is probably sore at me because I'm taking you to Florida . . . and I want to let her know I'll have you back home in a couple of weeks."

"Frank, there's no need to do that. Goldy understands I've got business."

"Listen, Billy, I *know* women. Let's stop."

The Lincoln Continental pulled up to Billy's house and, right away, a crowd began to

Billy Edwards and Bob Foster. Edwards took the 6'3½" Foster to the world light heavyweight title.

(Above) Frankie Carbo, reputed underworld king of boxing. (Below) Bob Foster and Mushky Solo.

Frankie Carbo is released from prison in Los Angeles in 1942. Carbo, whose criminal record would eventually include at least 17 arrests, died in Miami on November 9, 1976.

gather.

A woman standing there, holding a sack full of groceries, commented aloud, to no one in particular, "Damn, I ain't never seen no car this big before."

Billy cautioned the small gathering to back off. "Now don't get no fingerprints on my new car. I just got the damn thing waxed."

Edwards and Carbo crossed the sidewalk and went up the stairway. Goldy was sitting at the kitchen table polishing her nails when the two men walked in.

Carbo spoke first. "Hey, Goldy, got any coffee?"

"What? I thought you two were on your way to Florida?"

"We are," said Billy, "but Frank needed some coffee."

"Billy, I wish you had called ahead of time. I haven't had time to straighten up the house, . . . and besides that, there's no coffee."

"Goldy, don't fuss at Billy. The house looks fine and . . . hey, is there any beer in the ice box?"

"All I've got is Shaeffer's, okay?"

Goldy unscrewed the top from a quart bottle of Shaeffer's beer that was still half-full and she filled two glasses. She did not pour any for herself because she wanted to save some in case the guest wanted a refill.

She set the glasses on the table and Carbo continued his apology. "I hope you're not mad at me for taking your ol' man, but I'll have him back in two weeks, I promise! And besides that, while Billy's out of the house you'll have more time to buy dresses and things!"

"Frank, are you kidding? Who's got money to shop for clothes?"

"Now Goldy, that's why we stopped here. Your husband told me he forgot to give you some spending money."

Carbo reached in his pocket and pulled out a roll of green. He peeled off 30 ten-dollar bills and handed the money to the woman.

"Goldy, this is for you. I want you to go on a shopping spree."

A short while later, the Lincoln Continental was back on the highway, rolling past the Quantico Marine Corps base and on through Richmond and Petersburg and into North Carolina.

By noontime, the following day, Frankie and Billy were somewhere between Darlington, S.C., and Savannah, Georgia. Carbo was out of cigars and Edwards had worked up an appetite. By unanimous decision, they pulled to a stop at a small roadside diner.

The two men got out of the car and stretched.

"Mr. Grey, I'm gonna get me the biggest steak they got."

The diner was surrounded by mud, but Carbo and Edwards didn't seem to mind. They had left behind the snow and ice, and mud was an indication of a definite warming trend.

The two men — ages 43 and 45 — strolled across the soggy soil and headed for the scent of barbecuing meat. But as they approached the entrance, Billy blurted, "Ah shit!"

"What's wrong, Billy?"

"Take a look at that sign over the door."

The sign read, "NIGGERS KEEP OUT".

"Chris'sakes! Billy, you and I are going in this dump. And if these rednecks give us any shit, I'm gonna shoot-up this fuckin' place!"

"No Frank. Let's get out of here."

"Billy, I'm tired and hungry and I need some cigars. We're not leaving 'til we get what we want."

"Frank, let's not start any trouble. Remember, we're in The South. And if we cause a fuss, they'll have our asses chained to a road gang."

"Billy, you and my mama are the only two people who have seen Frankie Carbo with no cigar in his mouth — and I ain't gonna let anyone else see me that way! I need some stogies, Billy, but I ain't going in there by myself."

"Mr Gray, when I was a fighter, I had bouts all over the South. I've been through this thing before. Believe me, I don't mind waiting outside."

"Billy, what's the matter with you?"

"Look Frank, I'll wait out here and you go inside and tell 'em to bring me a sandwich."

The two men argued for several more minutes before Carbo gave in and went inside. Moments later, he came back out and told Billy, "a steak with all the trimmings" was on its way.

"Billy, here's some money. When that redneck waitress comes out here, tell her you want some *dollar* cigars. Not those itsy-bitsy panatelas, but some *one-dollar Havanas*! And give that dame a tip!

Carbo went back inside and had his meal. When he finished, he left the waitress a quarter.

Outside, Billy had given the same waitress a ten dollar tip!

When Carbo was in the numbers racket — which was almost always — one of Billy's jobs was to collect the money.

Carbo would call Edwards on the phone and say, "Scranton" or "Jersey" or "Baltimore". Usually, that's all that Frankie would say, and Billy knew exactly where to go to make the pick-up.

Thousands of dollars exchanged hands every day, and the illegal pool was one of Frankie's — and Billy's — main sources of income. In fact, the pick-ups were so large sometimes that Billy's job was a risky one requiring him to carry a .38 *Smith & Wesson*.

It was during 1955 — the year Carmen Basilio became welterweight champ — that back-

to-back incidents unveiled the Jekyll & Hyde personality of Frank Carbo.

A taxicab — with "BILLY'S CAB CO." emblazoned across its doors — rolled into Baltimore late in the afternoon and continued along North Avenue towards Broadway.

At Broadway, Billy made a right turn and headed south. But as Billy's cab crossed the railroad tracks, the passenger ordered the driver to stop.

"Billy, did you see that old man back there?"

"You mean that wino? That bum?"

"Yeah, the guy laying in the gutter. Back up, Billy. I hafta talk to that old man."

"Hey Frankie, we've got an appointment with Benny Trotter. We don't have time to waste!"

"Billy, Trotter can wait. Back up!"

Edwards shifted into reverse and rolled backwards to where the drunk was laying. The old man with tattered sneakers and baggy trousers was clutching his paper sack and struggling to stand.

Carbo jumped out of the cab and approached the wino. He reached down and helped the man to his feet and then he gave the old guy a five-dollar bill and a quick lecture.

"Old man, I want you to use this money to buy yourself something to eat. Look at you! That wine is going to kill you! Now go wash your face and get some food in your belly."

Frankie came back to the cab. "Billy, we're late for our meeting. Step on it!"

Benny Trotter was a local fight promoter operating out of Baltimore. And, of course, Carbo's game was boxing. And so the meeting, this night, was to discuss an upcoming bout and a future fight card.

When Mr. Grey and The Turk arrived at the meeting place, Trotter was already meeting with someone else.

"Hi Frank! Hi Billy! Come in and have a seat. I'm wrapping up some business with this guy; it'll only take a minute.

Carbo sat down and Billy stood by the door; and Trotter resumed his conversation with the other man. Quickly, it became apparent the guy owed Benny $2500 and Benny was trying to collect.

But as the conversation continued, the debtor grew hostile and began threatening his creditor. "Listen, you sonuvabitch! Get off my back. I'll pay back the bread when I get damn good and ready!"

Billy glanced at Carbo and Carbo sat silently listening. Trotter made another appeal but the debtor continued his tirade. "I'm gonna have your ass blown away if you don't stop shaking me. Trotter, you're a punk!"

Suddenly, Carbo's cheeks turned crimson. And the silent listener bolted from his chair. In the time it takes to blink, the enraged bystander was across the room with his finger pressed against the debtor's right eyeball.

Quickly, Billy rushed over to the man's backside, grabbing the loud mouth debtor by the throat.

Carbo kept his finger in the guy's eye socket and there was trembling in Frank's voice. "You piece-of-shit, do you know who I am? No one talks that way in front of Frank Carbo!"

The man realized he had made a mistake and pleaded for mercy.

Carbo kneed the guy in the crotch, and the debtor groaned as the pain surged from his groin to his belly.

Billy tightened his grasp around the man's neck, preventing him from falling to the floor.

Carbo pulled out his piece and motioned Edwards to step aside.

When Billy backed off, the debtor fell to the floor.

Carbo reached down with his left hand, grabbed a handful of hair and jerked the man to his knees. Carbo's right hand shoved the barrel into his victim's mouth.

The debtor began to choke and his eyes filled with tears.

"Now listen," ordered Frankie. "I'm advising you to listen closely. I don't like people who borrow money and don't pay it back. And I don't like people who threaten my friends! Your debt ain't none of my business; it's between you and Benny. But if you threaten my friend again, it'll be the biggest mistake of your life! As for right now, get the hell outa here . . . before I lose my temper!"

The man left and Carbo sat down with Trotter. Their meeting proceeded without further incident.

Billy and Goldy Edwards wanted a son and they tried several times, from 1943 to 1950. The results: Regina, Dianne, Linda and Gail.

As the kids grew older, they looked forward to the occasional visits of "Uncle Frank". The man with wavy grey hair was a nice uncle and the kids took turns riding around the living room on Uncle Frank's shoulders, or being tossed in the air, or being tickled.

If they brought out a new toy, Uncle Frank would take off his jacket, sit on the floor and let the kids demonstrate how it worked. Sometimes, he'd spend an hour . . . rolling a ball across the room — first to Regina, then to Dianne, then to Linda and then to baby Gail.

And when Uncle Frank was ready to leave, he would empty out his pockets. And the girls would exchange their hugs and kisses for nickels, dimes and quarters — until their uncle ran out of change.

But as time passed, Carbo's visits grew less frequent. Their dad was spending a lot of time in Havana with Angelo Dundee putting on boxing shows and Uncle Frank never came by when Billy was on the road.

Then one day, Dianne and Linda were walking home from school when they stopped at the drugstore to look at the magazines. They were browsing through the rack when Dianne's eye made contact with a magazine cover on the top shelf.

"Linda, look! It's Uncle Frank!"

The magazine's cover showed an artist's sketch of a maniac killer, holding a Thompson submachine gun blasting-away at who-knows-what. The words "MURDER INC" were written across the sketch in a diagonal line, from upper left to lower right. And an insert photograph of a man with wavy grey hair, chewing on a half-smoked cigar, appeared at the end of the "INC," just below the fine print, "Price 50¢."

The kids ran home, bursting with excitement. They charged through the front door, plopped their school books on the sofa and nearly knocked each other over as they raced into the kitchen.

Billy was sitting at the kitchen table, drinking a cup of coffee and reading that night's edition of the Washington *Evening Star*.

"Daddy! Daddy! Guess what we saw! You'll never guess!"

"Daddy, I saw it too!"

"Slow down, you two. Dianne, what was it?!"

"Daddy, we saw a picture of Uncle Frank on the cover of a magazine. And it says Uncle Frank belongs to some kind of club or something. And the club goes around murdering people!"

"Baby, that couldn't be your Uncle Frank."

"Yeah, dad . . . it was. Cross my heart! Linda saw it, too. Huh, Linda?"

"Yeah, daddy. We can show you the magazine at the drugstore. Come with us."

"Linda, if Uncle Frank murders people, then how come he hasn't murdered you?"

Linda shrugged her shoulders and glanced at her older sister. Dianne looked puzzled.

The kids started to walk away, and Billy saw their disappointment. "Wait a minute."

"Listen, maybe that *was* a picture of your Uncle Frank. But so what? People are always saying bad things about other people, and lots of times they're not true."

"Dad, did Uncle Frank ever tell you he murdered somebody?"

"No Dianne. Uncle Frank never told me anything."

There were two Goldies in Billy's life. Besides the Goldy he married, there was a Washington matchmaker named Goldie Ahearn.

Ahearn owned a restaurant on Connecticut Avenue called Goldie's Charcoal House and, for years, Goldie's was the place where the Washington chapter of the Manager's Guild held its meetings.

According to Billy, "If you wanted paydays for your fighters, it was absolutely essential that you attended the meetings. Of course,

Ahearn and Joe Turner arranged the fight shows in D.C. but Carbo had tremendous influence over several managers, and the managers controlled the fighters who filled the cards that matchmakers arranged."

Certainly, it would have been easier for Carbo if he had acquired his own matchmaker's license. However, Carbo's criminal record prevented this. So, instead, he moved behind the scenes — much like a president's advisor or a movie actor's agent. And, like any other "advisor" or "agent", Carbo's influence within the Manager's Guild had to be reckoned with.

Billy recalls the Guild meetings at Goldie's restaurant this way: "Frankie used his influence to make me the chairman. Man, I didn't know nothin' about runnin' meetings . . . but there I was, runnin' the meeting.

"Actually, I didn't do much. Mainly, I just got up in front of all those people and yelled, 'Shut-up you sons'abitches! 'Mr. Grey' has somethin' to say!' Then Frank would stand-up and I sat down."

Carbo's influence in boxing — and Billy's influence with Frank — were equally apparent. The Turk was one of the few close friends that Frankie Carbo had . . . and their close affinity was made clear by Billy's position within the Guild.

There was never any doubt that Carbo had "connections". Frank knew people who could get fighters on the big cards at Madison Square Garden. And, of course, the best way to approach Frank was through The Turk.

"It happened all the time," Billy says. "The first time it happened — when we first started getting-together at Goldie's — this cat says, 'Hey Billy, come here.'

"He says he has a fighter and he wants to get the guy a payday in the Garden and he needs some help.

"I say, 'Hey man, I can't do nothin'. You gotta talk to Frank.'

"Then the guy gives me a $100 bill and says, 'Billy, Frank ain't gonna listen to me. Do me a favor, Billy. You talk to him.' "

Edwards admits he was "a little nervous" the first time it happened. But he figured, "what the hell!"

Following the meeting at Goldie's place, Billy drove Frank to the train depot. According to Billy, their conversation went like this:

"Frank, when ya comin' back to Washington?"

"Dunno, Billy. I've got lots to do in New York. But I'll try to get back in a couple weeks."

I understand there's a big show comin' up at the Garden."

Yeah, there's that . . . and I've also got business in Hartford."

"Frank, I saw a young featherweight the other day. He came down to my gym and sparred a few rounds . . . and he looked pretty good. He's one of Al's fighters. I told Al, 'Al, this guy could be a crowd-pleaser at the Garden.' I'm not kiddin', Frank . . . you should try to get him on that card in New York."

"Hey Billy, did Al put you up to this?"

"Naw, Frank. I just wanted you to know about this cat. He's really a scrapper."

Carbo removed the cigar from his mouth, turned to the driver and grinned. "Don't bullshit me, Billy. How much did Al pay you?"

Billy glanced at Frank, and the corners of Frank's mouth stretched from ear to ear. The driver could feel the penetrating fire of Carbo's stare, and the seconds that followed the question were ticking away as Billy pondered his answer.

The Turk began to realize he was trying to con a con artist!

"N-No, Frank. I'm n-not . . . "

It was no use. Billy, too, began to smile.

"Come on, Billy. How much did Al pay you?"

"Dammit, Frank! He slipped me a hundred bucks."

"A hundred bucks? Billy, you got taken! That cheap sonuvabitch shoulda paid you more. Next time, Billy, you ask for $500!"

The two men began to laugh.

As Billy's taxicab pulled into the train station, the laughter subsided.

"Billy, tell Al to call me, tomorrow. I'll see what I can do."

Frankie Carbo, age 54, was arrested on May 30, 1958. He was charged with one count of conspiracy, seven counts of undercover management of prizefighters and two counts of unlicensed matchmaking. And if that weren't enough, he was sued by the I.R.S. for income tax evasion, to the tune of $750,000. So Frank went to prison.

Billy Edwards had remained aloof from Carbo's criminal activities. In fact, the two men saw little of each other during the year or two prior to Carbo's arrest. Ironically, it was boxing that kept the two apart.

Edwards loved the sport and worked long hours in the gym, teaching the science to promising athletes, while Carbo lurked in the shadows of the infamous International Boxing Club, the onetime boxing monopoly that sportswriter Red Smith described as "Octopus, Inc."

Billy's contributions to the Fight Game had not gone unnoticed. He had earned respect within the boxing community. In fact, The Turk's reputation attracted the attention of the boxing coach at Bolden Air Force Base, and the coach begged Billy to come over. He wanted Billy to see a 6'3½" airman named Bobby Wayne Foster.

Edwards accepted the invitation and brought along one of his veteran fighters, Clarence Hinnant.

Foster gave Hinnant a split lip and Billy gave Bobby his business card. "Bob, I want you to come see me as soon as you're discharged. Don't stop for a beer or nothin'. The day you get outta the Air Force, I wanna see you."

In the Winter of '61, Foster showed up at Billy's gym, and Billy arranged a payday almost immediately. Billy's newest fighter was paid $25 to get into the ring with Duke Williams. Foster did, and Williams went down in round number two.

Billy realized that Foster's 79" reach could be overwhelming in the 175 lb. weight class, so The Turk taught the boxer to jab. And eventually, Foster's long left arm became a battering ram.

But the road to the light heavyweight title was even longer than Bob Foster's arm, one which took seven years to complete. It was an opportunity that might have slipped away had it not been for Billy Edwards' past.

At the time, the champion was a Nigerian named Richard Ihetu, who boxed under the name "Dick Tiger". Tiger's handlers informed Edwards they wanted $100,000 before they would give Foster a title shot.

To Billy, the amount was absurd, but he had no choice. So he went to see Mushky Solo and Joe Nesline, two of the characters he remembered from those days at Goldie's restaurant.

Nesline and Solo agreed to put up the money in exchange for a controlling interest in Billy's fighting. But Edwards would "stay on" as the head trainer. And so, the agreement was made. The bout took place. And Foster's assent to the crown is duly recorded on page 474 of the 1980 *Ring Record Book*.

Bobby Foster wanted no part of Nesline and Solo. He made it clear that Billy Edwards would remain his manager. So the New York State Athletic Commission ordered the foursome to present their arguments at a hearing.

Nesline and Solo did not show up, so the Commission ruled that Billy Edwards was Foster's legal manager.

Other "deals" were to "give" the manager's title to Lou Viscusi and Yank Durham, but Billy remained the champ's head trainer and "father figure" during 14 title defenses. In fact, The Turk followed Foster to Albuquerque, N.M., in 1972. The two men were inseparable.

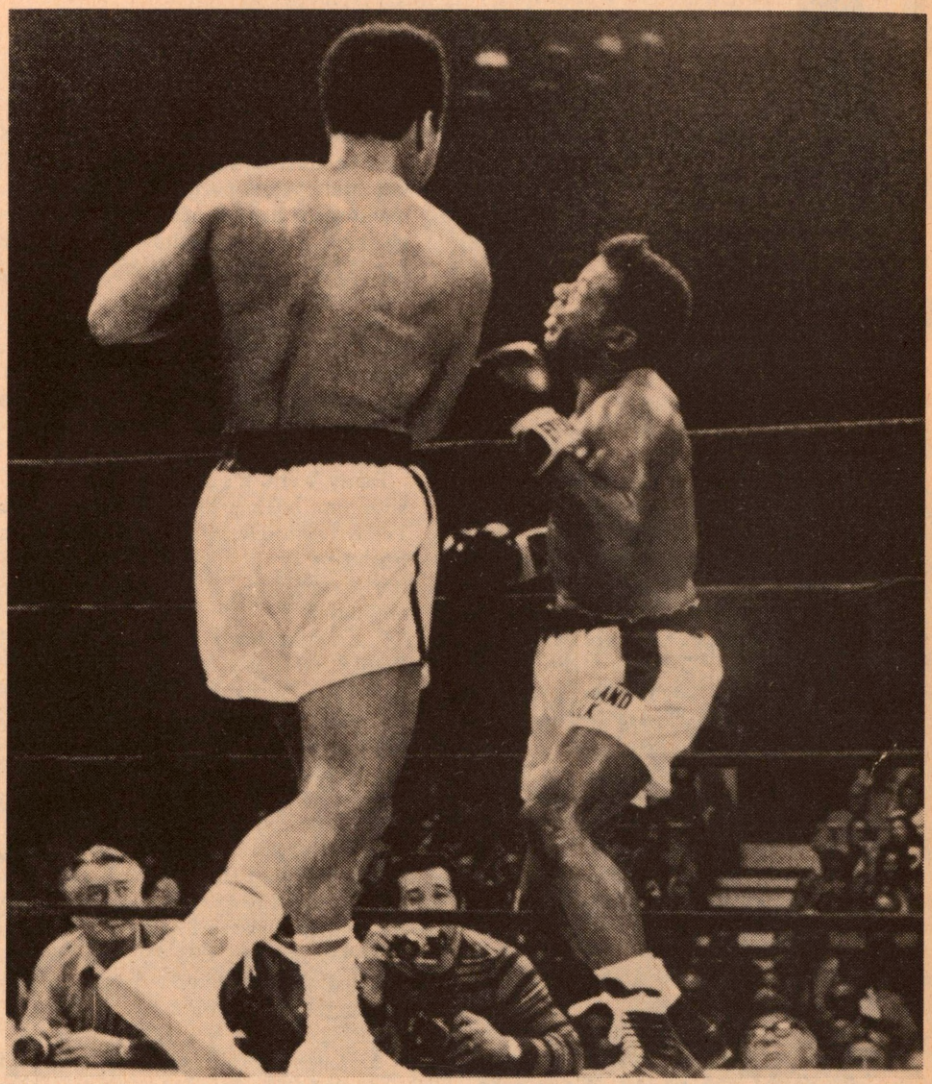
On Nov. 9, 1976, Frankie Carbo died in Miami.

A couple of years later, Foster retired from the ring with a career record of 56-8-1, with 46 KO's. He became a detective with the Sheriff's Dept. in Albuquerque.

And Billy Edwards? Like all heroes in stories that begin "Once upon a time . . . " Billy — and the legend of "The Turk" — have lived happily ever after, becoming recently, at the age of 74, the trainer of WBC Cruiserweight champion Marvin Camel. □

RED ALL OVER

BY RED SMITH



ALI-PATTERSON II: "GOOD LUCK, FLOYD"

THROUGH THE DAY AND INTO THE EARly evening, guys asked other guys, "What do you think about the fight?" And four times out of five the answer was the same: "I hope Floyd doesn't get hurt."

Then it was 10:30 p.m. There were 17,378 in Madison Square Garden, 17,378 fight fans. Half a century ago, Irvin S. Cobb described the typical fight fan: "He is the soft-fleshed, hard-faced person who keeps his own pelt safe from bruises, but whose eyes glisten and whose hackles lift at the prospect of seeing somebody else whipped to a souffle." These fans had paid $512,361 to see a strutting peacock named Muhammad Ali beat up a man about 30 pounds lighter, three inches shorter and seven long years older than he. When the fighters came into the ring it was the little old gentleman, Floyd Patterson, who got the warmer welcome, and in the voice of the crowd there was wordless entreaty:

"Good luck, Floyd. Take care of yourself."

There was one there of whom Floyd had asked a question years ago: "Do you consider boxing a sport?"

"Yes," the other had said. "And at its best, an art form."

"Good," Floyd had said, gratified, because to him boxing has been not only a sport but a way of life since boyhood.

This wasn't sport, though, and it wasn't art. For five rounds Ali swaggered and showed off, not because he particularly wanted to humiliate Patterson this time, but because he can no more refrain from showing off than abstain from breathing. Then, starting as the sixth round opened, he punched Floyd's left eye shut and broke the swelling open. When the doctor called it off after the seventh round, the only one in the house who hadn't had enough was Floyd Patterson.

He still hadn't had enough. When he returned to the Garden the day afterwards with an eyepatch covering a wound that had required seven stitches, he said again that he had no thought of retiring. He spoke wistfully of a rematch with Ali, saying he would be better next time, if there were a next time.

He might think otherwise if he had watched from outside the ropes. Never a big man, he looked shrunken alongside Ali's sleek 218 pounds. To be sure, more than one David has slain his Goliath since that main event in Gath. Jack Dempsey, for instance, weighed 187, Jess Willard 245 at Maumee Bay, but the Dempsey of 1919 was a jungle beast with a kamikaze complex. There was never an ounce of assassin in Floyd.

Schooled in caution, Patterson relied on fast hands and a pretty fair punch at the top of his game. The speed has left him, and much of the power. Fighting back in the sixth and seventh rounds, he was like a small boy teased into fury striking out blindly at his grown-up tormentor. Except that this boy was 37 going on 50.

He has been a professional for 20 years. He has had 64 fights, he won the heavyweight championship of the world twice, he lost it twice, he defended it successfully seven times and he failed three times to regain it. Advice is worth what you pay for it and unsolicited advice is an impertinence. But Dempsey was through at 32.

LAST ROUND

HERMAN TAYLOR

FOR THE LAST 20 YEARS OF HIS LIFE HE was described as the world's oldest active boxing promoter. And even on his death bed Herman (Muggsy) Taylor was dreaming about promoting just one more fight.

Even into his 90s Taylor never stopped planning his next match and he never retired.

"You can't go to Florida — where his wife had moved — you'll die," he said in 1974. "I have no hobbies. I don't travel." He did little but study sports pages for boxing news and monitor the happenings in the boxing world by phone from his downtown Philadelphia office. "I have devoted my entire life to boxing."

Taylor, once one of the most visible of promoters — promoting 14 title fights in all divisions except middleweight — was out of the limelight the last few years, his last promotion was in 1975. But he never stopped talking about his next show.

Emily Ward, his secretary of 44 years, was with him, holding his hand when he died in Pennsylvania Hospital, and said even in his final days Taylor appropriately spoke of little but his old promotions, and his interest in new ones.

"Of course, he didn't have one," said Mrs. Ward, "but he was reliving the old ones."

Perhaps the raspy-voiced Taylor's most significant promotion was one he hosted 54 years ago — Jack Dempsey versus Gene Tunney, Sept. 23, 1926, in what was then Philadelphia's Sesquicentennial Stadium.

Co-promoted with Tex Rickard, the 10-round heavyweight fight attracted 120,757 people and grossed $1,895,733 at the gate.

What did Taylor remember best about the fight, he was asked years later?

"The rain," he said. "It was raining cats and dogs. It started in the first round and just rained torrents through the whole fight. It never let up."

Although it turned out to be a momentous promotion, that fight is not the one Taylor initially sought for Dempsey. He wanted to match the Manassa Mauler with Harry Wills, a prominent black fighter of the time, but said that then-Mayor W. Freeland Kendrick wouldn't let him. "The mayor was afraid that fight would cause racial disturbances, so he wouldn't sanction it," said Taylor.

From the time he was 13 years old and drove a wagon plastered with advertising for fights through the streets of Philadelphia until he died at the age of 93 last June 27, Taylor ate and slept boxing — and little else.

As a youngster he fought two flyweight bouts — "I retired undefeated," admitted Taylor. But his devotion to the sport took the form of promoting and making matches. A loan of $400 in 1912 got him started.

Taylor had his most spectacular promotional year in 1952 when he hosted three title fights in Philadelphia. In what Frank Sinatra would have to call "a very good year", Taylor promoted heavyweights Jersey Joe Walcott and Ezzard Charles, welterweights Kid Gavilan and Gil Turner and heavyweights Jersey Joe Walcott and Rocky Marciano.

That third one, Sept. 23, 1952, in which Walcott dominated Marciano for 12 rounds only to suffer a one-punch knockout in the 13th, was "only the greatest heavyweight fight I ever saw," Taylor said.

Taylor, who battled through about a dozen operations in later life, also frequently battled with the State Athletic Commission and others in boxing officialdom over the years. The most publicized incident involved a two-year suspension of his license in 1961 when there was a hint that a match was thrown on a card he promoted. But Taylor, who was a member of the Pennsylvania Ring Hall of Fame for 20 years at his death, never became disillusioned enough to say he would never promote again.

Always fiery, the slight (120 pounds) Taylor would grow angriest when there was a suggestion he was retiring. Such a rumor made the rounds in 1977 and he characteristically responded: "What do you think I maintain an office for — to use the bathroom down the hall?"

By the time he turned 90, Taylor was less than thrilled by his longevity. In a moment of depression, he noted he had outlived all his old friends and had no one to reminisce with.

"When you get to be my age," he said on that occasion, "you've outlived a great many of your friend's — and all of your enemies."

Not quite. One friend whom he spent hours with each day discussing boxing was Jack Puggy, 80, a friend for 65 years and his matchmaker for 20.

"He was without a doubt one of the best promoters in the world," said Puggy, also a former fight manager, of his friend. "He was a perfectionist."

Because he was, Taylor resented the influence of television in recent years, concluding it made things harder for the independent promoter and was gradually killing off club fights. And in the last few months of his life Taylor watched the scene of his greatest triumphs, Philadelphia, get closed out of the live fight game.

If Taylor was able, Puggy says, there would have been another Herman Taylor boxing show. It was all he knew.

"The only thing he wanted to do," said Puggy of Taylor's declining years, "was talk boxing, boxing, boxing."

But perhaps Herman Taylor's eulogy was best stated by Mrs. Ward when she said "Boxing was his whole life until his dying day."

by Lewis Freedman

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